Everybody's Magazine

GENERAL LIBRARY;

AUGUST
VACATION
NUMBER

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bon Ami

For Cleaning Painted Woodwork

Paint won't stand much rubbing. It never was intended to.

Hard scrubbing and *coarse* scouring soaps take it off the woodwork so fast that the housekeeper is distracted.

Bon Ami cleans *without wearing away the paint.*

It is applied the same as other cleaning soaps, and then wiped off with a damp cloth. A clean, fresh surface is the result.

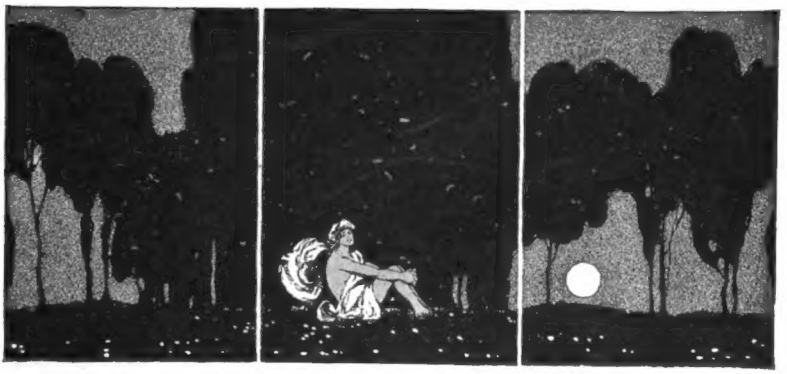
There is practically no wear on the paint when Bon Ami is used and therefore it lasts much longer.

You'll be suprised to see how much *cleaner* you can make white woodwork look if you use Bon Ami!

It is also best for windows, mirrors, bathroom fixtures, nickel, porcelain, oilcloth, etc.

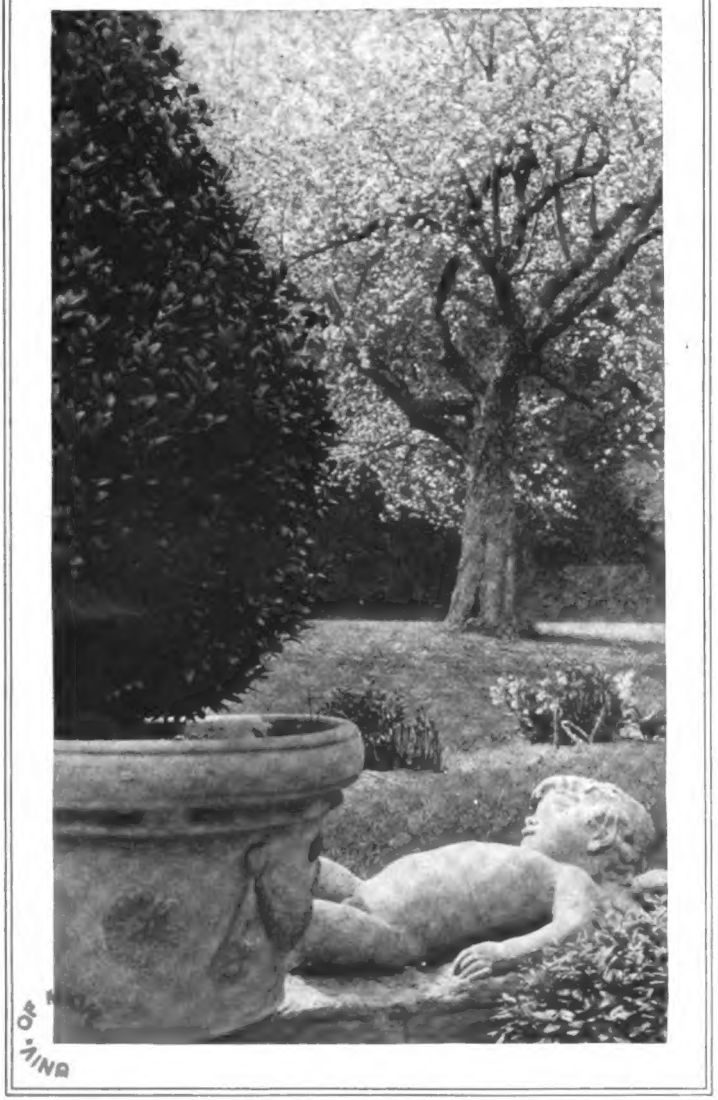
"20 years on the market "Hasn't scratched yet!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



August

Digitized by Google 145 Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



IN DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S GARDEN AT STOCKBRIDGE. LIES THE STATUE OF A BABY PAN ASLEEP ON HIS WAY TO THE WOODS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXV
AUGUST

NO. 2
1911

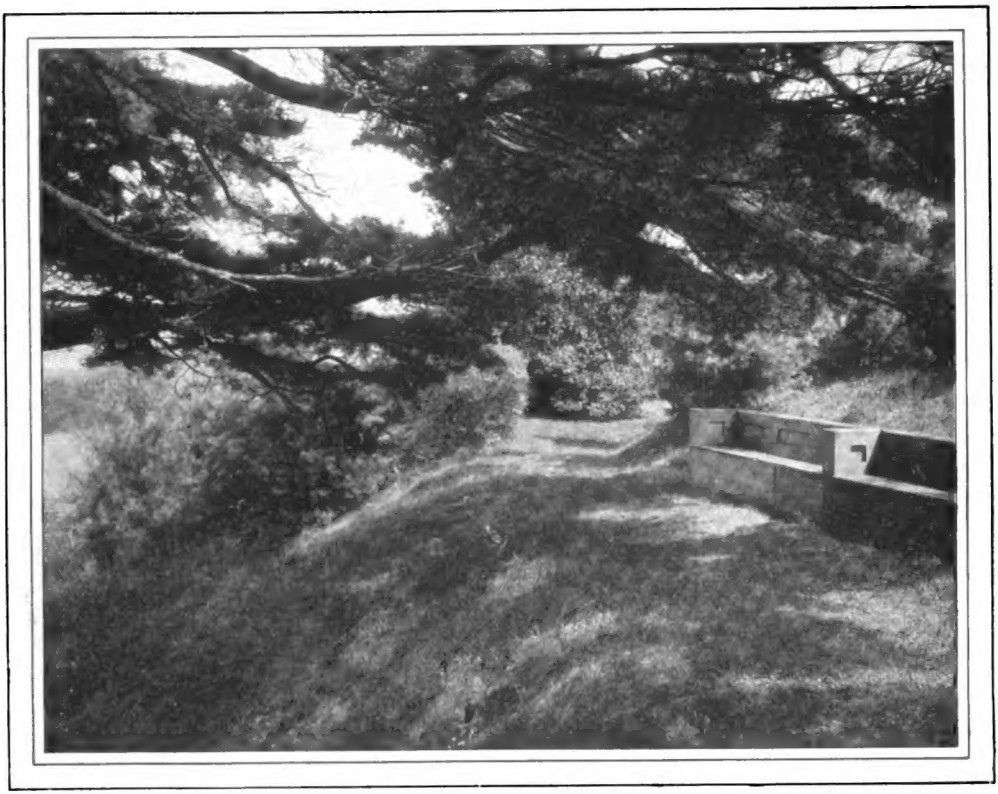
"HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?"

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," etc.

"SOME day I hope to have a garden of my own!"—who of us has not heard it said; who of us, indeed, has not said it? What old Sir Thomas Browne called "the sweetest delight of gardens" is a pleasure no man is so hardened and worldly but he covets, and no woman but she strives to achieve, be it only by a row of sweet peas in a suburban back lot or a pot of geraniums in the window. By a garden of our own, however, most of us mean a place around and behind our house where shrubs and plants abound and bloom, where there are shaded walks, seclusion, a bit of intimate outdoors all our own and beautiful. So we who live in suburban houses set in serried rows, with our side windows commanding

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

AN ALLURING AND PERFECT GARDEN, MADE BY THE OWNER AND IN NO SENSE PRETENTIOUS, IS THAT OF STEPHEN PARRISH, THE CORNISH ARTIST.

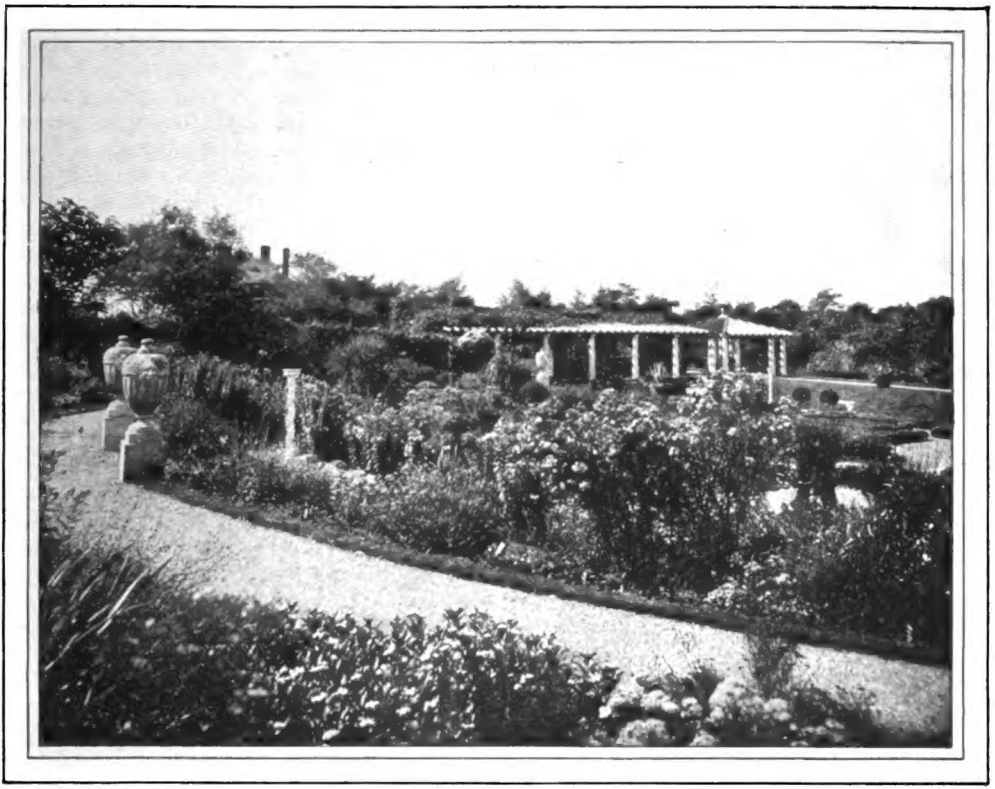
Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

MRS. MARGARET DELAND HAS MADE HER LITTLE PATCH OF SAND ON THE ROCKY MAINE COAST BLOOM LIKE A ROSE.

a fine prospect of neighbor Smith's ash-barrel, or we whose incomes do not permit of country-seats with formal acres planned and planted by the architect, with woods and drives and fountains and garden marbles, pass somewhat wistfully the lodge-gates where a sign flaunts, "Visitors only permitted." We peep surreptitiously through a privet hedge upon the glories of phlox and iris pool—and go on repeating, perhaps with a shade less buoyancy: "Some day I hope to have a garden of my own."

John D. Rockefeller has thirty acres of wistaria pergolas and falling brooks and Italian urns and templed terraces and flowered vistas and four-hundred-year-old imported orange trees, on his estate behind Tarrytown. Murray Guggenheim has a formal "front yard" before his marble villa on the Atlantic coast at Elberon, New Jersey —a villa that cuts like a gem against the blue sea behind, and looks down with pardonable pride at its own reflection in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

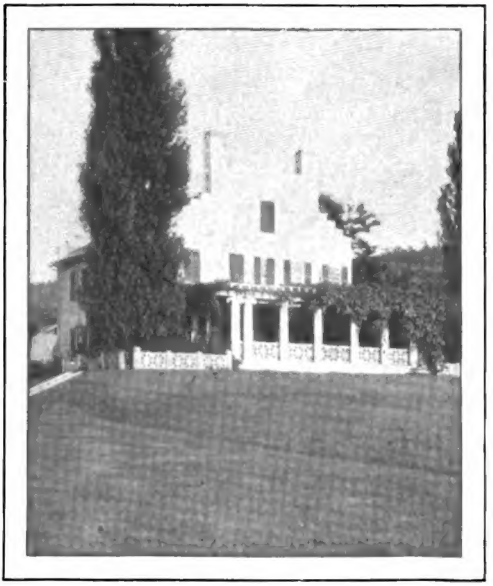


Photograph by Floyd E. Baker

MRS. H. D. AUCHINCLOSS' BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY-SEAT AT NEWPORT. WITH PATIENCE AND TASTE WE CAN REPRODUCE THE ESSENTIAL PLAN.

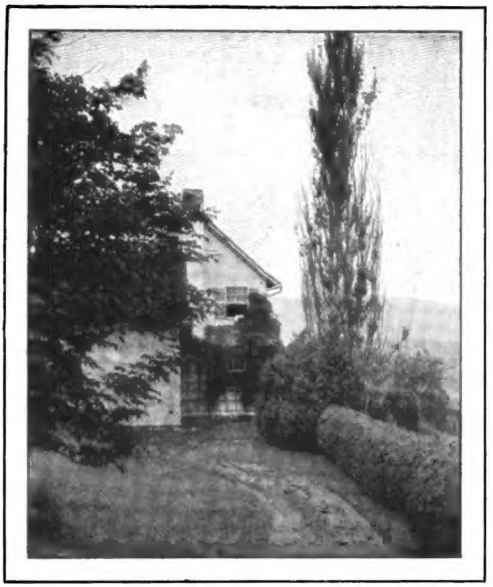
great pool in front. At "Blairsden," the estate of C. Ledyard Blair at Peapack, New Jersey, Carrère & Hastings have put a high-roofed eighteenth-century French type of great house high on a hill, and flung formal gardens down the slope to envista it from below, or stretched out water lagoons to envista it as you approach along the summit, till you might be in the France of the Louis.' And yet the difference between such garden settings as these and a garden of a quarter-acre around a modest wooden house, if planned with skill and tended with loving care, need be a difference not so much of kind as only of degree.

You and I have no millions at our command. We can not import eighteen ancient orange trees from an old château in France, like Mr. Rockefeller, nor install electric lights behind all our waterfalls and fountains. Perhaps we can not have any waterfalls nor fountains. But a garden, after all, should scale to the house we live in. It



THE HOUSE OF THE LATE AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS WAS ONCE AN OLD BRICK INN; HE ADDED A PERGOLA AND A TERRACE RAIL.

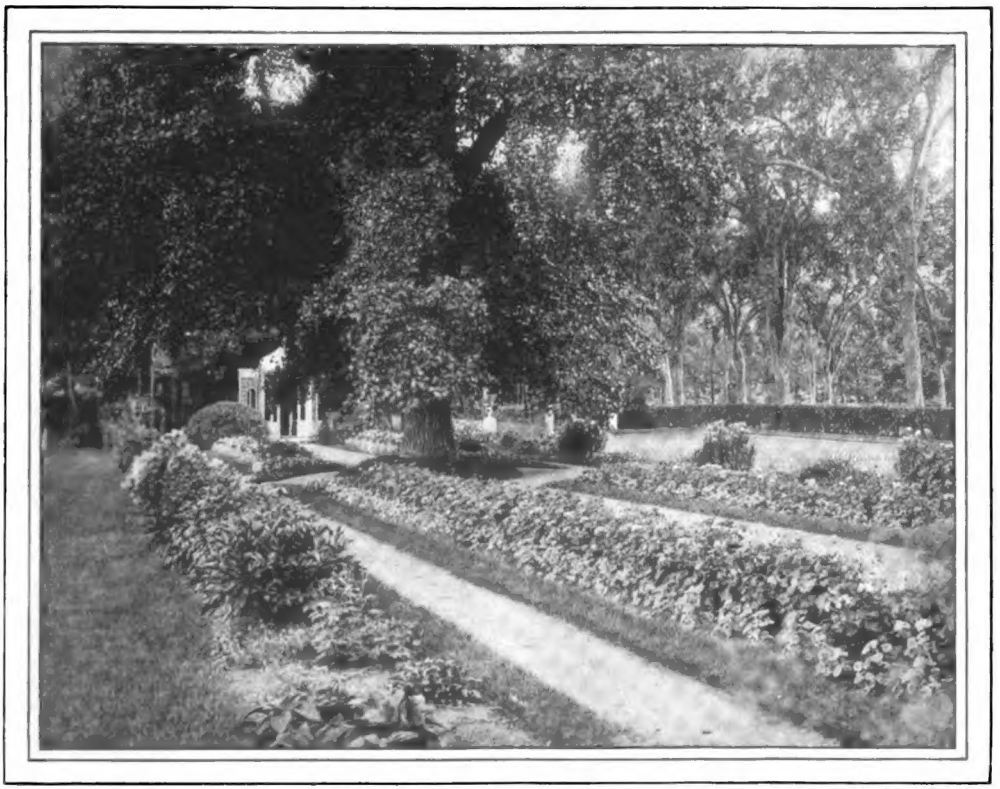
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



STEPHEN PARRISH OBEYED THE BIBLICAL INJUNCTION AND BUILT HIS WHITE HOUSE UPON A HILL.

should be the outdoor rooms of the house, which set it into its environment. If the house is small, it should be small; but, no less than the interior of our dwelling, should the exterior be beautiful, our own, expressive of our tastes and affections. If all of us who have the smallest plot of ground have not made it so, that is because we have not known how, because we have not realized, perhaps, that we can. We go on sticking out a few sweet peas to screen the ash-barrel, and sighing that some day we hope to have a garden of our own. But behold, now is the accepted time, in gardening as elsewhere.

Some of the most beautiful, if not the largest, gardens in America are not on the estates of the fabulously rich at all, and are not the work of professional architects nor landscape gardeners. They are the work—and the hard work—of their owners, who hoped, like the rest of us, to have a garden, but set at once about making it—not "some day", but now. Cornish, New



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

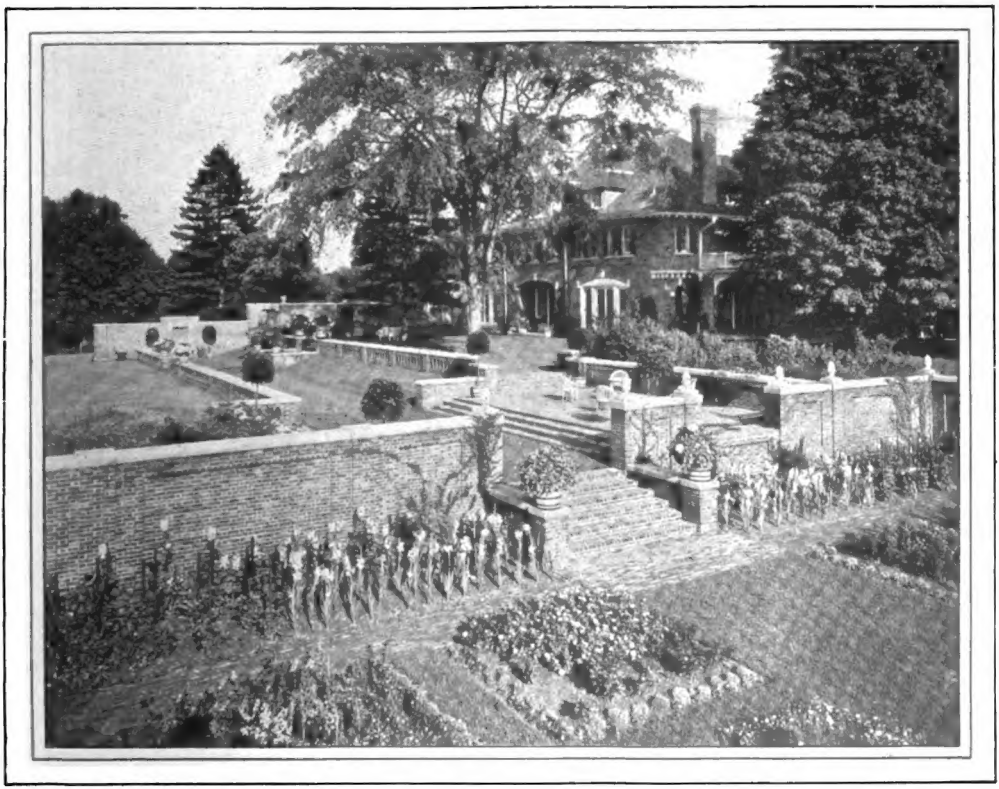
THE GARDEN LAID OUT BY CAPTAIN PEABODY ON THE ENDICOTT ESTATE AT DANVERS, MASS. THE WORTH OF A GARDEN IS MEASURED BY ITS SENSE OF PEACE AND FITNESS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Hampshire, the beautiful settlement on the rolling hills above the Connecticut River where St. Gaudens resided, and where Stephen Parrish, his son Maxfield Parrish, and many other artists and writers live, contains dozens of lovely gardens which are the work of their owners, as well as many planned by Mr. Charles H. Platt, who, as an architect, is most notable for his ability to make a house look as if it grew up from its site, like the surrounding trees.

Have you ever been to Salem or Newburyport, those sleepy old New England seaports, one all Quaker gray and green in color, the other all Colonial buff, but both architecturally the perfect expression of refined American taste a century ago, with houses like Chippendale chairs? If you have gone down the back alleys behind these fine old houses and peeped through the latticed gates in the high-board, ivy-covered fences behind, you have seen gardens which no architect planned, gardens no wider than the house fronts, and often hard-

THE PERGOLA CONNECTING THE HOUSE OF STEPHEN PARRISH WITH THE GARDEN.



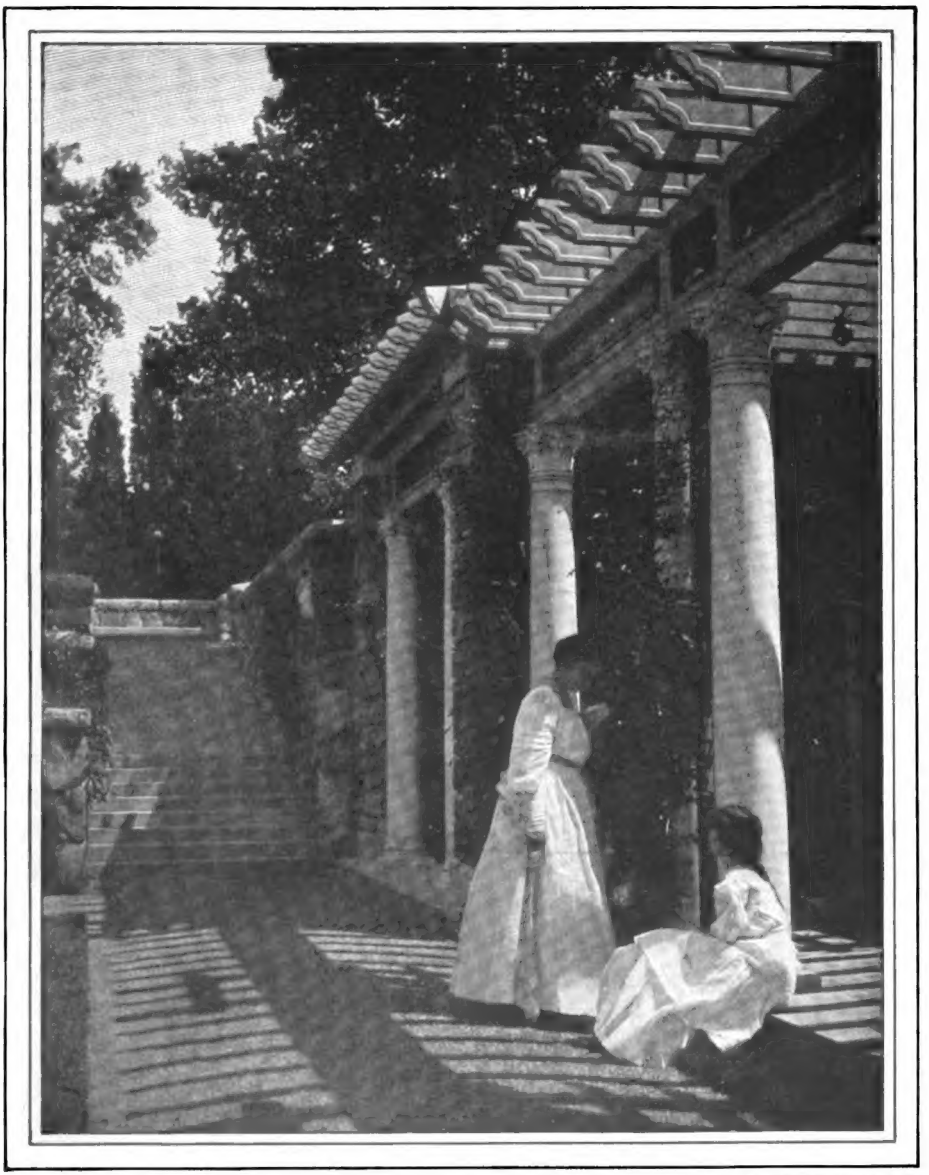
Photograph by Floyd E. Baker.

THE HOME OF J. BORDEN HARRIMAN. WE SEE HERE THE KIND OF FORMAL GARDENING WHICH PROPERLY BELONGS ONLY TO GREAT ESTATES AND STONE AND MARBLE MANSIONS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ly more deep, but perfect gardens none the less, carrying out-of-doors the straight lines, the chary but clean ornamentation, the bright, variegated colors, of the Colonial in-

tree which now bears its white candles against the warm background of the house wall, adjusted the grape arbor, so that from the entrance door of the house through the



Photograph by Alice Boughton.

A PERGOLA ON JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S ESTATE AT TARRYTOWN, WHERE THERE ARE THIRTY ACRES OF TEMPLED TERRACES AND FLOWERED VISTAS AND FOUR-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD ORANGE TREES.

teriors. Somebody's great-grandmother planted them first, perhaps, laid out those box borders, designed the gravel paths, told the men where to set the horse-chestnut

hall, out the rear door, through a lane of phlox and old-fashioned pinks, into the green, dappled shadow of the arbor, is one vista, and the garden seems to go on in-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

definitely rather than end at this little gate in the fence. Even the drying yard, screened with grapes, wistaria, or syringa bushes, is a bowered nook. And over the gay, quaint primness of the garden rises the wall of the old house, its windows with their white Colonial caps looking approvingly down. Here was—and fortunately still is in Salem, and in some parts of Newburyport—real gardening in a city back yard. Perhaps, if you should go to Salem and study these gardens a bit, your own hope of a garden might not be so long deferred.

One of the most modest and charming gardens the present writer has ever seen is that of Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, on his country place at Stockbridge. It is as simple and unpretentious as its owner; it has a true artist's sense of restraint; it has a touch of proper formality and architectural detail near the house, to carry out the design of the dwelling, and then it wanders off into the woods. It is not a garden which strikes you with a burst of color; it does not look expensive. You have to be with it a while justly to appreciate it; you have even to see it in winter—for in winter, when leaves and flowers are gone, too many gardens are stark, piteous things. This garden maintains a beauty of design, a play of light and shadow, a flash of marble against dark, naked tree-trunks, which make it lovely the year through.

Yet it has cost Mr. French very little in money; what he has put into it are time, affection, and the unerring taste and design of an accomplished artist.

Mr. French's house, a simple building of gray cement with well-weathered green shutters, stands on a rising knoll of orchard land not more than two hundred feet from the country road. There is a grass terrace in front, and along the road are a few barberry and forsythia bushes. Otherwise, only the old apple-trees, lovely in spring and decorative the year through, break the slope. Behind the house rises a high, wooded hill, and the woods come down on the right almost to the road. Mr. French, when he bought the orchard where his house now stands, bought this whole hill almost for a song; and the timber is coming in darker and heavier every year. To the right of his house is his large studio, set off by a low wall. Entering a little gate in this wall, you are in the formal garden. The path runs from the gate, past the studio entrance, to the woods a hundred feet away. It enters the woods between two marble pillars, and ends at the base of a marble bust on a pedestal. Toward the road, there is a second low wall, broken by a bust and a brick canopy, with a bench. Through the canopy you see the far blue dome of Mt. Everett. Toward the hill is another low wall, holding up the next terrace, a level stretch of lawn with two old apple-trees upon it. From the studio entrance a path crosses the first formal terrace, mounts to the second by steps flanked by a bit of garden architecture—just enough—goes straight across the second terrace between beds of flowers and the two apple-trees, passes under a graceful stone rose arch, and disappears in the dark shadows of the woods.

Follow that path, and you seem to step, by a natural process of transition, from the country home of a quiet man of taste into the wildness of the country that he loves. Up the path a little way a clearing twenty feet across has been made around a great chestnut-tree. On one side stands a beautifully carved stone bench. On the other is a statue of a baby Pan asleep on a stone, his pipes fallen beside him and a rabbit sniffing at them. Then the path winds on again, up through the woods over the side of the hill, with magnificent views opening out through the hemlocks, till finally it is lost in the natural wildness of the forest.

Mr. French, of course, is in a position to supply himself with such garden statuary as you or I can hardly hope to achieve. But, otherwise, there is nothing about his garden that could not be duplicated, provided we had the taste and the artistic skill, on any one of hundreds of New England hillside farms—so many of which have now become summer homes—where the natural forest comes down behind to make quite as lovely a backing as those trees elaborately planted on great estates, at great expense. No trees are more stately and decorative than our northern pines and hemlocks, their green dashed with white birches.

If the farmhouse you have bought of necessity remains your residence, the prim formality of the old-time grandmother's garden will answer admirably for the transition to the woods. Bricks are cheap for steps and walls. A few plaster casts on weathered posts do not look amiss, nor poverty-struck, though they cost but a dollar or two each; and, beyond, the woods await, to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lead your garden in, perhaps under a wild-grape trellis. It is not money that is needed; it is taste and infinite patience, and a definite plan.

Another alluring and perfect garden, made by the owner and in no sense pretentious, is that of Stephen Parrish, the Cornish artist. Mr. Parrish obeyed the Biblical injunction, and built his white house, with its gay red roof, upon a hill. And such a hill! The house should really have an elevator from the road. Once you have reached the top, you find it a sort of hog's back, plunging down into a heavily wooded ravine on the other side. Yet on that summit, sheltered on three sides by the house, the studio and workshop, and the greenhouse, and on the fourth, running out along the spine of the hill to a gigantic, storm-scarred pine and the forest, is a gem of a garden. The pergola connects the house and the garden so intimately that in summer one is almost at a loss to say where one begins and the other leaves off. You may almost step off the pergola into the round iris pool, which reflects the blooms above it. The hardy spiræa is everywhere. The larkspur nods in the breeze from the far valleys. Old Ascutney piles its blue pyramid across the Connecticut. And under the shadows of the dark forest climbing up from the ravine, the white house, the sun-soaked garden, the studio, gather themselves contentedly on their little terrace, intimate, lovely, a perfect unit. We venture to say that few gardens that cost a hundred times as much can give the same sense of complete satisfaction.

The Cornish garden of the late Augustus St. Gaudens is beautiful, too, and designed entirely by the artist. His house was once an old brick inn. He did little to it but add a pergola-porch and a terrace rail, and plant poplars at the corners to correct its proportions. Behind, against a white-pine hedge, he set a few garden statues, and over a shadowed, tiny pool a statue of Pan. Between the pines and the white house, a sea of larkspur mirrors the sky, hollyhocks nod, and a brick path leads into the shaded pergola of the studio, where the terra-cotta wall is adorned with the frieze of the Parthenon in colors. Through this little garden St. Gaudens walked every day to his labors, and with it for a foreground he sometimes set up his statues in plaster, out-of-doors, to inspect them. He cared not at all for a vast estate; the whole Cornish rolling country, visible below, was his estate, and the hills of Vermont beyond; but he cared very much for beauty and fitness about his dwelling, and he made his little garden as carefully as he made his statues.

If you go to Lenox, where simplicity is hardly the rule, and ask what gardens there are most worth while, you will be told, probably, those of Miss Adele Kneeland. And if you ask Miss Kneeland's head gardener (an Englishman, as is usual on the large estates), who designed Miss Kneeland's gardens, he will answer, "Miss Kneeland." Her house, too, is set upon a hill, amid great trees. From the porch a path leads down by simple steps over the lawn to the iris pool, a rectangular basin some thirty feet by twenty beneath a gigantic native willow. This pool is surrounded, in season, by a gorgeous profusion of phlox, one of the finest collections of phlox in America. Below the pool is a terrace, crossing the hill slope at right angles. On an elevation at one end of the terrace is the white garden temple, at the other end the sun-dial and rose arbor. Between these two architectural details are the formal gardens. Below the terrace is a hedge to screen the extensive kitchen gardens on the rich lowland. But over the hedge is a view of the far valley and the green wall of Lenox Mountain.

The garden also has its wild rock features to the right of the house, and sweeps of lawn behind. It is a large and costly estate, but in its essential plan it is neither complicated nor impossible of reproduction on a smaller scale by persons of moderate means, with, of course, less elaborate varieties of flowers. It is the writing out in garden terms of a woman's love of flowers and her desire to see them set in an attractive design for the eye and blended into the larger landscape from her veranda.

Another noted Lenox garden is that on the Giraud Foster estate, "Belle Fontaine." This is a typical architect's garden, however—in the strongest contrast to Miss Kneeland's. It has no personality of the owner about it. It is designed to frame the great house quite as much as are the balustrades and porches. The house is a French Renaissance palace of brick and marble, and the gardens are in the proper style and scale. Such a house is incomplete without its formal gardens. They are, indeed, not gardens at all in the ordinary sense, but a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

part of the architectural design. From the entrance porch and its great fountain, stretches back toward the maple and chestnut forests of the estate a deep canal, in a marble basin flanked with flowers. The canal ends in a crescent pool, containing a second fountain. Behind this pool, on the curve of the crescent, twisted pink marble pillars hold up the wistaria-covered balustrade, with its statues and vases. On either side the marble stairs wind down from the forests above. To right and left of the house are formal gardens full of trimmed bays and dozens of statues, to extend the design into the landscape on the flanks. In front is a great formal terrace, commanding a sweeping view of the Berkshire Hills. Alleys have been cut in the surrounding woods, and marble statues placed at the ends, to soften the transition from this formal, old-world estate to the New England forest.

We see here the kind of gardening which properly belongs only to great estates and stone or marble mansions copied in style from the days of an urbane, formal, but powerful aristocracy. It is not the sort of garden which can, or should, be reproduced under ordinary circumstances. It is the complete carrying out into the surrounding country of an architectural type essentially oligarchic and grand. Such gardens are for most of us to admire, but not to emulate.

A Lenox estate as extensive as Mr. Foster's is that of Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist; but her garden, like Miss Kneeland's, is intimate rather than architectural. Mrs. Wharton has written books on Italian gardens, but her own garden is not Italian, because her house is not Italian, nor its surroundings. It is a very lovely garden, however, both framing the great white house, which somewhat resembles in style Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and slipping easily into the woods and natural rocky wildness of the surrounding estate. You feel everywhere, as you wander about it, the influence of an owner who loves the formality of Italian gardens, but who loves the New England woods as well, and has sought with infinite patience and ultimate success to blend the two. Hers is essentially, large as it is, not an architect's but an owner's garden.

The long drive through the wild woods, broken by iris-fringed brooks and openings of lawn, brings one to the rear of the great white house, which faces the southward view from its rocky terrace. To left and right these terraces are a rock garden, wild and gay with woodland ferns and flowers, and climbed by grass steps. Southeast of the house, sunk a trifle, is a small formal garden with a pool and fountain. Southwest, in a corresponding position and reached by a grass alley, is a second formal garden with its pool sunk deeper and surrounded by a wall. Southward, this wall is broken by arches, each framing a view of sloping lawn, a lake at the edge of the woods, and over the woods the Berkshire Hills. From the grass terrace before the house both these formal gardens are visible, their flower patterns showing clearly, with the woods coming up to meet them on either side, but not without defending bays of lawn pushed into the forest. Between them is the open hill-slope to the lake, even that broken with cropping ledges, gay with native rock flowers and an old tree or two.

Magnificent as is the scale of this estate, the effect is not a sensation of great expenditure and a heroic conquest of nature. It is a sensation of lovely harmony between garden formality and natural forest wildness, and a sensation of peace, restfulness, distinction. Mrs. Wharton really ought to write a book telling how she did it.

The garden of Mrs. Margaret Deland, another famous novelist, at Kennebunkport, Maine, is assuredly not such a one as Mrs. Wharton's. Its relative scale is about that of a New England township to the state of Texas. Mrs. Deland's garden is around and behind her modest summer cottage on the Kennebunkport River, close to the sea. Most of us know the sad aspect of seaside cottage lawns and yards—a few scraggly spears of marsh grass, a few hot, staring white shells, some bathing-suits flapping on a line, and a discouraged tree or two. Gardening by the seaside is doubly hard work, and the season when you are on hand to attend to it is, moreover, short. But Mrs. Deland is not the kind of woman to fear labor or discouragement. Apropos of her garden, she quotes Julia Ward Howe's epigram, "Inspiration is perspiration."

Her lawn is tended and watered. The paths to protect it are made of irregular flat stepping-stones sunk in the grass, old-fashioned wise, and bordered with hardy peonies. An old inverted church bell makes the garden vase. White birches shed a ten-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

der green shadow. Soil brought from the inland woods composes the flower beds, where Mrs. Deland herself tends lovingly all her plants. "The first and lowest step to garden bliss," she has somewhere written, "is —observation of other people's toil. Many of us stop right here." And what keeps us from going on to the higher bliss of personally dirty fingers and sweating brows is, she says, "the grim inhibitions of wealth." At any rate, no grim inhibitions have kept Mrs. Deland from making her little patch of sand on the rocky Maine coast bloom like the rose, under her personal care, and from making, on the hot, bare street of seaside cottages, one spot, at least, a cool retreat and portion of beauty.

Not many miles from Kennebunkport a man and woman, supposedly beset by the grim inhibitions of wealth, not long ago built themselves a lovely house upon a rocky hill overlooking the York River and the distant ocean, and hired a landscape gardener to lay out the grounds. On the direct approach to the house was a great pile of stones and two gnarled but sturdy appletrees. The landscape gardener at once decreed their removal. But the man and woman thought otherwise. They dismissed the landscape gardener and turned gardeners themselves. They left the pile of stones, filling in the hollows and planting them with native rock plants and ferns which they themselves dug up in the neighboring woods. They had a bit of a fountain put in at the base. Under the gnarled appletrees they built a tiny entrance gate for pedestrians and curved the footpath about the rock pile. They let the drive remain the natural country road almost to the door of their house. And to-day that house, though built of Italian stucco, seems to belong on that rocky Maine hilltop, not to have been grafted upon it. Incidentally, we fancy, the owner and his wife take vastly more pride in their place.

To few of us is granted the privilege of being the guardians of old gardens. The gardens on many of the great estates of England date from the spacious days of Elizabeth, or the Stuart years of luxury, when French formality ran riot—if the bull may be permitted—or hedges were clipped Dutch fashion into such fantastic shapes that even Pope revolted, and scornfully wrote: "Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the serpent very flourishing. Noah's Ark in holly, the ribs a little damaged for the want of water. The Tower of Babel not yet finished. St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April. An old maid-of-honor in wormwood."

It is, however, a pardonable historic pride that keeps these hedges still clipped in their fantastic shapes in England, and the formal flower beds still in their geometric patterns. But such horticultural freaks in America are out of place, and always strike us as a trifle ridiculous, like the American mid-Victorian "formal gardens" (copied, too, from England) which still persist in public parks and some private estates—beds of tulips cut into stars and flags and moons, uncomfortable-looking nymphs in fountains, ponds an acre long with smooth stone edgings, and iron deer on the lawns. We do not recall if there is an iron deer in the Boston Public Gardens; but all the rest are there.

But there are old gardens in America of great beauty and charm. Perhaps the most famous is the magnolia garden at Magnolia-on-Ashley, twelve miles out of Charleston, South Carolina. Here Mrs. Julia Drayton Hastie lives in one of the two ancestral houses on the estate, a house built in that style combined of West Indian and Colonial, typical of Charleston and the old South, so much more beautiful than the modern abortions in cities like Atlanta. No one who has visited her eleven acres of magnolias in March will ever forget their shadowed but gorgeous loveliness, or the hushed air of untold antiquity and silence which broods over the central lake, a half acre in extent, where the aged cypresses, festooned with creepers, wade out knee deep into the dark, mahogany water, and invisible birds tweet plaintively. This is a garden for poets and for dreams. Not even ruined Italy has anything to offer more saturated with wild loveliness and the mood of a buried past.

But in the North, too, are old-time gardens of considerable extent. At Beverly, near President Taft's summer home, on the famous "North Shore" of Massachusetts, are several gardens where the trees have grown to magnificent dignity and the formal features have assumed the moss and tone of age. On the Loring estate at Pride's Crossing the drive goes through the great timber along

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a wild, fern-studded brook, as if the primitive wilderness were coming down to the sea—as indeed it is—and emerges beside the formal garden, which has something of the primness and flavor of those near-by Salem back yards. Time has not changed it. It appears permanent as the rocky shore beyond. A garden, like a house, must grow and "weather" before it takes its final tone. He who plants for permanence is fortunate if he plants right—or his descendants are. The sprig of to-day is the tree of to-morrow, and is then either a background and screen, or a blot in the view. Many of us appear to have planted our seed with a pepper-box.

That was not the Honorable Joseph H. Choate's way. On his hillside estate at Stockbridge he has indulged his love of tree planting. Unlike Gladstone, he plants trees for recreation instead of cutting them down. He has left in front of his house a clear view from the verandas and grass terraces of the Housatonic meadows and Monument Mountain, and of his own formal garden in the foreground, also. But out across the lawn to the left he has planned and planted on the stubborn hill slope till grassy paths seem to wander naturally into a natural forest, up an aisle to a summer-house, past a silent lily pool, round a bend bordered with rhododendrons, and ultimately back to the house—half a mile on a few acres; and though the road is near, and other houses, already no sight of them obtrudes. In two generations those paths will be the hushed aisles of a forest, and the house, toned into their tall backing of hemlock green and brighter maple—red and gold in autumn—will seem older far than its actual years.

But if you should chance to own an old place in the country where your wood-lot comes near the house, you can do what Mr. Choate has done without the great expense to which he was put. To be sure, you may not have a bronze fountain by St. Gaudens, nor an elaborate formal garden; but you may have a lawn leading past sentinel trees to the forest, and paths that wind in a whispering wood, where the flowers are those of the forest and Nature is your gardener.

The Japanese are famous gardeners. They make gardens of every size from a pie-plate to five hundred acres; and they always work in scale. The smaller the garden, the more dwarfed are the trees, the tinier the inevitable lake and tea-house and stone lanterns. If a Japanese house has a back yard but fifteen feet square, that yard is a perfect Japanese landscape in miniature. For the Japanese understands by a garden not a collection of flowers at all, nor of colored shrubs and beds. His garden is always a reproduction in scale of a natural Japanese landscape, guided, to be sure, by certain intricate, formal rules. His garden art is difficult for us to understand. Once an Englishman built at great cost what he considered a Japanese garden, and he showed it proudly to a Japanese visitor.

"It is very beautiful," said the visitor politely, not grasping at all what was meant. "We have nothing at all like it in Japan."

No doubt to us a garden built in a back yard in New Rochelle, New York, or Worcester, Massachusetts, or Evanston, Illinois, after the true Japanese method, would sound on paper rather absurd, with its pines and birches dwarfed to ten feet high, an old American farmhouse just large enough for the children to crawl in reproduced as the chief architectural ornament, and a brook eight inches across dashing over its ferny bed. But a man in Pittsburg has done very much this thing in his back yard, a yard 130 by 160 feet. He built a wall around it to give it privacy; he planted trees on the outer edge high enough to make a screen; being of Irish descent, he made his chief garden ornament a reproduction of an Irish peasant cottage, which serves also as the children's playhouse; he built a tiny hill of rocks where a hidden pipe gushes out a waterfall, flowing away in a tiny brook to a tiny cement pond; and he planted his hill and brook bank and the borders of his cart-track path to the cottage with appropriate shrubs and flowers. Is this not preferable to bare earth, ash-barrels, and the rear view of the neighbors' houses? We fancy a Japanese visitor to this Pittsburg garden would understand at once.

Our American roadsides are bordered with a profusion of wild flowers, to be had for the digging up. We have many hardy trees and shrubs which are easily and cheaply procurable. We have, alas, only too many bare, ugly back yards. And we all in our hearts have a longing for gardens, for the pleasure and privacy of an outdoor room where green things grow and we may walk amid beauty and fragrance quite our own. After all, what we need is not sighing and envy, but a little Japanese spunk to make

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a tiny garden if we can not make a great one, and a little Japanese understanding of a garden, not as a great estate of blooming flower beds, but as a bit of well-ordered nature composed into a landscape, however tiny.

Study your back yard, then, just as you would study to paint a picture, using a background of screening trees or shrubs as it were for your frame. No back yard is too small, provided it gets sunlight. Work to make the ash-can blossom as the rose. It can be done. It will mean work, of course, hard work; but most good things do. And in the result of your toil, in the back yard converted into a bit of the green world, you, too, may know "the sweetest delight of gardens," though no Italian marble fountains play for you nor white nymphs gleam down aisles of twinkling poplars. The worth of a garden is not measured by its size; it is measured by its sense of peace and fitness. It is measured by the joy it brings its possessor, and the love of beauty it represents in his heart.

The MOUNTAIN LAUREL

BY · MARY · BRECHT · PULVER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. WILLIAMS

ALL of us who read the magazines are fairly well versed in the geography of New York City, whether we have ever been there or not. We can't turn a page without seeing a reference to Broadway or Fifth Avenue or Central Park, or the New Theatre or the Metropolitan Opera House. All this for the cream. For the plain skim-milk we can read—mostly in the dailies—of the Bronx, goat-haunted Harlem, Williamsburg, and other purlieus of their sort. Perhaps we have never been to New York, but we speak glibly of the Flatiron Building, of Herald Square, and the wonderful lights of the Great White Way. Sometimes our voices are wistful, sometimes derisive; but no matter what attitude we take, we know in the depths of our souls—we dwellers beyond New York's boundaries—that we're simply outside the pale.

If we need any further proof, we have only to go to New York and rub against the populace. Perhaps we may protest feebly that there are some things back home that are interesting; perhaps we may even pretend that we like it there. But it would take a brave man indeed to stand to his guns in a real effort to convince your typical New Yorker of any merit without the city gates; to persuade him, for instance, that one of his native mountains "up-state" bears on its surface, from base to pine-capped crown, a greater beauty than his much beloved Broadway. This is N'Yawk! Sufficiency!

P. Stokes was such a New Yorker—a seasoned metropolitan, as New Yorkers go,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for it was all of eight years since his arrival from his south Jersey home in a little, bog-bordered town of the flat country. He had not been out of it since, nor did he wish to leave it. He reveled in the richness of its atmosphere. He also breathed it; for P. Stokes presided over a portion of the basement of a large down-town department store. This subterranean region was devoted to bargains; and the mingled perfumes of scented soaps, leather goods, groceries, woolens, shoes, and carpets rolled upward to ally themselves joyously with the heavy human odor that pervaded the place. It was, in fact—this city "subway store"—as varied and incongruous in stock and arrangement as any country "emporium" that ever sold molasses and silesia under one roof, and infinitely more evil-smelling.

Nevertheless, it was New York; and as P. Stokes darted briskly about, attending to the wants of fierce-looking, highly colored ladies of Hebraic persuasion and dusky-cheeked damsels of Ethiopian ancestry, he thanked his stars that Fate had set his lines in the greatest city in the world.

P. Stokes made his home in a boarding-house, of course. It was dingy brown stone and had seen better days; and oh, yes—he slept in a hall bedroom. Boarding-houses these days are made up entirely of hall bedrooms. Still, the kind of room didn't matter. The important thing was that he stayed in it so much after working hours, and only went out occasionally of a Sunday for a walk in the Park, or in summer to Coney. But he had to choose between resting his tired feet after a weltering day's work and getting fresh air—and, after all, that doesn't offer choice.

At any rate, the rich and unctuous gases of the basement, the stifle of the subway, and the stale, smoked-out air of his room "got" him. It was nearly June when he realized that he had to do something—quick. This was made easy because he had recently received a legacy—two hundred and fifty dollars from his Aunt Caroline. With that legacy, P. Stokes was wealthy for his kind—for New Yorkers of his type don't save more than they can comfortably carry in the toes of the socks they stand in.

But I give you my word that when the specialist, after thumping and stethoscoping him, told him that he'd better hike for the tall timber, or words to that effect, the feeling pervading the bosom of P. Stokes was neither thanks for the godsend from Aunt Caroline, nor alarm at his physical condition, but anguish because he would have to leave New York. True, the first of June was approaching, and the heat and humidity were unpleasant drawbacks—but a cigarette and a palm-leaf fan on the doorstep, evenings, were a mitigation.

He shook his head gloomily and cursed his bronchial tubes as he went home through the smoky, languorous, acrid-smelling dusk. The mountains indeed! Well, he'd take just one month for it—no more. He could have two weeks' sick leave, and there were two weeks' vacation coming. He'd take them all now, and then he'd be back again. Little old N'Yawk was good enough for him! He took off his hat and mopped his brow as he looked lovingly up at the noble prospect of elevated tracks that spanned the zenith.

The specialist had insisted on pines. P. Stokes was unfamiliar with them, but he decided to consult F. Lucien, who played the bass viol in a rathskeller, and roomed under him. He remembered that Lucien, formerly Lucinsky, had spent two summer seasons playing at Catskill Mountain resorts. P. Stokes felt sure the little Jew could put him on the right track.

When the mountain local puffed away, leaving P. Stokes and his near-alligator bag (basement special, $3.69) and linen duster at the little brown cabin of a flag station that lay in a clearing at the mountain's foot, he bewailed his ill-luck afresh and looked desolately about him. It was a mean little station, and if it had had ears he would have told it how poorly it compared with the Grand Central. But it looked very indifferent, and it was unoccupied except for a man and rig at one end.

This man was eying P. Stokes critically. What he saw was a tall, very thin young fellow with forward-drooping neck and shoulders, pale, pasty complexion, unsmiling mouth, and tired, hollow eyes. Not very prepossessing, but "with the makings," under more auspicious circumstances, of a rather nice, average-looking chap.

P. Stokes returned the stare patronizingly. What he saw was a long, lean, hardy-looking individual, of age unguessable, with a sole-leather complexion, sun-rusted hair and beard, and a perpetually active cud which required the frequent emission of jets of amber in carefully directed parabolas. His costume was as nondescript as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

himself. His rig consisted of a sway-backed, muddy, light wagon and a misshapen horse whose hide here and there still wore patches of its winter coat.

"How 'do?" said the man. "I cal'late you're my party."

"I'm P. Stokes," said the newcomer faintly. He was aghast at the conveyance that awaited him. Then he added, more confidently, "From N'Yawk."

The man untied his horse, put in P. Stokes's bag, and climbed in after him. For the first time P. Stokes looked ahead. For the first time he saw the mountain. It was Old Baldy, and he was at his loveliest, "knee deep in June," redolent of sweet-fern and pine, full of inscrutable shadow and dark cloistral aisles at this late afternoon hour.

"Git up, Het!" commanded the driver, and they were off. P. Stokes presently realized that "up" in this case was up with a vengeance—for the narrow, circuitous road, like a lilac ribbon hung on the mountain's face, wound toward the clouds. He felt alarmed, and clung to the rattling wagon, for Het was doing a Marathon with wonderful energy, and the rough, bitten-out road grew rockier every moment.

They climbed almost to the summit of Old Baldy, and here suddenly, in a clearing, with a regiment of sentinel pines guarding its edge, with glimpses of purple distance showing between their trunks, stood the farmhouse where P. Stokes had engaged board. Low and white it was, lying close to the mountain's face, shaded by two gnarled apple-trees in late bloom, and facing, with its blinking, many-paned windows, a sweeping outlook of billowing hilltops, fold after fold marching away to the west, each pine-covered crest purple-black against a field of sunset gold. P. Stokes felt strangely quenched—almost depressed, as he dismounted.

Inside the farmhouse he recovered himself somewhat, and patronized his new accommodations freely. The room to which he was shown was under the eaves and very low of ceiling, with a downward slope on one side. Quite too low-ceiled for comfort, he complained bitterly; there were no rooms so low in New York, he felt sure. As he looked about, he made more than one unfavorable comparison with his late urban apartment.

True, his room in the city, if sufficiently high ceiled, was painfully small of area where this one was large and commodious. Besides, this was very well lighted from three low-set, sunny windows, open now and admitting a wonderful woodland perfume. The room in the city was dark, ill-lighted by a very soiled window, giving on an unlovely back yard where cats held nightly carnival, and heavily scented by stale cookery with a strong boiled-cabbage accent. Likewise, in New York his bed had been a lean, depressed-looking affair of meager comfort and sad-colored linen. The bed here—an old-fashioned four-poster—was soft and thick of foundation, with an inviting suggestion of coziness, crisp white muslin coverings, and fat, luxurious pillows.

But P. Stokes muttered "Primitive!" as he disposed of his possessions. The floor was only partly covered—with rag rugs. The two big chests, the old wool wheel beneath a sheet in one corner, the freshly whitewashed walls, the simple washstand with its mottled crockery, awakened his contemptuous derision. He sneered with lofty superiority as he made his ablutions. Things weren't done this way in little old N'Yawk! Thank God, he wouldn't be staying long! Then he looked out of the window.

P. Stokes forgot to swear.

The sun was down now, and a purple shade was creeping up the mountains. Far below he could see a glint of silver where the river curved through the valley. Somewhere near, a mountain brook tinkled, and up on the top of Old Baldy a wakeful crow flying to its nest cawed wailingly. The day was almost done, and that peculiar twilight hush that belongs to the mountains had fallen. They looked bigger than ever now—those mountains—great, permanent, changeless masses in the fading light. For a moment P. Stokes felt something akin to awe.

If he had ever permitted his memory to stray beyond the confines of his city experiences to Jersey days, P. Stokes would have recognized an old friend in the supper that awaited him downstairs. But, keeping his ideal well in view, he quarreled with the absence of dinner and was almost homesick for Mrs. Johnson's basement dining-room, with its dim gaslight, its ranks of dreary boarders, its slipshod colored waitress and second-rate, badly cooked food. He found no difficulty, however, in disposing of his meal, nor would he have denied, on being

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IT BEATS ALL HOW HE GITS AWAY FROM ME—THE LITTLE CUSS! I'M MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR CLUTCHIN' HIM."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

pressed tactfully, that things tasted excellently well. The milk, of which he had been ordered to drink plentifully, was heavy with cream; the eggs were undeniably fresh and delicious; and the home-made bread, fresh ginger cookies, and tart currant "jell" were revelations.

Mrs. Howe, the wife of the native who had met him, waited upon him most solicitously. She was a tall, slat-shaped woman in clean gray calico, with a kindly face and an insatiable curiosity.

"You got a real good appetite—for all you're so yellow-lookin' an' thin. 'Pears to me you hain't ben eatin' much down to Noo York. Folks have got to eat to keep well, say I. But I guess city folks don't take a hull lot o' care of themselves. I'd ruther live most anywheres than to a city."

"Perhaps you're not acquainted with many cities?" suggested P. Stokes, with kindly tolerance.

"Well, no—I can't say I be. But I've ben to the county seat several times, an' I've seen a heap o' city people—summerin' here in the mountains—an' they's mostly somethin' or other the matter of them. Give me a country life. It's a sight more healthier."

P. Stokes sighed—partly with repletion, partly with commiseration.

"Is this your first trip to the mountains?" continued Mrs. Howe.

P. Stokes equivocated: "To *these* mountains."

"Ain't they the big fellers, though? This one—Old Baldy—he's the next to the biggest. My sakes! I guess he seems terrible high to city folks—livin' on the flats as they do, with nothin' in the way of scenery."

"You should see our skyscrapers," said P. Stokes archly.

"Oh—them! I've seen pitchers of 'em. But them's only houses. Folks can build a tall house, but they can't make no mountain. They's some difference. Wait till you've ben here a while, an' you'll think so, too. Wait till you git you some muscle an' red cheeks an' climb round on Old Baldy. You won't think of skyscrapers."

"Wait till you've seen one," laughed P. Stokes, adding impressively: "The mountains are all right, as mountains, but there's nothing in the world like a big city with all its life and people—and its great works of artitecture."

"Well, I notice city folks has to git away to the mountains to git well from what a city does to 'em. Give me a mountain, say I," returned Mrs. Howe briskly.

Afterward, in the growing dusk, P. Stokes paced the little porch. He saw a few stars come out, and presently the moon, in majesty, and suddenly everything was painted with silver and crystal. It was very lovely—very still—very lonely. Suddenly a whippoorwill called:

"*Whip-poor*-WILL! *Whip-poor*-WILL!"

The sound was as silvery as the moonlight. The brook laughed to itself among the bushes; a young fox barked in the pines; and down the mountain a hound answered. There is nothing like a mountain moonrise. P. Stokes felt small—like a tired little bad boy.

Presently his eyelids ached in the keen air, and he went up to his room. The white bed was soft and sweet; his pillows smelled of pine needles. A woods breeze stole into the room. P. Stokes slept.

In the days that followed, he was very homesick. But he garnered some new impressions. He ate his first brook trout, brown and crisp, for breakfast; he saw his first mountain sunrise—that late sunrise—fore-omened by the thick, fleecy fog that rises in velvety, ghost-gray rings from the valleys, as the pushing warmth of the day beats upon it, until suddenly it is gone and everything is burnished with sun-gold. He trod the slippery brown needles in the pine forest for the first time, until, weary, he flung himself down to breathe their perfume and get the warm, mothering feel of the earth.

And he saw his first mountain laurel! Old Baldy was covered with it—great patches of low, glossy-leaved growth, lifting its waxen fairy-cups of pink and white to the sun. P. Stokes was thrilled by its beauty. He knelt almost worshipfully beside it. Old Baldy had many lovely things to offer—long-stemmed blue violets clustering round its mossy boulders; pungent wintergreen leafing out delicately; late anemones; carpets of tender bluets by its streams; golden-eyed daisies and buttercups in its cleared pastures; lace-like ferns, nodding trilliums, and haughty iris in its shade; but nothing so lovely as the laurel!

P. Stokes gathered a great armful and took it to his room, and he dreamed of it that night. Then—he woke to meet its liv-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing embodiment. In the morning, climbing high toward the top of Baldy, he stopped a bit for breath. He was leaning on a great boulder, counting the receding purple mountains and estimating their respective heights in terms of the Singer Building, when a clatter of loose pebbles and a thudding of feet on the turf aroused him. A small, leggy, woolly thing, the hue of the weathered rocks about him, scampered unsteadily by.

"Ketch him!" cried a voice behind him.

P. Stokes obeyed. Then, as the warm little creature writhed and bleated in his arms, he turned toward the voice. A girl came swiftly toward him. Her pink calico dress puffed in the morning breeze, the sun shone on her face, and he thought of the mountain laurel, for she was strong and vigorous like its growth, and colored like its flower. He put the lamb into her arms.

"It beats all how he gits away from me," she laughed—"the little cuss! I'm much obliged to you for clutchin' him."

The ladies to whom P. Stokes was accustomed did not say "git" and "ketch." They embroidered their sentences with choicer forms of verbiage. One of them would quite likely have said, "I *beg* your pa'don" or "Excuse *me*, will you kindly pick up my lamb?" But he made no invidious comparison. He only looked at her and listened to her voice. It reminded him of the brook near the house.

"I'm glad to have been of assistance," he said elegantly. He sought to speak with easy urban nonchalance, but was irritated to find himself blushing.

"Well, if it hadn't of ben for you I d'know but I'd be chasin' him yet. It looked like he was a mind to go clean to the top of Baldy."

"I'm delighted to have stopped him, I'm sure. Does he get away often?" He had full command of himself now, and turned the Jovian splendor of his best New York manner upon her. The sunny radiance died out of her face.

"Whenever he gits the chance," she said shortly. Then, almost before he could breathe, she was gone—vanished into a clump of blackberry bushes and young maples whose tossing branches formed a wake for her passing. P. Stokes felt outraged for a moment—then he laughed lightly with good-humored patronage.

He dreamed of the laurel that night also.

He climbed Old Baldy three days running and loitered carelessly about the scene of his adventure. He did not meet her, nor, as he told himself, did he care to. He rather fancied he would inquire about her of Lem Howe, but could not find quite the proper shade of manner. New York must not betray too keen an interest in Old Baldy—these mountaineers were as sharp as their air.

On the fourth day Lem suggested trout fishing—clear over on Woodchuck Creek, t'other side of Baldy. He offered his rod and flies, and though P. Stokes was unacquainted with the piscatorial science, he could not bring himself to make confession. He was surprised to find that the rod, a finely finished split bamboo, closely resembled some he had seen in the windows of large sporting-goods houses in the city. And though he was not a connoisseur, he realized that it was fairly expensive and quite professional. Lem Howe watched him with twinkling eyes.

"Oh, we have some things as good as they've got to the city," he laughed, lipping his false teeth into place. "That dang pole cost pret' nigh a month's wages—but I cal'late it's well worth it. You don't come acrost many like it in these mountains."

The walk to Woodchuck Creek is long, and though Lem assured him it would pay well in a harvest of speckled prizes, P. Stokes quite regretted coming until he parted the willows and clambered down its banks.

The girl was there, fishing.

Knee-deep in the stream she stood, fishing with a straight bamboo pole, a man's boots on her feet, skirt kilted high. On the bank stood a tin lunch pail and a tomato can of muddy worms. In a small eddy safely cached behind a big stone lay her catch—two fat, flapping trout. Her back was turned, but she saw him presently as he stood watching. She looked at him coldly, but he noticed a deeper flush on her cheeks.

"Hello!" she said calmly. "Be you going to fish here?"

"I—I don't know. I'm not very expert. I'd rather watch you, I think."

"No fun watchin'—better come in. They're bitin' good," she announced.

P. Stokes looked at his feet. It seemed one was expected to wade out to midstream. "I should have worn boots," he said.

"Oh, take off your shoes an' socks an'

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

turn up your pants. It ain't cold."

P. Stokes colored. He felt slightly embarrassed by the candor of her suggestion; also, he was sensitive as to his calves, which were not, he felt, a matter for exhibition. He sighed and sat down.

"I think I'll rest a while—I feel all tired out. You won't mind my staying, will you?" He was careful to speak quite humbly.

"Oh, I don't care. Creek's free. What bait did you bring?"

"Flies."

"Mine's worms," she said succinctly.

She got a bite then, and he watched the contest—the skilful play of her crude rod, the gallant battle of the fish, and the practised hand with which she landed. She was very lovely, with her flushed face and graceful body. She dropped her fish into the pool and baited afresh.

"I kind o' hate to take 'em! But we've got to eat. An' I don't take more'n we jest need—paw an' me."

"I wish I was as good a fisherman as you," said P. Stokes admiringly.

"Oh, pshaw! I ain't much. If I had a good rod——"

"Take mine. It's Lem Howe's—he wouldn't care."

She shook her head. "I'll have one more try, then I'll quit. Sun's gittin' too high, anyway." Presently she stopped and waded to the bank.

"Why don't you try when the sun gits low—this aft'noon?"

"Perhaps I will—but I'm enjoying myself all right, here. I don't want to overdo."

"You're the fellow over to Howe's, ain't you?" she asked, as she unpacked her lunch-pail. "You're here for your health, Lem says. You do look kind o' peaked."

"Yes," he nodded, "but I'm getting better. I'll soon be going back to New York."

"You from Noo York?"

"That's me," he said proudly. Then he asked if he might eat lunch with her, and she graciously assented. He felt a singularly sharp appetite and commented on it.

"Oh, it's Old Baldy gittin' in his work. He'll fix you out. Folks round here are always hungry."

He believed her as he watched her sink her white teeth into the thick slices of cold johnny-cake and pie from her pail.

When they had dulled the fine edge, they became conversational. At first P. Stokes took up the tale. His theme was New York, of course, and he embroidered it with his deftest skill. The girl was wide-eyed.

"Seems like a good place," she said thoughtfully. "Onct a fellow in a actor-company that come to Station Point—they was playing 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room'—wanted me to go there. Said for me to git in the company an' go along. Mebbe I done wrong not to. But I love Baldy. I was born an' brought up here." She looked pensively at the chirping, rollicking brook. And as he watched the exquisite coloring of her and her unconscious grace as she sat a moment with idle hands, it is to be recorded that he felt a keen pang of accusing wrath at thought of the measure New York would have meted her.

Still, he was faithful to his ideal. He told of many things—the great harbor with its shipping, the glittering Mecca of Broadway, the mile of millionaires, the great street of finance, the gorgeous shop-windows, the taxis and velvet limousines, the richly clad women—all the gold-dust and glamour. He said nothing, however, of the city's poverty, its grime, its sweat, its toilers, its broken nerves, its throbbing under-life.

She was impressed; yet when he finished she was not too overcome to take up the challenge for Baldy. She did her best to tell it all, and because she loved it she did well. P. Stokes, of course, paid scant attention to the simple tale, but he found much pleasure in watching her and listening to her voice. It had wonderfully sweet tones.

Afterward she went along the bank and gathered some tiny red berries. She poured some into his hand, and he tasted his first wild strawberries.

When they parted, he gave her his card. It read:

P. STOKES

FELSBAUM & OCHER

6th Avenue and —th Street

Subway Store:

Linens	Groceries
Hosiery	Drugs
Notions	Linoleums
Furniture	Restaurant

She read it carefully and put it into her lunch-pail.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I hain't got a card here," she laughed mischievously. "I guess you'll have to find out who I be."

"It won't be hard," he laughed back.

He found out that evening from Lem Howe. She was old McHenry's girl from down the mountain a way—she and her "paw" lived on a meager little hill-farm. They were poor—Paw McHenry had been a thriftless soul earlier; but they were doing well enough now—had cleared off all but the last hundred on the mortgage and man-

HE TOLD HER OF NEW YORK, THE GLITTERING MECCA OF BROADWAY, THE GORGEOUS SHOP-WINDOWS, THE TAXIS AND VELVET LIMOUSINES, THE RICHLY CLAD WOMEN —ALL THE GOLD-DUST AND GLAMOUR.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

aged to get a decent if frugal living from the place.

When P. Stokes first saw it, he felt that it was a poor place indeed—a low, unpainted, weathered house almost lost in the forest. But it was homelike inside—with a wide, cheery, spotless kitchen and a dizzily gay little sitting-room, all bright floral lithographs and cheap, rose-splashed cotton draperies, with a cottage organ, and a nickel lamp wearing a huge pink crêpe-paper shade; and though it lacked the Nottingham and Brussels elegance and the near-mahogany luster he could have wished, P. Stokes found much comfort in its roomy old Boston rocker.

After the fishing trip they met again, of course—the first time by accident, the next by appointment. After that it got to be a habit. P. Stokes was lonely. He liked to look at her. She was some one to talk to—a sympathetic listener. He told her much those days, more than his lips uttered. She came to know him very well. Also, he sincerely respected her. At first he had essayed a few harmless and innocent gallantries, according to his code—he rather fancied he might work up a little flirtation; but he did not repeat them. This mountain girl was of a different fiber from any he had ever met. There was something about her that reminded him of a deer—a fine, almost royal independence mingled with a strange, naïve timidity.

So he gave up trying to flirt. After all, he told himself, there was too wide a gulf between this simple country girl and one of his metropolitan experience. He would be kind to her and give her of his knowledge. And she would serve as a diverting episode. There was nothing else possible.

They had met several times when a complication arose. On one of his rambles P. Stokes was suddenly confronted by a gray, wizened little man who shook his fists at him and filled the air with invective. He was neither coherent nor articulate, owing to rage and loss of teeth; but P. Stokes gathered that he was "Paw McHenry" and was declaring war on behalf of his daughter. Among other things, "There wa'n't no dood out'n any city could git his gal away—what did he mean sneakin' round like a durn skunk?"—and so on, finishing with a variety of richly adorned threats. P. Stokes paled, and protested his innocence—his merely friendly interest in Miss McHenry; but the wizened little fury continued to brandish and threaten until, his thunder exhausted, he slunk away through the woods.

P. Stokes saw the girl that afternoon and looked half guiltily at her. But she referred very frankly and laughingly to the encounter.

"Paw got after ye, didn't he? Don't mind poor paw. He thinks the world an' all o' me. We always stick up for each other. But land! he needn't make a fool of himself. I kin take care o' myself. I let him have it hot an' heavy, bless his crazy old heart!" She laughed again, long and merrily, with a little tender note.

And so they kept on meeting. The girl was busy and had little time to spare, but of late afternoons she stole up to the "rock pasture" and sat with him. Often they watched the light fade and the first pale stars come out. Then she would slip home in the half-light, fearless and unafraid as any doe. Sometimes P. Stokes braved a surly and secretly worried "paw" and spent the early evening hours in the gay little sitting-room, where in the pink lamplight the girl would sing Moody and Sankey hymns in her fresh, sweet voice. But for the most part they were together out-of-doors.

And so time passed and P. Stokes grew stronger and heavier. His throat healed, his cheeks filled out, and the mountain winds blew the tiredness out of his eyes. Little by little also he came to know Old Baldy. Under the girl's guiding hand he turned the book of the mountain, page after page. He thought he was teaching her, for he talked a great deal, and she listened submissively. He felt his teaching was bearing fruit, too, for she had altered in many little ways—correcting her language and softening her wild little mannerisms. But he found he was coming to know many unheard-of things—the names of berries, of trees, of flowers, the prophecies of the clouds, the signs of woodchuck, of squirrel, of snake, the difference between a California and a native trout.

And though he tallied off the days one by one that kept him from New York, Old Baldy was forging fetters for him.

One morning he woke up to realize that there were only two days left. Two days! In two days he would be back in the city—back in little old N'Yawk. Back in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dear old haunts; returned to the hall bedroom and the bargain-filled subway store. A singular feeling crept over him. He sat up in bed and looked through his window. He could see 'way down the mountain, for the sun was already up. It was going to be warm, very warm. It would be hot in New York, he reflected. He got up and dressed quickly and went down-stairs. A strange restlessness possessed him, and he left his breakfast untouched. He told himself he was excited at the coming change. Two days!

He went up the mountain quite lightly—what a lot of good this vacation had done him!—and found his favorite seat, in a little cleared place among the pines, from which he could get a sweeping view of the whole country—hill, valley, and river.

He watched it now—and deep down in his heart a strange pain began to gather. Could it be that he was going to feel sorry at going?

He shook off the feeling and forced his mind on those dear other attractions. He thought of them steadily while the sun climbed higher and higher.

And suddenly in the soft, languid noon-heat the miracle was wrought. The distant blue mountains, the shining river faded out. He saw, instead, the basement store—a seething, sweating mass of struggling, cheap humanity; he saw the hot, sunscorched streets, the burning pavements, the narrow, close, dark room he called home. He heard the strident city sounds, sirens, bells, whistles, hoof-beats; he smelled the humid, heavy, merciless air. A hideous nausea seized him. He could not go back! *He loathed New York!*

Then he opened his eyes and saw the green and gold sweetness around him. A light step crackled on the pine needles, and the girl pulled herself up through the trees to him. She was in pink, as he had first seen her—like the blooming laurel.

"There are two days left—before I go," he said.

She said: "I know," and dropped down beside him. "You're awful glad to be goin', aren't you? You've talked so much about New York all the while." It seemed to him she had less color than usual. "I expect you're turr—terribly glad to go—" wistfully.

"No," said P. Stokes miserably—he was more wretched every minute. "I thought I would be, but—I don't want to go back."

There was a moment's poignant silence. A chipmunk frolicked out of a stump close by and peered at them with inquisitive black eyes.

"I don't want to go," repeated P. Stokes. The girl looked down and pulled at a tuft of grass.

"Then—why d'you go?" she asked.

A PINE-BREEZE CAME LIKE A CENSER OF FRAGRANCE TO BEAR THEM HIS BLESSING.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What else can I do?" he cried. "I've been a fool. I've been blowing all this time about New York—wasting my time over a place that never did anything but suck my money and health away. Gosh! I'm the original lobster." He covered his face with his hands.

A great light was breaking on him, but it was breaking too late! If he'd only known!

"Why don't you stay?"

"Stay? Why, what could I do here?"

"Hain't you got—haven't you any money?"

"Not much. Two hundred dollars, maybe."

The girl sighed.

"I wish I had two hundred dollars. They'd come mighty handy."

"Two hundred dollars ain't much," said P. Stokes bitterly. He was fast lapsing into south Jersey.

"It 'ud help some. I'd pay the mortgage and put by the rest. The farm would make a good livin' enough—with a younger man to help work it—" The last words were scarcely above her breath.

P. Stokes began to tremble, and a hot red surged into his face.

"What—what do you mean?" he asked chokily.

"I mean to not go a step fu'ther. Halfway's enough." She looked up at him, her mouth quivering; then she put her head down suddenly. But P. Stokes was close to her now; a great happiness was welling up in him; his voice broke with eagerness:

"Say, you don't mean—would—would you be willing to—marry me?"

"I might if I was asked," came in muffled tones from the buried head.

"Then I ask you," said P. Stokes unsteadily. "I love you—I've loved you right along—but I didn't know—will you marry me? Say it."

"Yes—I say it," she whispered.

He pulled her with rough tenderness into his arms and kissed her.

"We're goin' to be awful happy here on Baldy—ain't we?" she asked presently.

"You bet!" said P. Stokes. The moment was too fraught with joy for lengthier speech. Suddenly she laughed like a chime of bells and sent the chipmunk scurrying to cover.

"An' I don't even know your name. P.? What does that stand for in P. Stokes?"

"Pitman," he laughed. "It's a family name."

"Mine's Jennie," she said; but he covered her rosy mouth with his hand.

"No, it ain't. Not to me. You're my Mountain Laurel, and you're goin' to bloom just for me."

They looked into each other's eyes and laughed. And old Baldy laughed, too, and he sent a pine-breeze swinging out of the woods, like a censer of fragrance to bear them his blessing.

THE HOLIDAY'S END

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

Massed thunder-heads across the flat sea-marsh
With plumes of rose and gold; the sordid range
Of signboards; black salt-channels; ever-strange
Familiar sands, with bristling pines and harsh,
Burnt clearings; piled-up cordwood; orchards low;
Dark ponds with twisted snags; and here and there
A station flashes through the shuddering air
A mile a minute as we homeward go.

A bridge beneath, a sudden stifled roar,
And soon she slackens; and pale stars of blue
Light up electric lanes across the dusk.
The town is here, and strife and stench once more;
To-morrow with its each bare fang and tusk
Waits at the valves of Sleep to claim its due.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"TRIXY-ANN HAS ONLY GOT AS FAR AS THE FIRST PART OF ISAIAH."

SOME MOTHERS-and OTHERS

Being the Observations of a Perplexed Bachelor

BY · M'CREADY · SYKES
Author of "POE'S RUN AND OTHER POEMS," etc.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

THIS truthful but somewhat desultory narrative is written with a purpose. When these things happened to me, I had at first a sense of bewildered amusement, then of real humility. After a while, I came to see that I had been hopelessly wrong; and if it did not sound so much like a joke I would say that I have learned not to speak disrespectfully of the twentieth century.

For instance: I was visiting my very

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

good friends the Lathrops, and soon after my arrival I had been left, with a reassuring sense of trust, with the exceedingly small and superficially uninteresting Dorothea, whose experiences in this painful world covered a life-history of about five months.

"Ah goo!" purred Dorothea pleasantly, stretching her hand toward mine.

"Ah goo!" I replied, feeling somehow that courtesy demanded this much of concurrence with Dorothea's views.

Then the little one dug her fists vehemently into her lap and smiled invitingly, and I waved my hand in circles before her face; she crowed with quiet delight, rocked herself back and forth, and after a while said, "Ah goo" again—and a lot more.

"Um—baby—hi ya!" I remarked. This was really the beginning of a conversation, and Dorothea was a nice, good-natured baby, and I was becoming quite interested, when her mother came back into the room. She stepped across to the baby with a little glance of alarm. "Oh, I forgot to tell you—" she began.

"It's all right," I assured her. "I've taken very good care of Dorothea. She hasn't swallowed anything, and we've been playing together and having a beautiful time."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Lathrop. "I forgot to ask you not to play with baby. You know it's very injurious until she's six months old; the fact is, the less play the better at any time."

"Really?" I said. "Why, I thought babies liked to be played with."

"I suppose they do—it does seem hard, sometimes, but I never play with Dorothea myself more than five minutes at a time." Then she proceeded to quote chapter and verse, and showed me a little book on "The Care and Feeding of Infants," where the mandate was plain; and I realized that I had sinned.

"I believe the theory is that it makes them nervous and forces their minds unduly," Mrs. Lathrop explained.

I regretted that I had forced the mind of Miss Dorothea. As she lay there contentedly in the baby-carriage, she looked like a chunk of raw protoplasm, without much suggestive of mind; but when she fell to playing, she seemed suffused with soul, and there was an appealing winsomeness about her that spoke of a human mind and its infinite capabilities. And then, with a baby's perverseness, she stretched out her hands appealingly and said, "Ah goo" again.

"No, Dorothea," I said sternly, "I will NOT play with you. Never again shall it be laid to my charge that I forced your infant mind."

So when her mother went out again, having exacted from me solemn assurances on this point, I read aloud to the small Dorothea, and, lest I might unawares impart a playful tone to my voice, I read from Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," which her mother had studied at Wellesley. It is difficult to read this sort of treatise in a rollicking, laughing way. Fixing my chair sternly in front of the infant, I read to her as follows:

" 'Essence is the ground of existence; in existence the form of directness or immediacy is restored, or existence is the restoration of being, in so far as it results from the "sublation" of that by which being was previously in the logico-dialectical development mediated. Totality, or the development of qualifications and ground and existence in one subject, constitutes the Thing.' "

In a few minutes the baby was asleep, and I wheeled the carriage very softly and gently out on the veranda. It was a balmy October day, and I was reflecting how pleasant it was to be in the country where we could drink in the glorious autumn air, when the fond young mother, Wellesley '98, came tripping out.

"Oh, dear! you *mustn't* do that! You see, baby's asleep."

"Exactly," I replied. "I thought it was a good chance for her to get the fresh air."

"She should sleep in a temperature of not more than seventy-two degrees," said the thoughtful mother, "and I haven't any thermometer out here."

So we wheeled her back again.

"Besides," said Mrs. Lathrop, "the air hasn't been pasteurized outdoors. And now you've opened the germ-proof door, and I'll have to pasteurize the room again."

I felt so apologetic that I begged Mrs. Lathrop to let me help her in pasteurizing the air. "Although," I confessed, "you'll have to show me how."

"It's very simple," she said. "Baby will have to go to bed while we do it. We heat the air to one hundred and ten and one half degrees Fahrenheit for seventeen minutes."

"I—I think I'll go and play billiards with Jack," I stammered out. Somehow I felt

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that my continued presence was endangering the whole future of that infant. But I stooped down to kiss the child good-by.

"Oh, wait a minute, please, before you kiss her!" cried her mother, and, flying to a shelf, she produced a bottle of listerine and gave me a little on some antiseptic cotton.

"We always sterilize our lips before we kiss baby," she explained.

"Oh, never mind," I replied, thoughtlessly. "I'll kiss her little pink foot."

"Oh, *please* don't! You see, she might put her foot in her mouth."

On the whole, I felt relieved when Monday morning came around, and I was safely seated in the train. I had read "The Care and Feeding of Infants," and had learned much that I never knew before. I resolved to bear its teachings carefully in mind on my visit to the Murdochs over the following Sunday.

Katherine Murdoch and I are very great friends. She is five years old, and as I am forty I am always sure of deriving from her conversation at least the stimulus of a new point of view. She has a younger brother Paul, whom she rules with a rod of iron, and altogether they are very dear children.

On Saturday afternoon we were all out under the trees, and the two children, having commanded me to impersonate successively a bear, a yellow tortoise, and a ring-tailed rhinoceros, were clambering over me as I lay on the grass. Katherine ensconced herself beneath the protecting bulge of my right shoulder and placed Paul on the opposite side; and when the children had snuggled themselves in very comfortably, there came the familiar command:

"Now tell us a story."

One advantage of telling stories to children is that you can go on indefinitely, stopping anywhere and continuing the story next time. Sometimes I don't see Paul and Katherine for weeks together, but they always demand that I take up the story where I left off. They are very indulgent critics, but they have definite views on the rationale of construction in fiction. They are not intent upon analysis, or local color, or profound character-study, or heart interest, and they do not even insist on the note of uplift; but they must have action. Something must be happening all the time.

"What did the pink rhinoceros do after he got in the tree?" demanded Paul, curling himself comfortably in the angle of my arm.

"He wiggled around with the horn on the top of his nose," I told them, "until the

FIXING MY CHAIR STERNLY IN FRONT OF THE INFANT, I READ TO HER FROM UEBERWEG'S "HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"PAUL SHOULD LEARN EARLY IN LIFE THAT NATURAL CAUSES ALWAYS PRODUCE NATURAL EFFECTS."

cocoanuts came falling down very fast, all over the ground. Then the bad monkey came running up, and began to put all the cocoanuts in his wagon."

"Was he a very bad monkey?" asked Katherine.

"Very bad indeed, Katherine. He had taken the princess's sister and dragged her by the hair all around the rocks till she screamed with pain."

"Oh!" cried the children together, "wasn't he an awful monkey!"

"He had done even worse than that," I went on. "He had covered her hands with sealing-wax."

Just then Mrs. Murdoch came out of the house. She said it was time for the children to go in to supper. When they were gone, she sat down in the hammock and looked at me with a troubled expression.

Mrs. Murdoch is a fair young mother who sings divinely, crooning nursery songs and lullabies and things. She taught once in the kindergarten and is familiar with the latest views on child psychology. She has a beautifully low and pleasing voice, so that I am always tempted to induce her to talk, even if there is nothing particular to talk about.

"The children are very fond of you," she began, and I knew there was trouble brewing. Mrs. Murdoch hates to offend any one.

"Their little minds are so impressionable," the mother went on. "Fred and I are always very careful not to tell them anything horrible, nor anything to shock them. I think it's simply wicked the way some parents let their children hear stories such as Little Red Riding-Hood and Jack the Giant-Killer."

"I never thought of it in that light," I suggested. "You would have to take away 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' and Hans Christian Andersen and half the books we were brought up on."

"Why, some of Grimm's stories are perfectly dreadful for children to hear," said Mrs. Murdoch. "I remember yet the agonies I used to suffer when I was a child, thinking about them at night."

Mrs. Murdoch, as I have said, is all courtesy and gentleness, and I knew that she would not deliver her rebuke any more pointedly; but I took her admonition to heart, and the next day forebore from continuing to the children the narrative of the pink rhinoceros. I tried to carry out her ideas of gentleness, and when little Paul, running

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tumultuously along the board walk, fell and bumped his shin, I took him in my arms and comforted him and told him not to cry.

His father was behind us, walking with Katherine, and he motioned me to sit beside him on the bench. While the children were playing a few yards away, he said to me very earnestly:

"I know it was pure sympathy and love for the little kid that made you take Paul up and comfort him just now, but his mother and I are always careful not to do that sort of thing. You and I know each other so well that you won't mind my speaking about it?"

"Not in the least, old man, I assure you. But I don't quite understand. I didn't realize I was doing any harm."

"You see," said his father, "we're teaching the children the supremacy of Natural Law. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that scientific education is of the most enduring worth to a child, and we consider it quite important that Paul and his sister should learn early in life that Natural Causes always produce Natural Effects. They must learn that the universe is governed by the Law of Universal Causation and the Law of Uniformity of Nature. You see, if Paul hadn't been careless and failed to look where he was going, he would have remembered that he was on a board walk, and that board walks are uneven in places. Then he wouldn't have tripped up, and if he hadn't tripped up he wouldn't have bumped his shin."

"Well," I began, feeling my way for an excuse, "I didn't tell him it wasn't his own fault. The bump taught him that. The little kid was frightened."

"Exactly," said his father. "The bump and the fright were Nature's way of teaching him. When you took him up and comforted him, you were to that extent interfering with a Demonstration of Natural Law. Only don't look so worried about it. It's nothing serious."

But it opened a suggestive line of thought, and when I went home I read Herbert Spencer's treatise on Education and carefully perused the chapter "What Knowledge Is of

"NOW, MARJORIE, IF YOU'D STEPPED QUIETLY UPSTAIRS YOU WOULDN'T HAVE STUBBED YOUR TOE."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Most Worth?" When I was spending a day with the Mainwarings at Greenwich, shortly after, I was very careful not to interfere with the Law of Universal Causation. So when little Marjorie stubbed her toe on the stairs and turned her weeping eyes appealingly to mine, I sternly repressed an impulse to take the child in my arms and kiss her and make her forget the pain. I said:

"Now, Marjorie, you know it was your own fault. If you'd stepped quietly upstairs you wouldn't have stubbed your toe."

But Mrs. Mainwaring took up the sobbing child and rocked her quietly back and forth. "There, Marjorie dear, it's all right. Don't cry."

In a moment the child had forgotten all about it, and her mother said to me:

"Don't you think you were rather severe, telling Marjorie it was all her own fault?"

"Why," I replied, "I didn't mean to be severe; but it *was* her own fault, and I supposed you wanted her to learn that Natural Law rules everywhere. I understood that that was what they taught children nowadays."

"Not in this house!" cried Mrs. Mainwaring. "The great dominant force of the universe is Love. Love is stronger than Natural Law or any physical force we know, and we are trying to bring Marjorie up to realize it. Fred and I are both very careful about that."

This seemed to have in it much of truth, but it conflicted, apparently, with some of the Spencerian doctrine; so I said:

"But won't Marjorie have to learn some time that natural causes must produce their natural effects? She won't always have some one at hand to comfort her. Isn't it easier for her to learn it now?"

The young mother smiled pityingly, with the superiority born of familiarity with the latest results of Child Psychology.

"Why, that view has been discarded for three or four years. We teach children now that the Law of the Universe is the Law of Love. By the time a child is six or seven years old, it ought to realize that, and shape its life accordingly. Every one that comes in contact with the child should help it along to learn it. That will help it to have a beautiful Secondary Middle."

"What is a Secondary Middle?" I asked, wonderingly. "Have I got one?"

Mrs. Mainwaring laughed. "You *had* one, once; I had one; everybody has had one. It's the period between seven and eleven years old; in a psychological way, it's considered nowadays the most critical period in a child's life."

I pondered carefully on this, because I know several children who are now passing through their Secondary Middle; some of them, I am afraid, without knowing it. Tommy Rathbun must be just about in the middle of his Secondary Middle, for he is nine years old. The next time I was at the Rathbuns' house I was a little afraid of falling in with Tommy, because I hadn't read any recent treatise on children in the Secondary Middle; so that fond as Tommy and I were of each other, I had a wretched hope that I shouldn't be left alone with him. But Tommy, in the joyous unconsciousness of his exuberant nature, proposed that we go for a walk, and before we had gone very far I had forgotten all about psychology and laws of the universe. We spent an hour or so down by the brook, and, as Tommy was much interested in the life and habits of frogs, we caught quite a number of tadpoles. But the biggest tadpole got away.

"That was hard luck, Tommy," I said, as the little pollywog wriggled out down the pond. "He was the biggest one we saw."

"It *was* hard luck, wasn't it?" laughed Tommy, and at supper that night he told his father and mother of the afternoon's adventures, and bewailed, though without bitterness, our hard luck in losing the biggest tadpole of all.

Later in the evening I sat with Tommy's father, smoking quietly on the veranda.

"I was sorry to hear Tommy speaking of what he calls his 'hard luck,'" said Mr. Rathbun.

I felt guilty. "That was my expression," I said. "Tommy was simply quoting me. But Tommy wasn't complaining. He merely said it was hard luck."

Mr. Rathbun went on smoking. The silence was growing oppressive.

"It *was* hard luck," I ventured at last.

Tommy's father threw away his cigar, and began walking up and down the veranda.

"I ought to have told you," he said. "I don't blame you, and I know you won't mind my speaking about it. But Elsie and I are very careful about that. You see, we

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I HAD A WRETCHED HOPE THAT I SHOULDN'T BE LEFT ALONE WITH HIM.

want the children to realize that there's no such thing as luck. My boys will have to work for their living, and I want them to grow up with sound ideas.

"People talk of luck," continued Mr. Rathbun, who had bought Great Northern at 107, "as if there really were some such force that influenced men's affairs. Why should children grow up with false ideas? There's no such thing as luck. The dominant force in the universe is——"

"Yes," I cried, interrupting him, for I felt that we were coming back to familiar ground, "I agree with you completely; the dominant force in the universe is Love!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Rathbun. "I teach my children that the dominant force in the universe is the Human Will. Kant was right when he said, 'There is nothing good but a good will.'"

So we drifted into the Critique of Pure Reason.

"But Tommy's will and mine put together didn't catch the tadpole," I suggested.

"Perhaps not," said the philosophical parent. "But the Human Will, if strong and vigorous, could quickly supply other objects to take the tadpole's place. It's all a question of where we put the emphasis," Mr. Rathbun went on. "We never talk to the children about luck or good fortune, and so they don't think about it."

When I took Tommy for a cross-country walk the next day, I was very careful not to talk about luck, because I think so much of Tommy that I should hate to do anything detrimental to his character. We lost our way and didn't get back till late in the afternoon, so that we had to get lunch at a funny little restaurant five miles from home. We were ravenously hungry, and tried, I think, almost everything the place had to offer.

That night Mrs. Rathbun reproached me for my choice in ordering the lunch.

"You men are so careless," she laughed. "Tommy tells me that among all the other things you had potatoes and rice and macaroni."

"Yes," I said, "we were very hungry."

"But you foolish man!" she cried. "Don't you realize that in those things you had almost an Identity of Food Values? It's like making a meal of proteids or carbohydrates or all fat or all nitrogen."

"It was a very good lunch," I said, not knowing what else to say, for I knew noth-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing of Food Values. "Tommy won't die, will he?"

Then she rebuked me for my levity.

"It isn't a question of dying at all," she explained. "But we try to bring up the children with strong, healthy bodies, and one of the worst things for children is to give them an Identity of Food Values in the things they eat. Why, I never order lunch without working out a Table of Comparative Food Values. I do it with a set of little colored blocks that I got as a premium with 'The Twentieth Century Mother,' and it's just as interesting as a game.

"You see," she went on, "potatoes and rice are both very rich in starch and deficient in protein. All the carbohydrates of a starchy or saccharine nature should be used only as parts of a balanced ration. Macaroni ordinarily has something like four thousand four hundred calories—I speak in terms of small calories, you understand—and twelve or thirteen per cent. of protein. But of course, I know you didn't stop to think, so I don't blame you. Only don't do it again."

I have taken pains since then not to feed children except in the presence of an analytical chemist. When I was left alone with Mortimer Bancroft on the veranda, a week or two later, I was glad that all the tea things had been taken away. I knew that Mortimer's mother, whom I remembered as the life and soul of the coasting parties and straw rides of my youth, was now a most scientific, albeit charming, young matron, and read papers on "Childhood and Evolution" and "The Ibsen Message: Its Meaning for Children."

Mortimer is a flaxen-haired youth of six, highly skilled in the construction of mud-pies, and an authority on ducks. Of all my young friends he has the gift of animal-sympathy in the highest degree, and revels most in nature. When he grows up he will live on a farm.

So it was natural that we should fool around the veranda and the lawn all the rest of the afternoon. It had grown dark, and the stars were beginning to come out, and the tired boy climbed into my lap for the few remaining moments before the summons should come for bed. We sat there on the steps and watched the stars and felt the soft night wind in our faces.

"Tell me about the stars," said the boy, looking up eastward at the blazing red of Aldebaran.

So I told him about the stars silently riding in their courses, and of the suns that flashed through space, and the planets that whirled about our own great sun; and how once upon a time it lay whirling and smoking and blazing out in the depths of space; and how it had shrunk and gathered itself in, and thrown off, one after the other, the planets; and how the Earth and Mars and Venus and all the rest of our planets were still riding the heavens in those wonderful orbits of theirs, without haste and without rest, swinging round forever in obedience to the eternal law that moved them.

Late that night, as we were all going to bed, Mortimer's father said, when we were alone:

"I know you won't mind my speaking about it, but in talking to the children don't you think it's a little injudicious to treat the Nebular Hypothesis as an Accepted Scientific Fact? I don't like to be captious or critical, but you know the Nebular Hypothesis really isn't established, and, in fact, the modern drift of opinion is in many quarters almost the other way. You see, old man, it's a very dangerous thing for children to be taught anything except Facts."

That seemed to eliminate a lot of things that had contributed to the mental equipment of our generation when we were children, and I told Bancroft so.

"Ah, I know. It's the old argument. But Polly says—and I agree with her—that if you start a child well on the road without a lot of things to unlearn, it makes life much easier for him. So we try to have the children stick to Facts."

Since that conversation I have been careful not to tell children anything postulating the accuracy of the nebular hypothesis. In fact, my stock of subjects permissible for the ear of the modern child seems to be running dangerously low. When I was visiting at the house of the Reverend John Bagshot, my old classmate, I rejoiced that I was able to fall back on stories from the Bible.

One day little Trixy-Ann summoned me delightedly to the road to behold the antics of a tame bear, led by an itinerant showman, and we were much amused at the growling and snarling of the beast and the consequent terror of the village children.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"He growls at them as if he'd like to eat them up, Trixy-Ann," I observed, "like the bears that ate up the naughty children that mocked Elisha for being bald."

"Tell me about those bears," said the child; and I told her the sacred story.

That evening her father came to me with a troubled look. "You were telling Trixy-Ann about Elisha and the bears—" he began.

"Yes," I said. "I suppose it was horrible. I'm sorry." I remembered, too late, what Mrs. Murdoch had told me about horrible stories.

"Oh, dear no," said the vicar, "it isn't that at all. But you know it is pretty well established now that the composition of Second Kings wasn't completed until about 600 B. C., within fourteen years, you see, of the Exile. Nowadays we try to give the children the Bible in the order in which it was written. You see, that prevents confusion afterward, and repeats in the individual the psychological development of revelation in the race. Trixy-Ann has only got as far as the first part of Isaiah. The first thirty-five chapters were mostly the work of Isaiah himself, and as his preaching began in 740 B. C., of course he was a long way ahead of Second Kings, so far as time of composition is concerned. Trixy-Ann won't get to Second Kings till next year. When she does get to it, she'll be prepared to recognize it as largely legendary. I should hate to have her believe that an all-merciful God really sent out bears to kill forty-two little children."

This seemed very liberal on the part of a clergyman, so when my young godson, Harry Loomis, aged eight, used the story of Jonah and the whale to illustrate his loss of a trout which he had nearly succeeded in hooking, I laughingly told him that his illustration wouldn't do, and that the Jonah story was nothing but a legend, anyway, and not to be taken literally.

Alas for the responsibility of sponsors in baptism! Harry's mother was almost tearful.

"Why," she upbraided me, "even if you did feel an inclination to rob my boy of his religion, I should think that you might at least have remembered the solemn vows you took that day you stood up for him in the church."

"YOU SEE," SHE WENT ON, "ALL THE CARBOHYDRATES OF A STARCHY OR SACCHARINE NATURE SHOULD BE USED ONLY AS PARTS OF A BALANCED RATION."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

That was the last straw! I packed my bag and wired to my office to send me an urgent telegram that might serve as excuse for a hurried departure. On the train I thus soliloquized:

"I must revise my visiting list. Hereafter I shall solemnly turn aside from invitations to visit such of my friends as are blessed with small children. Somehow I feel that I am an Influence for Bad.

"It is one of the saddest conclusions I have ever reached. It means a desolate old age. I have always been, and still am, so fond of children, that the thought of abjuring their friendship and society is mournful indeed. It has been my good fortune to be well beloved of many small children. But that is for me no longer, and the void will be hard to fill. Young girls in the early twenties are as a rule silly and uninteresting. Their mothers demand that I play auction bridge, which I detest. Young men insist on discussing whether Mr. Roosevelt can be resuscitated—a subject in which I have long lost interest. Old men play golf, and persistently tell me their scores, a monotonous tale. The young matrons talk to me about their children, and that opens the old wound. My confession is a sad one; my outlook embittered.

"I am going to tell my experiences for the benefit of my kind, so that young men who like to go off on week-ends may take warning by my example and study up on modern child psychology before they are too old to learn. I trust that to them may be spared the bitterness of coming, through ignorance, to a time of life when they must sternly turn away from the advances, the kind friendship, and the disinterested love of small children; and that they may never realize, as I do now, that never again shall they have the happiness of feeling a little child's arms entwined around their neck, and of hearing from a small head upon their shoulder a little voice pleading—'Tell me another story.'"

Then I wrote down the experiences here set forth, and for a while I thought them almost amusing, and felt that in writing of these young mothers in this satirical vein I was really quite a Superior Person. But the more I thought about it, the less amusing it seemed; and after a while I began to realize that we of a somewhat older time must be forever learning anew from the younger generation that, to use the master-builder's phrase, is knocking at the door. It has been said that as each century has in a way its own distinguishing characteristics, the twentieth century has started out as the Century of the Child. It is easy to smile at the modern methods of young mothers, at their insistent and searching interrogation of the universe. But truly it is a kind of fine fruition of the vague gropings of the Victorian years. "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." This earth of ours is growing unceasingly a better and better place to live in. We are coming to realize the profound significance of the prolonged infancy of man. Alone among created beings, man attains maturity only after a long span of years. As civilization advances, the meaning of that long stretch of formative life comes into clearer and clearer view.

It is the glory of woman that, standing often a little apart from the struggle that is going on in the arena, she has a vision and an insight that in the long run are clearer and truer than ours. She sees the great swirl and sweep and drift of the race-forces where we note perhaps only the eddies and the movement of the day. One of the things that is helping the child to come into its own is that this eternal instinct of motherhood is being fortified by the sane and fruitful methods of modern science, and if sometimes a smile comes to our eyes it should be the smile of sympathetic comprehension, and never of intolerance.

And as for the children themselves, don't they furnish the best proof of all? Their serene and trustful outlook on the world about them may be a little removed from the traditional blundering and distorted point of view; but they are more than ever the dwellers in the Interpreter's House, nearer perhaps than the rest of us to the councils of the gods.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY

BY

WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D. LL.D.

Author of "BRAIN AND PERSONALITY," "WHAT IS PHYSICAL LIFE?" etc.

Editor's Note:—This article enters, in part, the same field of inquiry as Maurice Maeterlinck's essay on Death, published in EVERYBODY'S *last month. Though Dr. Thomson's article is in no sense intended as a reply to Maeterlinck, it presents some very different conclusions, and it is of peculiar interest to contrast the views of the Belgian poet and philosopher with those of the American physician and scientist. Both essays are distinguished contributions to the literature on this vital and engrossing subject.*

A PURE theorist is one who on occasion can altogether part company with facts. Such persons are particularly numerous whenever the subject of Life is under discussion. For them this gives such free wing to speculation that they then little need to make any approach to facts.

It has had this effect always. Thus, both in ancient and in modern times, there have been those who talked of the great ocean of life from which all things living are derived and to which they all return. A Hindu once filled the palm of his hand with water out of the Ganges. "There," he said, "in the hollow of my hand, is man as he lives here." Then, emptying the water back into the great river, he said, "There is man returning to the Whence from which he came." Others speak of life as if it pervaded the whole of space, like the ether, and claim that, as modern science says all forms of matter are derived from the ether, so the principle of life is present everywhere, ready to animate the worlds with its living forms.

But the *facts* are that life on this earth, which is the only life that we can observe, belongs to nothing which is either universal or general; rather, it is always individual and particular. Its forms never merge either into one another or into anything else, any more than cows merge into sheep. And when its kinds are too small to be seen with the naked eye, each such living thing is found to be as distinct from its fellows as the trees are in a forest. Eight billions of one kind of bacteria can find room in a space equal to a pinhead, but not one of those billions ever merges into the rest, any more than the blades of grass mix on a prairie. Some of them, like the agents which cause hydrophobia and those which cause yellow fever, are too small to be seen by any microscope, and yet they are as distinct and specific as any other living species. Hydrophobia no more resembles yellow fever than a horse is like a fish.

Nor do the bacteria end in solution, but in something very different, namely, in death. The reason why death is so different

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

from the solution of a mineral salt is that death is invariably a sequence of life. A stone never dies, but a flower, an insect, and a man die solely because they lived, and for no other reason. Salts can dissolve, whether in a drop of water or in a sea. But no form of life ever so dissolved into anything since the world began.

This is the first fact which shows that life is like itself alone, and never like anything else that can be mentioned.

MICROBE—OAK—MICROBE

The second fact which belongs to life alone is that no living thing ever comes except from a living thing. It is nothing but life which generates life. This dictum of Pasteur has never been shaken. There is no such thing as the production of life from that which is not living.

This is proved by the whole story of life on this earth. For untold ages the only kinds of living things here were unicellular, or single-celled, microscopical forms, which nevertheless by their agency built up great rocky strata. All limestones, for example, are of such origin. But in the Cambrian period of geology, multicellular, or many-celled, forms began to appear, and since then these have gone on developing into towering oaks or huge elephants and whales which have millions of cells in their bodies. And yet when either tree or animal has to begin again, it has to go back to the original plan and commence as a one-celled microbe.

But in that first cell, say of the elephant, is contained all that which produces the incalculable myriads of cells of the elephant's body, every one of which is patterned and arranged according to that which existed in the first elephant. Reproduction, strictly governed by heredity, therefore, is the law of all life, the process ending sometimes in one cell only, as in a bacterium, or in millions of cells, as in the elephant, some belonging to its trunk and some to its eye and others to its brain.

Hence spontaneous generation, or life coming from that which is not living, is impossible. All biologists are agreed that every form of life comes by descent from previous forms of life. The question is now not whether some collection of matter can become living, but how a living thing can, for example, first be a minute microbe, and then grow into a great oak, and then become a microbe again—alternating for generation after generation.

But another fact which merits full consideration is that life by no means exists everywhere. Instead, it must be relatively quite scarce in the universe. For one reason, this is because it can not survive any material change from a very narrow range of either heat or cold. A temperature of 212° Fahrenheit, or the heat of boiling water, usually sterilizes or kills all life. But the temperature of the sun is at least thirteen thousand degrees, with storms raging in its atmosphere in comparison with which the worst earthly cyclone would be but a gentle zephyr. And the sun is rather a cool body among those fiery worlds, the fixed stars. There is mighty Canopus, which was estimated, by Professor Simon Newcomb, as one hundred thousand times larger and one hundred thousand times hotter than our sun. Were our earth to approach Canopus as near as the earth is now to our sun—that is, ninety million miles—it would be instantly vaporized. On the other hand, the cold of interstellar space is far beyond anything to which life has ever been subjected on this globe.

These are not theories, but facts. Theories, however, are so elastic that, without one demonstrated example to rest upon, people maintain that there must be other inhabited worlds like ours, and as the burning fixed stars can not possibly be such worlds, they supply these suns with planets, invisible, however, to us, because they are too small to be seen at such distances. These persons talk as if all that is needed is to have a planet and then it will have inhabitants just as it has rocks and stones. Yet as so many of the fixed stars are double, it is hard to imagine what would happen to planets revolving around and between them.

ONLY THE EARTH IS INHABITED

Much the most sensible course, therefore, for us is to come back to our own sun and to its planets to find how many of them are peopled like our earth. Here, if anywhere, we have ascertainable facts which carry their own conclusions. But the truth is that not one of our sun's planets except the earth is the abode of anything living. Thus, we begin with the planet which is nearest to us, Venus, and which is almost as large as the earth. But there can not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

possibly be any people on Venus, because it always turns the same face to the sun as the moon does to us, and hence one half its inhabitants would be scorched, while the other half would be frozen stiff in their cold, unending night.

Mercury also is in like case of always turning the same face to the sun. We must therefore review the conditions presented by those outer planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. As to Jupiter, he is big enough to afford room for many inhabitants, since he is about one thousand three hundred times larger than our earth. But, as with the other planets, we have found out just how much Jupiter weighs, and he is of such low specific gravity that he must be largely composed of fluids and vapor. Our own solid earth, which is seven times heavier than if it were all granite, would go clear through Jupiter if it hit him, as easily as a bullet would go through a large pumpkin.

A TEN-TON MAN ON JUPITER

Moreover, if Jupiter has a solid surface, which astronomers doubt, then, according to the law that the weight of everything on the planet's surface is directly proportioned to the planet's mass, a man weighing here one hundred and forty pounds would weigh considerably over ten tons on Jupiter —a very inconvenient weight for either walking or dancing. Lastly, as Jupiter revolves on his axis in about nine hours, a day at his equator would be only four and a half hours long—too short a time in which to do anything worth doing. For these and other reasons no one believes that Jupiter has a single living thing upon it.

The case is even more certainly similar with Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; so it is generally concluded that all four of these planets are now in much the same state that the earth was before it cooled down into its present condition, with a solid surface largely covered with water and surrounded with its atmosphere.

There remains little Mars, whose diameter of four thousand miles is about half that of the earth. This has been lately the favorite planet with theorists. The facts are that it has an atmosphere, though much thinner than ours, like the air on the top of the Andes. It has seasons of summer and periods of winter, during which its poles alternately turn white; and during its summer the surface slightly changes here and there in hue, as it might if covered with vegetation. But as Mars is so much smaller than the earth, and receives so much less light and heat, its climatic conditions must be materially unlike those of our planet.

Moreover, we must protest against astronomers having much to say about life. For the biologist and student of life the microscope and not the telescope is the indispensable instrument. The training of an astronomer no more fits him to talk about life than it fits him to understand Chinese; as Mr. Percival Lowell shows, when, instead of mentioning primitive rhizopods or sponges, he peoples Mars with engineers having the powers of archangels, who cover the planet's surface with canals, by the side of which the Panama Canal would be a farmer's ditch. So easily do these engineers dig that they duplicate most of these canals, so that they look double; but why, no one can guess. More recent telescopes, however, with larger apertures, have wholly altered the appearance of these markings on Mars and rendered them like the results of purely physical causes, such as the long rifts in the Antarctic ice-cap.

One conclusion, therefore, is inevitable, viz., that though matter exists in the universe on a great scale, it does not exist for the sake of life.

WHAT KILLS US

Hence we can do nothing better than to study life on this earth itself, because this will reveal to us unquestionable facts about both life and death. How life originated here we do not know, but all along it has left its records, many of them preserved as distinctly as the imprint of delicate ferns within masses of now solid rock. From these records we know that for ages upon ages the microscopic single-celled forms held the field entirely to themselves. To this day these forms constitute much the largest division of the kingdom of life, for whereas all visible plants and animals are necessarily local, the microscopic forms are everywhere where life is possible. They are also the most powerful, because all other forms of life are put to death by them. It is a mistake to suppose that more than an insignificant fraction of the deaths of human beings are caused by such physical accidents as storm,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fire, flood, or earthquake. If they should escape all these, human beings would yet have to succumb to the implacable hostility of the microscopic forms of life, because it is life which puts an end to life here. Even diseases of the heart, liver, and kidneys, which are supposed to cause so many deaths, only pave the way for what are called the terminal infections by vast hosts of microbes, which are the immediate causes of dissolution—so generally as to lead to the saying of physicians that no one dies of his disease.

BACTERIA—THE EARTH'S SCAVENGERS

Again, so soon as a plant or animal dies, bacteria immediately attack its remains to remove them from the face of the earth. Neither plant nor animal when dead decomposes spontaneously, any more than rocks do. Thus Nature possesses a great cold-storage plant in the tundras of Siberia, where the carcasses of huge mastodons have been perfectly preserved for unknown centuries, until, when they are now unearthed, dogs greedily fall to on their venerable bodies, and upon what the dogs leave, the bacteria, now that they are not prevented by ice, soon complete the work. Were it not for bacteria, the world would soon be choked with its own dead.

But a portentous change took place, as we have remarked, in the Cambrian period of geology, the origin of which is as unknown to us as the beginning of earthly life itself. That change was this: that, whereas previously every living cell existed by itself and for itself, and multiplied only by simple division, these new cells came together to *cooperate* with each other and thus form a multicellular body, such as our own bodies are now. In time this cooperation became complete, so that each tissue and part took its own proper place for ministering to the common good, and thus the hand could not say to the foot, "I have no need of thee."

From this time on, progress became possible. As one geological period followed upon another, a steady development of living forms appeared, in which the simpler forms were succeeded by forms organized for better cooperation between the bodily parts. The superiority so gained gave the advantage to its possessor in the struggle for existence, until we finally reach the acme of physical perfection in the human animal. Other animals may excel him here and there in their bodily organs, but for perfectly balanced equipment he surpasses all.

But when man appeared, an immeasurable advance took place, whose nature is often obscured in the minds of many by their too exclusive attention to the progressive series of animal forms which preceded it. As man is the perfected animal, they think that he is still only an animal, and, as such, closely allied to those anthropoid apes, the gorilla, the orang, and the chimpanzee. But as a being, the chimpanzee can no more approach man than he can grow wings to fly with.

We can not too earnestly call upon our intelligence to dwell upon this great subject, for often it is very imperfectly appreciated. Man is a being who could do and could know everything in the universe if only he had time instead of the few years of his earthly existence. What he can do or make now he shows by covering his globe with wonderful creations which come into existence solely by his own purpose. What he can know he shows by making a small glass prism which enables him to tell that a star is double, when no telescope could reveal it as such, and which of the two stars is approaching and which is receding from him. His world, in short, is not a chimpanzee's world in any sense, for he takes up Shakespeare to read, or investigates the ether to make it his messenger to the ends of the earth. In all this he is not partial nor circumscribed, for he can do anything well, be it the tasks of a statesman or the problems of a scientist.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND MONKEY?

These are incontestable facts. But what causes this transcendent difference between man and any other animal? Nothing whatever in his physical frame, and nothing, particularly, in his brain. In his brain he closely resembles the chimpanzee, as all anatomists know.

But in mental rather than physical effects, biologists have discovered evidences of a marvelous difference between the human and any animal brain. The agency which causes that difference also explains why man is so immeasurably above all animals in his powers and capacities. Though man's brain, like that of all mammalia, is composed of two completely matched hemispheres, yet it is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

only one of these two which is the human brain in its wonderful faculties. It is only the left hemisphere in right-handed persons and the right hemisphere in the left-handed which can speak, read, write, remember, think, recognize, reason, or perform any mental act whatever. All the other hemisphere can do is to receive bodily sensations or execute muscular movements, but never an idea nor word nor purpose can arise in it.

It is here that we meet with that new and tremendous fact in this world's life which came into it with the advent of man. It is facts about the brain which make this revelation. At birth man's brain knows nothing in either of its hemispheres. After a time he develops the exclusively human faculty of speech, whose material seat is in his left hemisphere if he be right-handed, or in his right hemisphere if left-handed. But as he grows in years he may wish to add another language to the mother tongue which he first learned. How can he do this? His brain can not now help him in the least. Neither one hemisphere nor both together can offhand speak any language. It is not the business of brain matter to know how to talk, for if so we should all talk as soon as we were born.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BRAIN LAYERS

What a person must do to learn a new language is to *do it all himself*. No one can learn that language for him, and he can do it only by long, tedious practise which takes at least months, if not years. During this practise *he*, and no part of his brain, has slowly modified a thin layer of brain matter so that it can talk, say, French; and this French layer he then lays upon the similar previous layer for English, as one would lay the wax leaves of a phonograph one over the other. This is proved by the fact that when an apoplectic clot from below has ruined his English sheet, but not damaged his more recent French sheet, he then is not able to speak a word of English, but can still talk French.

But just the same process must be gone through with in the case of every faculty which is not congenital but acquired. As Euclid said to King Ptolemy, there is no royal road to geometry. In fact, there is nothing so *personal* as the knowledge of any science. No one can become a great mathematician, nor chemist, nor geologist by having any one else spare him the trouble of becoming so. The reason is that for every special kind of knowledge there must be a special place slowly organized in his brain, and no one on earth can do this but the man, that is, the person himself, just as learning a new language is solely a personal accomplishment. A highly accomplished person is literally one who has accomplished a great deal in fashioning his own brain.

MAKING A BRAIN HUMAN

This revelation of the personality in us doing everything with the brain to make one of its hemispheres human in its capacities, proves that the difference between man and the chimpanzee is not one of degree but altogether a difference in kind.

The reason for all this is that man is a *person*, which no other creature on earth is. He himself recognizes this as his greatest certainty in the world, for he can truly say of himself, "I am." Whatever else there may be outside himself, whether it exists or is only an appearance, he knows that he unmistakably exists, and that he is endowed with personal powers which no other living thing can approach.

It is, we repeat, his ever invisible personality which makes one of his brain hemispheres human in faculty, and which of these two collections of brain matter it will be depends on which hand *he* used most when he began this marvelous work; for it was not the brain which made him, but he who made it the instrument for his manifold wants. That his conscious personality is quite independent of his material body is shown by the undoubted fact that when he loses an arm, for example, by amputation, all that he loses is an important instrument which he uses; but no part of his personality goes with it, any more than when his hair is cut. And so modern science proves that his brain also is an important instrument for him to use, as he does his hand, but that his brain is no part of himself. This slender connection between man's physical frame and his real self is one reason why I believe that the universe of personal minds is vaster than the universe of insensate and lifeless matter.

One result, therefore, which only persons could attain to and which therefore we find to be exclusively human, is a fixed conviction of personal immortality. This is so universal in the human race that it is as generic

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as the faculty of speech itself. It may take different forms here and there, but its essential oneness remains the same through them all. Among the Chinese and the Japanese, who together constitute one-third of the peoples of the earth and who certainly are not a whit inferior intellectually to the rest, it takes the form of belief in the continued existence after death of their ancestors. Among the vast peoples of Christendom, of Mohammedanism, and of the Jews, it is, of course, a fundamental doctrine.

But so it always has been. The ancient Egyptian was no superstitious simpleton. The more we learn about that remarkable people, the higher rises our estimate of their mental ability. But the Egyptian thought more about the other world than he did of this, and raised the mightiest of human structures, the Pyramids, to mark his tomb. "The Book of the Dead" is his one literary legacy to the world. Nor is this belief in immortality a product only of advanced thought. It is too instinctive for that, and is equally shared by dwellers in wigwams and by those living in palaces. As the Roman poet expresses it—

Pallida Mors equo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas regum que turres.

We all know what the American Indian meant by his Happy Hunting grounds.

It was not till men lost their self-respect by submitting to tyrants that traces of weakening of a belief in the future life began to appear, as when Greece entered upon her decay and the Roman Horace jested about throwing away his shield while he ran from the field of Philippi. Otherwise, when and wherever men are sane and natural, death appears simply as an earthly accident which, instead of finishing the personality, sets it free for a wider life.

This is also illustrated by that exclusively human performance, a funeral. It was a belief in the existence of a hereafter which was the origin of funerals. Twenty thousand years ago the cave dwellers had their funeral rites and buried with the deceased their implements, and in the case of children their toys, as if they were to be used in the world beyond. Hence we ourselves can stretch the hand of sympathy across the thousands of years to these primitive men and women who wept over their dead, while, like us, they felt what a grievous disappointment to the human heart death is.

A recent writer on the subject of death can see in it only the physical suffering which precedes and accompanies it. He therefore blames physicians because they do not prevent the terrors of death by soporific opiates and anesthetics. Happily, however, physicians belong to an honorable profession, and on that account can not accept this advice. A straight-out advocacy of general suicide would be more consistent.

DOES HUMAN NATURE IMPROVE?

But, as we well know, the most personal of all things is character. This raises the question what *kind* of person man is. A solemn question, indeed! History answers with its terrible record of cruelty, exemplified from the flint arrow of the stone age, which for war was barbed so that it could not be extracted, through the war weapons of all ages. The Assyrians, when they wasted the earth, began that awful system of captivity which for inflicting suffering could not be surpassed. In one inscription Tiglath-Pileser names thirty peoples whom he thus treated, every one of whom finally became extinct. Only one people ever survived that terrible ordeal—the Jews in their Babylonian captivity; and that was because they miraculously survive everything, as Moses foretold that they would.

But the acme of cruel and insolent pride was reached in the Roman triumph, when many brave, high-souled men and women were often kept for months before the time came for them to be chained to the chariot wheels of the victor and dragged till he ascended the Capitoline Hill, where they were all basely massacred. But this Roman people were hereditary murderers, who for five centuries had no entertainment equal to the nightly spectacle of many hundreds of men killing each other in the amphitheatre. As if that were not enough, wild beasts also were kept hungry until they were let out to devour men, women, and children, whose screams afforded sport to the vast multitude of onlookers. It is wellnigh impossible for us now to think of a state of society in which Mæcenas, Horace, Virgil, and other choice guests were entertained by that refined literary critic, the Senator Asinius Pollio, at a banquet in which a species of little fish were said to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

have such an exceptional flavor because they were fed on the flesh of cut-up slaves.

Yet we in these days need not wonder at these hideous examples of ancient human depravity. In our own times the contests are changing from war between peoples and countries to strife between classes. But this change has not touched human nature. What can surpass the cowardly and cold-blooded murders of those dynamite outrages at Los Angeles and other places in our own land?—outrages which only show that men can be as bad now as they ever were.

History proves that nothing so lowers the estimate of the value of life here as a disbelief in man's immortality hereafter. The historian Sallust reports a speech by Julius Cæsar in the Roman Senate in which Cæsar said that death puts an end, and the same end, to all men. Cæsar himself showed afterward that he cared as little for killing human beings as he would swarms of flies. Once in his campaigns he relates how after defeating a German tribe on the banks of the Rhine he noticed that their wives and children were on an island which could be reached by his cavalry, whereupon (as Gibbon remarks) with cool brevity Sallust adds, "for slaughtering them Cæsar sent his horsemen." But why should this man, who, it is estimated, destroyed 1,900,000 of his fellow men, care? Slayer and slain would all soon end in nothing.

But this doctrine logically leads to another conclusion. It is not easy in this world to be good and virtuous, and why therefore should any one trouble himself about it? The good man will come to the same end, and to no better end, than will the most abandoned wretch that ever lived. But where is justice if after death there be no Judgment?

Viewed from this aspect, death appears as a kindly angel whose mission is to cut short human evil. A miser does not grow less miserly as he grows old, but rather each year adds to his avarice. And so with ambition. Age hardens men in every form of wrong. Therefore, let death come to free the world from progressive human evil!

Some theorists would have us believe that evil men are punished for their wrong in this life, and they point to instances in which this is true. But Julius Cæsar accomplished whatever he undertook, and the ages so abound with those who are like him in intention and in effect that the ill success of wrong does not have a feather's weight with practical men.

But we were not made to die, answers the human race! Only abnormal and diseased minds contradict this. It was on this account that when a few men from despised Judea came to Rome in the time of Nero, a vast multitude, according to Tacitus, soon joined them, because they preached not only the universal brotherhood of men, but also the glad tidings of another world, not of death but of eternal life. We must recall what Rome then was and how these men were literally as sheep among wolves. Most of them therefore were killed. But this message in time triumphed, despite the bloody opposition of the Cæsars, owing largely to the following potent reason:

COOPERATION—A FORECAST OF THE HEREAFTER

The belief in immortality is instinctive with us all, and when the kind of immortality which these Judeans preached was understood, the appeal became all-prevailing. It was not mere existence in another world, but existence in a world already presaged in this life; for there is nothing which here so marks a high degree of civilization as *co-operation*. All the vast undertakings of our modern world could not exist but for cooperation, and I have heard Mohammedans wonder how men could so trust one another as to form a great commercial company. The old East India Company, which for so long ruled over India's millions, was always an enigma to Asiatics.

But self-seeking and self-aggrandizement always strike at the roots of cooperation. Among pure self-seekers cooperation must be weak or altogether absent. It is because, for the world beyond, Christianity made the first requisite to be the denial of self that it promised such great rewards. Ignorant persons sometimes decry Christianity because it does promise exceeding great rewards; but no one can earn these rewards except he deserves them. An eminent engineer is paid highly here for the erection of some vast structure, not because he is an engineer, but because men think he can do it well. And so in the world of all cooperation he will be the greatest who can help or minister the most to others, in imitation of Him who first sacrificed Himself on the Roman cross.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MOTHERS TO MEN

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "THE LOVES OF PELLEAS AND ETARRE," "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE LOVE STORIES," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADA C. WILLIAMSON

"YOU never heard me speak much about my relations, did you?" said Calliope Marsh. "Well, I ain't got many—that's why. If I did have, I s'pose I should be tellin' about how peculiar they take their tea an' coffee, an' what they died of, an' showin' samples of their clothes, an' actin' like my own immejut family was Life, just like most folks does. But I ain't much of any relatives nor no ancestors to brag about. 'Nothin' for kin but the world,' I always say.

"Well, then, this late May I got a letter from a cousin, like a bow from the blue—ain't that what they say? I remember the mornin' I got it because, with it yet unopened in my hand, Silas Sykes, the postmaster, come out from behind the post-office window an' tapped me on the arm.

"'Calliope,' he says, 'we've about made up our minds— the school board an' some o' the leadin' citizens has—to appoint a Women's Evenin' Vigilance Committee, secret. An' we want you an' Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Sykes should be it.'

"'Vigilance,' I says, thoughtful. 'I rec'lect missin' on the meanin' of that word in school. I rec'lect I called it "viligance" an' said it meant a 'bus. I dunno if I rightly know what it means now, Silas.'

"Silas cleared his throat an' whispered hoarse, in a way he's got: 'Women don't have no call, much, for the word,' he says. 'It means when you sic your notice on to some one thing. We want a committee of you women should do it.'

"'Notice *what?*' I says, some mystified. 'What the men had ought to be up to an' ain't?'

"But customers come streamin' into the post-office store then, an' some folks for their mail, an' Silas set a time a couple o' days later in the afternoon for Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Sykes an' me to come down to the store an' talk it over.

"'An' you be here,' says Silas, beatin' it off with his finger. 'It's somethin' we got to do to protect our own public decency.'

"'*Public* decency,' I says over, thoughtful; an' went out fingerin' my letter that was in a strange handwritin' an' that I was dyin' to read.

"It was a couple o' days later that I what-you-might-say finished that letter, an' between times I had it on the clock-shelf an' give every spare minute to makin' it out. Minerva Beach the letter was from —my cousin Minnie Beach's girl. Minnie had died a while before, an' Minerva, her daughter, was on her way West to look for a position, an' should she spend a few days with me? That was what I made out, though I dunno how I done it, for her writin' was so big an' so up-an'-down that every letter looked like it hed on corsets an' high heels. I never see such a mess! It was like pickin' out a crochet pattern to try to read it.

"I rec'lect that I was just finishin' composin' my letter tellin' her to come along, an' hurryin' so's to take it to mail as I went down to the Vigilance Committee meetin',

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when the new photographer in town come to my door, with his horse an' buggy tied to the gate. J. Horace Myers was his name, an' he said he was makin' choice art photographs of the whole section, an' he wanted to take a picture of my house. He was a dapper little man, but awful tired-seemin', so I told him to take the picture an' welcome, an' I put the stone dog on the front porch an' looped over the parlor curtains an' started off for the meetin'.

"'I'll be up to show you the proofs in a few days,' he says as I was leavin'. He was fixin' the black cloth over his head, kind o' listless an' patient.

"'Land!' I says, before I knew it, 'don't you get awful sick o' takin' pictures o' humbly houses you don't care nothin' about?'

"He peeked out from under the black cloth sort o' grateful. 'I do,' he says, simple —'sick enough to bust the camera.'

"'Well, I should think you would,' I says, hearty; an' I went down Daphne Street with the afternoon kind o' feelin' tarnished. I was wonderin' how on earth folks go on at all that dislikes their work like that. There was Abe Luck, just fixin' the Sykes's eaves-trough—what was there to *like* about fixin' eaves-troughs an' about the whole plumbin' business? Joe Sturgis comin' drivin' the 'bus, Eppleby Holcomb over there registerin' deeds, Mis' Sykes's girl Em'ly washin' windows—what was there about any of it to *like* doin'? I looked at Mis' Sykes's Em'ly real pityin', polishin' panes outside, when Abe Luck come climbin' down the ladder from the roof; an' all of a sudden I see Abe stick his head through the rungs, an' quick as a flash kiss Mis' Sykes's Em'ly.

"'My land!' I started to think, 'Mis' Sykes had ought to discharge—' an' then I just stopped short off, sudden. Her hatin' windows, an' him hatin' eaves-troughs, an' what else did either of 'em have? Nothin'. I could sense their lives like I could sense my own—level an' even an' *darn*. An' all to once I had all I could do to keep from bein' glad that Abe Luck had kissed Em'ly. An' I walked like lightnin' to keep back the feelin'.

"Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Timothy Toplady was to the post-office store before me. It was a slack time o' day, an' Silas set down on a mail-bag an' begun outlinin' the situation that he meant about.

"'The school board,' says Silas, important, 'has got some women's work they want done. It's a thing,' s'he, 'that women can do the best. I mean it's the girls an' boys, hangin' round evenin's—you know we've all talked about it. But somebody's got to get after 'em in earnest, an' see they don't disgrace us with their carryin' on in the streets, evenin's.'

"'Why don't the men do it?' I ask' him, wonderin', 'or is it 'count of offendin' some?'

"'No such thing!' says Silas, touchy. 'Where's your delicate feelin's, Calliope? Women can do these things better than men. We want some women to see to it somehow that the young folks gets off the streets the proper time an' sets home, where they belong. It's women's work,' says he. 'It's women that's the mothers—it ain't the men,' says Silas, convincin'.

"But still I looked at him, real meditative. 'What started you men off on that tack at this time?' I ask' him blunt. Because young folks had been floodin' the streets evenin's since I could remember, an' no Friendship Village man had ever acted like this about it.

"'Well,' says Silas, 'don't you women tell it out around. But the thing that's got us desperate is the schoolhouse. The entry to it—they've used it shameful. Peanut shucks, down-trod popcorn, paper bags, fruit peelin's—every mornin' the stone to the top o' the steps, under the archway, is full of 'em. An' last week the board went up there early mornin' to do a little tinkerin', an' there set three beer bottles, all empty. So we've figgered on puttin' some iron gates up to the schoolhouse entry an' appointin' you women a Vigilance Committee to help us out.'

"We felt real indignant about the schoolhouse. It stands high up on a hill, an' you can see it from 'most anywheres daytimes, an' we all felt kind of an interest—though of course the school board seemed to own it special.

"Mis' Toplady looked warm an' worried. 'But what is it you want we should do, Silas?' she ask', some irritable. 'I've got my hands so full o' my own family it don't seem as if I could vigilance for nobody.'

"'S-h-h, Mis' Toplady. *I* think it's a great trust,' says Mis' Silas Sykes.

"'It is a great trust,' says Silas, warm, 'to get these young folks to stop gallivantin' an' set home where they belong.'

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'How you goin' to get 'em to set home, Silas?' I ask', some puzzled.

"'Well,' says Silas, 'that's where they ought to be, ain't it?'

"'Why,' I says thoughtful, 'I dunno's they had.'

"'*What?*' says Silas, with horns on the word. 'What say, Calliope?'

"'How much settin' home evenin's did you do when you was young, Silas?' I says.

"'I'd 'a' been a long sight better off if I'd 'a' done more of it,' says Silas.

"'However that is, you *didn't* set home,' I says back at him. 'Neither will young folks set there now, I don't believe.'

"'Well,' says Silas, '*anyhow*, they've got to get off'n the streets. We've made up our minds to that. They can't set on steps nor in stairways down-town, nor in entries, nor to the schoolhouse. We've got to look out for public decency.'

"'*Public* decency!' says I, again. 'They can do what they like, so's public decency ain't injured, I s'pose, Silas?'

"'No such thing!' shouts Silas. 'Calliope, take shame! Ain't we doin' our best to start 'em right?'

"'That's what I dunno,' I answers him, troubled. 'Drivin' folks around don't never seem to me to be a **real** good start towards nowheres.'

"Mis' Amanda Toplady hitched forward in her chair an' spoke—ponderous an' decided, but real sweet, too. 'What I think is this,' she says. 'They won't set home, as Calliope says. An' when we've vigilanced 'em off the streets, where are we goin' to vigilance 'em *to?*'

"'That ain't our lookout,' says Silas.

"'Ain't it?' says Mis' Toplady. '*Ain't it?*' She set thinkin' for a minute an' then her face smoothed. 'Anyhow,' she says, comfortable, 'us ladies'll vigilance a while. It ain't clear in my mind yet what to do. But we'll do it, I guess.'

"We made up that we three should come down-town one night that week an' look around an' see what we see. We all knew —every woman in Friendship Village knew —how, evenin's, the streets was full o' young folks, loud talkin', an' loud laughin', an' carryin' on. We'd all said to each other, helpless, that we *wisht* somethin' could be done, but that was as far as anybody'd got. So we made it up to be down-town in a night or two, so's to get our idees started, an' Silas was to hev Timothy Toplady an' Eppleby Holcomb, that's the rest of the school board, down to the store so we could all talk it over together afterwards. But still I guess we all felt sort o' vague as to what we was to drive *at*.

"'It seems like Silas wanted us to unwind a ball o' string from the middle out,' says Mis' Toplady, uneasy, when we'd left the store.

"A few days after that Minerva come. I went down to the depot to meet her, an' I would 'a' reco'nized her anywheres, she looked so much like her handwritin'. She was dressed sort of tawdry swell. She hed on a good deal. But out from under her big hat with its big, cheap plume that was to shed itself all over the house, I see her face was little an' young an' some pretty an' excited. Excited about life an' new things an' movin' around. I liked her right off. 'Land!' thinks I, 'you'll try me to death. But, you poor, nice little thing, you can if you want to.'

"I took her home to supper. She talked along natural enough, an' seemed to like everything she et, an' then she wiped the dishes for me, an' looked at herself in the clock lookin'-glass all the while she was doin' it. Then, when I'd put out the milk bottles, we locked up the back part of the house an' went an' set in the parlor.

"I'd always thought pretty well of my parlor. It ain't got nothin' but a plush four-piece set and an ingrain an' Nottinghams, but it's the *parlor*, an' I'd liked it. But when we'd been settin' there a little while, an' I'd asked her about everybody, an' showed her their pictures in the album, all of a sudden it seemed as if they wa'n't nothin' to *do* in the parlor. Settin' there an' talkin' was nice, but I missed somethin'. And I thought of this first when Minerva got up an' walked kind of aimless to the window.

"'How big is Friendship Village?' she ask'.

"I told her real proud.

"'They can't be a great deal goin' on here, is they?' she says.

"'Land, yes!' I says. 'We're so busy we're nearly dead. Ladies' Aid, Ladies' Missionary, Cemetery Improvement Sodality, the rummage sale comin' on, the bazaar, an' I dunno what all.'

"'Oh,' she says, vague. 'Well—is they many young people?'

"An' when I'd told her 'Quite a few,' she

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

didn't say anything more—but just stood lookin' down the street. And pretty soon I says, 'Land! the parlor's kind o' stuffy to-night. Let's go out in the yard.' An' when we'd walked around out there a minute, smellin' in the lilacs, I thought, 'Land! it's kind o' dreary doin' this,' an' I says to her, all of a sudden, 'Let's go in the house an' make some candy.'

"'Oh, *let's!*' she says, like a little girl.

"We went back in an' lit the kitchen fire, an' made butter-scotch—she done it, bein' real handy at it. She livened up an' flew around an' joked some, an' the kitchen looked nice an' messy an' *used*, an' we had a real good time. An' right in the midst of it there come a rap at the side door an' there stood the dapper, tired-lookin' little photograph man, J. Horace Myers, seemin' as discouraged as he could.

"We spread out the proofs of the pictures of my house an' spent some time decidin'. An' while we was decidin', he showed us some more pictures that he'd made of the town, an' talked a little about 'em. He was a real pleasant, soft-spoken man, an' he knew how to laugh an' when to do it. He see the funny in things—he see that the post-office looked like a rabbit with its ears up; he see that the engine-house looked like it was liftin' its eyebrows; an' he see the pretty in things, too—he showed us a view or two he'd took around Friendship Village just for the fun of it. One was Daphne Street, by the turn, an' he says, 'It looks like a deep tunnel, don't it? An' like you wanted to go down it?' He was a wonderful nice, neutral little man, an' I enjoyed lookin' at his pictures.

"But Minerva—I couldn't help watchin' her. She wa'n't so interested in the pictures, an' she wa'n't so quick at seein' the funny in things, nor the pretty, either; but even the candy-makin' hadn't livened her up the way that little talkin' done. She acted real easy an' told some little jokes; an' when the candy was cool, she passed him some; an' I thought it was all right to do. An' he sort o' spruced up an' took notice an' quit bein' so down-in-the-mouth. An' I thought, 'Land! ain't it funny how just bein' together makes human bein's, be they

"SHE WIPED THE DISHES FOR ME, AN' LOOKED AT HERSELF IN THE CLOCK LOOKIN'-GLASS ALL THE WHILE SHE WAS DOIN' IT."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

agent or be they cousin, more themselves than they was before!'

"Her likin' company so made me all the more sorry to leave Minerva alone a night or two later when the Vigilance Committee was to have its first real meetin' with the school board. But I lit the lamp for her in the parlor, an' give her the day's paper, an' she had her sewin', an' when Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Sykes come for me, I went off an' left Minerva settin' by the table. My parlor had been swept that day, an' it was all tidy an' quiet an' lamp-lit; an' yet when Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Sykes an' I stepped out into the night, all lilac smells an' a new moon happenin', an' us goin' on that mission we wa'n't none of us sure what it was, the dark an' the excitement sort o' picked me up, an' I felt like I never felt in my parlor in my life—all kind o' young an' free an' springy.

"'Let's us walk right down through town first,' says Mis' Toplady. 'That's where all the young folks gets to, seem's though.'

"'Well-a, I don't see the necessity o' that,' says Mis' Sykes. 'We've all three done that again an' again. We all know how it is down there, evenin's.'

"'But,' says Mis' Toplady, in her nice, stubborn way, 'let's us, anyway. I know, when I walk through town nights, I'm 'most always hurrying to get my yeast before the store shuts, an' I never half look around. To-night let's *look*.'

"Well, we looked. Along by the libr'ry windows is some low stone ledges. In front of a store or two they was some more. Around the corner was a place where they was some new tombstones piled up, waitin' for their folks. An' half a block down was the canal bridge. An' ledges an' bridge an' tombstones an' streets was alive with girls an' boys—little young things, the girls with their heads tied in bright veils and pretty ribbons on 'em, an' their laughs just shrillin' an' thrillin' with the sheer fun of *hangin' around* on a spring night.

"'Land!' says Mis' Sykes, '*what* is their mothers thinkin' of?'

"But somethin' else was comin' home to me. 'I dunno,' I says, kind o' scairt at the way I felt, 'if I had the invite, this spring night, all lilacs an' new moons, I dunno but I'd go an' hang over a tombstone with 'em!'

"'Calliope!' says Mis' Sykes, sharp. But Mis' Toplady, she kind o' chuckled. An' the crowd kind o' jostled us—more young folks, the boys jerkin' at the girls' ribbons, an' all talkin' an' laughin' an' callin' each other by nicknames—an' we didn't say no more till we got up in the next block.

"There's a vacant store there, up towards the wagon shop, an' a house or two, and that's where the open stairways was that Silas meant about. Everything had been shut up at six o'clock, an' there, sure as the world, 'most every set o' steps an' every stairway had its couple, sittin' an' laughin' an' talkin', like the place was differ'nt sofas in a big drawin'-room, or rocks on a seashore, or like that.

"'Mercy!' says Mis' Sykes. 'Such goin'-ons! Such bringin'-ups!'

"Just then I rec'lect I heard a girl laugh out, pretty an' pleased, an' I thought I reco'nized Mis' Sykes's Em'ly's voice, an' I thought I knew Abe Luck's answerin'—but I never said a word to Mis' Sykes, because I betted she wouldn't get a step farther than dischargin' Em'ly, an' I was after more steps than that. An' besides, same minute I got the scent o' the syringa growin' by the wagon shop; an' right out o' thin air an' acrost more years than I like to talk about, come the quick little feelin' that made me know the fun, the sheer *fun*, that Em'ly thought she was havin' an' that she had the right to.

"'Oh, well, whoever it is, maybe they're engaged,' says Mis' Toplady, soothin'.

"'Oh, but the bad taste!' says Mis' Sykes, shudderin'. Mis' Sykes is a good cook an' a good enough mother an' a fair-to-middlin' housekeeper, but she looks hard on the fringes an' the borders o' this life, an' to her 'good taste' is both of 'em.

"They wa'n't nobody on the wagon-shop steps, for a wonder, an' we set down there for a minute to talk it over. An' while Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Sykes was havin' it out between 'em, I set there a-thinkin'. An' all of a sudden the night sort o' stretched out an' up, an' I almost felt us little humans crawlin' around on the bottom of it. An' one little bunch of us was Friendship Village, an' in Friendship Village some of us was young. I kind o' saw the whole throng of 'em—the *young* humans that would some day be the village. There they was, bottled up in school all day, or else boxed in a store or a factory or somebody's kitchen, an' when night come, an' spring come, an' lilacs come—land, land! they *wanted* something,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

all of 'em, an' they didn't know what they wanted.

"An' what had they got? There was the streets stretchin' out in every direction, each house with its parlor—four-piece plush set, maybe, an' ingrain an' Nottinghams, an' mebbe not even that, an' mebbe the rest o' the family floodin' the room anyway. An' what was the parlor, even with somebody to set an' talk to 'em—what was the parlor, compared to the *magic* they was cravin' an' couldn't name? The feelin' young an' free an' springy, an' the wantin' somehow to express it? Somethin' to do, somewheres to go, somethin' to see, somebody to be with and laugh with—no wonder they swept out into the dark in numbers, no wonder they took the night as they could find it. They didn't hev no hotel piazza of their own, no boat-rides, no seashore, no fine parties, no automobiles—no nothin' but the big, excitin' dark that belongs to us all together. No wonder they took it for their own.

"Why, Friendship Village was no more than a great big ballroom with these young folks leavin' the main floor an' settin' in alcoves, to unseen music. If the alcoves had been all palms an' expense an' dressed-up chaperons on the edges, everything would 'a' seemed all right. As it was, it was all a danger that made my heart ache for 'em, an' for us all—an' yet it come from their same longin' for fun, for joy—an' where was they to get it?

"'Oh, ladies!' I says, out of the fulness of the lump in my throat, 'if only we had some place to invite 'em to!'

"'They wouldn't come if we had,' says Mis' Sykes, final.

"'Not come!' I says. 'With candy-makin' an' pictures an' music an' mebbe dancin'? Not come!'

"'Dancin'!' says Mis' Toplady, low. 'Oh, Calliope, I dunno as I'd go that far.'

"'We've went farther than that long ago,' I says, reckless. 'We've went so far that the dangers o' dancin' would be safe beside the dangers of what is.'

"'But we ain't responsible for that,' says Mis' Sykes.

"'Ain't we—*ain't we?*' I says, like Mis' Toplady had. 'Mis' Sykes, how much does Silas rent the post-office hall for, a night?'

"'Ten dollars, if he makes somethin'; an' five dollars at cost,' she says.

"'That's it,' I says, groanin'. 'We never could afford that, even to ask 'em in once a week. Oh, we'd ought to hev some place open every night for 'em, an' us ladies take turns doin' the refreshments; but they ain't no place in town that belongs to young folks.'

"An' all of a sudden I stopped, like an idee had took me from all four sides of my head at once.

"'Why, ladies,' I says, 'look at the schoolhouse, doin' nothin' every night out o' the year an' *built* for the young folks!'

"'Oh, well,' says Mis' Sykes, superior, 'you know the board'd never allow 'em to use the schoolhouse *that* way. The board wouldn't think of it!'

"'*Whose* board?' says I stern. 'Ain't they our board? Yours an' mine an' Friendship Village's? Come on—come on an' put it to 'em,' I says, kind o' wild.

"I was climbin' down the steps while I spoke. An' we all went down, me talkin' on, an' Mis' Toplady catchin' fire on the minute, an' Mis' Sykes holdin' out like she does unless so be she's thought out an idee herself. But oh, Mis' Toplady, she's differ'nt.

"'Goodness alive!' she said, 'why ain't some of us thought o' that before? Ain't it the funniest thing, the way folks can hev a way out right under their noses, an' not sense it?'

"I had never had a new-born notion come into my head so ready-made. I could hardly talk it fast enough, an' Mis' Toplady same way, an' we hurried back to the post-office store, Mis' Sykes not convinced, but keepin' still because us two talked it so hard.

"Silas an' Timothy an' Eppleby Holcomb—that's the school board—was settin' in the back part of the post-office store waitin' for us, an' Mis' Toplady an' I hurried right up to 'em.

"'You tell, Calliope,' says Mis' Toplady. 'It's your idee.'

"But first we both told, even Mis' Sykes joinin' in, shocked, about the doorway carryin'-ons an' all the rest. 'Land, land! I know,' Mis' Toplady says, 'I never had a little girl. I lost my little girl baby when she was eleven months. But I ain't never felt so like *shieldin'* her from somethin' as I feel to-night.'

"'It's awful, awful!' says Timothy Toplady, decided. 'We've just got to get some law goin', that's all.'

"Silas agreed, scowlin' judicial. 'We

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

been talkin' curfew,' he says. 'I dunno but we'll hev to get the curfew on 'em.'

"'Curfew!' says I. 'So you're thinkin' of curfewin' 'em off the streets. Will you tell me, Silas Sykes, where you're goin' to curfew 'em *to?*'

"'Yes,' says Mis' Toplady; 'that's what I meant about vigilancin' 'em off somewheres. *Where to?* What say, Silas?'

"'That ain't our concern, woman!' shouts Silas, exasperated by us harpin' on the one string. 'Them young folks has all got one or more parents. Leave 'em use 'em.'

"'Yes, indeed,' says Mis' Sykes, noddin', once, with her eyes shut brief. 'An' young people had ought to be encouraged to do evenin' studyin'.'

"Mis' Toplady jerked her head sideways. 'Evenin' fiddlestick!' she snaps, direct. 'If you've got a young bone left in your body, Mis' Sykes,' says she, 'you know you're talkin' nonsense.'

"'Ain't you no idees about how well-bred young ladies should conduct themselves?' says Mis' Sykes, in her most society way.

"'I dunno so much about well-bred young ladies,' says Mis' Toplady, frank. 'I was thinkin' about just girls. Human girls. An' boys the same.'

"'Me, too,' I says, fervent.

"'What you goin' to *do?*' says Silas, spreadin' out his hands stiff an' bowin' his knees. 'What's your idee? You've got to have a workin' idee for this thing, same as the curfew is.'

"'Oh, Silas,' I says then, 'that's what we've got—that's what we've got. Them poor young things wants a good time—same as you an' all of us did, an' same as we do yet. Why not give 'em a place to meet an' be together, normal an' nice, an' some of us there to make it pleasant for 'em?'

"'Heh!' says Silas. 'You talk like a dook. Where you goin' to *get* a place for 'em? Hire the opery-house, air ye?'

"'No, sir,' I says to him. 'Give 'em the place that's theirs. Give 'em the schoolhouse, open evenin's, an' lit an' het an' music an' things doin'.'

"'My Lord heavens!' says Silas, that's an elder in the church an' ain't no more control of his tongue than a hen. 'Air you crazy, Calliope Marsh? Plumb, stark, starin', ravin'—why, woman alive, who's goin' to donate the light an' the coal? *You?*'

"'I thought mebbe the buildin' an' the school board too was *for* the good o' the young folks,' I says to him, sharp and quick.

"'So it is,' says Silas; 'it's for their *good*. It ain't for their foolishness. Can't you see daylight, Calliope?'

"'Is arithmetic good an' morals *not*, Silas Sykes?' I says.

"Then Timothy Toplady let loose: 'A school-buildin', Calliope,' s'he—'why, it's a dignified place. They must respect it same as they would a church. Could you learn the kids the Constitution of the United States in a room where they'd just been cookin' up cough drops an' hearin' dance tunes?'

"'Well,' says I, calm, 'if you can't, I'd leave the Constitution of the United States *go*. If it's that delicate,' I says back at him, 'gimme the cough drops.'

"'You're talkin' treason,' says Silas, hoarse.

"Timothy groans. '*Dancin'*!' he says, 'Amanda,' he says to Mis' Toplady, 'I hope you ain't sunk so low as Calliope?'

"Mis' Toplady wavered a little. She's kind o' down on dancin' herself. 'Well,' she says, 'anyhow, I'd fling some place open an' invite 'em in for *somethin'*."

"'*I* ain't for this, Silas,' says Mis' Sykes, righteous. '*I* believe the law is the law, an' we'd best use it. Nothin' we can do is as good as enforcin' the dignity of the law.'

"'Oh, *rot!*' says Eppleby Holcomb, abrupt. Eppleby hadn't been sayin' a word. But he looked up from the wood-box where he was settin', an' he wrinkled up his eyes at the corners the way he does—it wasn't a real elegant word he picked, but I loved Eppleby for that 'rot.' 'Askin' your pardon, Mis' Sykes,' he says, 'I ain't got so much confidence in enforcin' the law as I've got in edgin' round an' edgin' round accordin' to your cloth—an' your pattern. An' your pattern.'

"'Lord heavens!' says Silas, lookin' glassy, 'if this was Roosia, you an' Calliope'd both be hoofin' it hot-foot for Siberia.'

"Well, it was like arguin' with two trees. They wa'n't no use talkin' to either Silas or Timothy. I forget who said what last, but the meetin' broke up after a little, some strained, an' we hadn't decided on nothin'. Us ladies had vigilanced one night to about as much purpose as mosquitoes hummin'. An' I said good night to 'em an' went on up the street, wonderin' why God lets a beautiful, burnin' plan come wavin' its

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"AN' THERE . . . WAS MINERVA BEACH, MY OWN COUSIN, AND THE LITTLE, TIRED PHOTOGRAPH-TAKIN' MAN."

wings in your head an' your heart if He don't intend you to make a way for yourself to use it.

"Then, by the big evergreens a block or so from my house, I heard somebody laugh—a little, low, nice, soft, sort o' foolish laugh, a woman's laugh; an' a man's voice joined in with it, pleasant an' sort o' singin'. I was right on to 'em before they see me.

"'I thought it was a lonesome town,' says somebody, 'but I guess it ain't.'

"An' there, beside of me, sittin' on the rail fence under the evergreens, was Minerva Beach, my own cousin, an' the little, tired photograph-takin' man. I had just bare time to catch my breath, an' to sense where the minute really belonged—that's always a good thing to do, ain't it?—an' then I says, cool as you please:

"'Hello, Minerva! My! ain't the night grand? I don't wonder you couldn't stay in the house. How do, Mr. Myers? I was just rememberin' my lemon pie that won't be good if it sets till to-morrow. Come on in an' let's have it, an' make a little lemonade.'

"Ordinarily, I think it's next door to immoral to eat lemon pie in the evenin'; but I had to think quick, an' it was the only thing like a party that I had in the butt'ry. Anyhow, I was plannin' bigger morals than ordinary, too.

"Well, sir, I'd been sure before, but that made me certain sure. There had been my parlor an' my porch, an' them two young people was welcome to 'em both; but they wanted to *go* somewheres, natural as a bird wantin' to fly or a lamb to caper. An' there I'd been livin' in Friendship Village for sixty years or so, an' I'd reco'nized the laws of housekeepin' an' debt-payin' an' digestion, an' I'd never once thought o' this, that's as big as 'em all.

"Oh, land! ain't it nice the way God has balanced towns! He never puts in a Silas Sykes that He don't drop in an Eppleby Holcomb somewheres to undo what the Silases does. It wa'n't much after six o'clock the next mornin', an' I was out after kindlin', when they come a shadow in the shed door, an' there was Eppleby. He had a big key in his hand.

"'I'm a-goin' to the city, Calliope,' says

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he. 'Silas an' Timothy an' I are a-goin' up to the city on the Dick Dasher.' (That's our daily accommodation train, named for the engineer.) 'Silas an' Timothy is set on buyin' the iron gates for the schoolhouse entry, an' I'm goin' along.' He put the key in my hand, meditative. 'We won't be back till the "ten-o'clock Through,"' he says, 'an' I didn' know but you might want to get in the schoolhouse for somethin' to-night—you an' Mis' Toplady.'

"I must 'a' stood starin' at him, but he never changed expression.

"'The key had ought to be left with some one, you know,' he says. 'I'm leavin' it with you. You go ahead. I'll go snooks on the blame. Looks like it was goin' to be another nice day, don't it?' he says, casual, an' went off down the path.

"For a minute I just stood there, starin' down at the key in my hand. An' then, 'Eppleby,' I sings after him, 'oh, Eppleby,' I says, 'I feel just like I was goin' to *crow!*'

"I don't s'pose I hesitated above a minute. That is, my head may have hesitated some, like your head will, but my heart went right on ahead. I left my breakfast dishes standin'—a thing I do for the very few—an' I went straight for Mis' Toplady. An' she whips off her big apron an' left *her* dishes standin', an' off we went to the half-a-dozen that we knew we could depend on—Abigail Arnold, that keeps the home bakery, Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss, Mis' Fire Chief Merriman that's married again an' got real human towards other folks, like she wasn't in her mournin' grief—we told 'em the whole thing. An' we one an' all got together an' we see that here was somethin' that could be done, right there an' then, so be we was willin' to make the effort—big enough an' unafraid.

"When I remember back, that day is all of a whirl to me. We got the notice in the daily paper, bold as a lion, that there would be a party to the schoolhouse that night, admission ten cents. We posted the notice everywheres, an' sent it out around by word o' mouth. An' when we'd gone too far to go back, we walked in on Mis' Sykes—all but Abigail, that had pitched in to makin' the cakes—an' we told her what we'd done, so she shouldn't have any of the blame.

"She took it calm—not because calm is Christian, I bet, but because calm is grandlady.

"'It's what I always said,' says she, 'would be the way, if the women run things.'

"'Women don't run things,' says Mis' Toplady, placid, 'an' I hope to the land they never will. But I believe the time'll come when men an' women'll run 'em together, like the Lord meant, an' when women can see that they're mothers to all men an' not just to their little two-by-four families.'

"'My duty to men is in my own home,' says Mis' Sykes, regal.

"'So is mine,' says Mis' Toplady, 'for a beginnin'. But it don't stop in my wood-box nor my clothes-basket nor yet in my mixin'-bowl. No, nor even in them that I baptize on to my house. It keeps on out into the town—an' I guess all around the world.'

"We went off an' left her—it's almost impossible to federate Mis' Sykes into anything. An' when school was out we went up to the buildin' an' made our preparations. An' then we laid low for the evenin', to see what it would bring.

"I was puttin' on my hat that night in front of the hall-tree lookin'-glass when J. Horace Myers come up on the front porch to call for Minerva. He was all dressed up, an' she come down-stairs in a little white dimity she had, trimmed with lace that didn't cost much of nothin', an' lookin' like a picture. They sat down on the porch for a little, an' I heard 'em talkin' while I was huntin' one o' my gloves.

"'Ain't it the dandiest night?' says J. Horace Myers.

"'Ain't it!' says Minerva. 'I should say! My! I'm glad I come to this town!'

"'I'm awful glad you did too,' says J. Horace. 'I thought first it was awful lonesome here, but I guess——'

"'They're goin' to hev music to-night,' says Minerva, irrelevant. 'I just love music.'

"'Cricky!' says the little photograph man, 'so do I.'

"Minerva had her arm around a porch post—I could see her head over the gate lilacs between me an' the sky, an' she sort o' swung back an' forth careless, an'—'My!' she said, 'I just do love to *go*. Have you ever traveled anywheres?'

"'Texas an' through there,' he says. 'I'm goin' again some day, when——'

"'I'm goin' West now,' says Minerva. 'I just can't stand it long in one place, unless,' she added, 'it's *awful* nice.'

"I'd found my glove, but I rec'lect I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stood still, starin' out the door. I see it like I never see it before: *They was huntin'*. Them two young things out there on my porch, an' all the young folks o' Friendship Village, they was just huntin'—each other an' a future an' a life of their own. They

"THE MUSIC STRUCK INTO A TUNE, WALTZ TIME, AN' BEFORE ANYBODY COULD THINK OF IT, THEY WAS ON THEIR FEET, ONE COUPLE AFTER ANOTHER."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

didn't know it. They thought all they wanted was a good time, like the pioneers thought they wanted adventure. But here they was, young pioneers of new villages, flockin' together wherever they could, seekin' each other out, just huntin'. An' us that knew, us that had done it too or else had missed it, we was just lettin' 'em hunt, haphazard. An' us that had ought to 'a' been mothers to the town young no less than to our own young, had been leavin' 'em hunt alone, on the streets an' stairways an' school entries of Friendship Village.

"I know I fair run along the street to the schoolhouse. It seemed as if I couldn't get there quick enough to begin the new way.

"The schoolhouse was lit up from cellar to garret, an' it looked sort o' differ'nt an' surprised at itself, an' like it was stickin' its head up. Maybe it sounds funny, but it sort o' seemed to me the old brick buildin' looked *conscious*, an' like it had just opened its eyes an' turned its face to somethin'. Inside, the music was tunin' up, the desks that was only part screwed down had been moved back; in one o' the recitation rooms we'd got the gas plates for the candy-makin', an' Abigail was in there stirrin' up lemonade in a big crock, an' the other ladies, with white aprons on, was bustlin' round seein' to cuttin' the cakes.

"It wasn't a good seven-thirty before they begun comin' in, the girls nippin' in pretty dresses, the boys awkward an' grinnin', schoolgirls, shopgirls, Mis' Sykes's Em'ly an' Abe Luck an' everybody—they come from all directions that night, I guess, just to see what it was like.

"An' when they got set down I realized for the first time that the law an' some o' the prophets of time to come hung on what kind of a time they had that first night.

"An' while I was thinkin' that, the music struck into a tune, waltz time, an' before anybody could think of it, there they was on their feet, one couple after another. An' when the lilty sound of the waltz an' the scuffle of feet got to goin', like magic an' as if they had dropped out o' the walls, in come them that had been waitin' around outside to see what we was really goin' to do. They come in, an' they joined in, an' in five minutes the floor was full of 'em. An' after bein' boxed in school all day or bottled in shops or polishin' windows or mendin' eaves-troughs or takin' photographs o' humbly houses or doin' I dunno what-all that they didn't like, here they was, come after their good time an' havin' it—*an' havin' it.*

"Mis' Toplady was peekin' through a crack in the recitation-room door.

"'*Dancin'!*' she says, with a little groan. 'I dunno what my conscience'll say to me about this when it gets me alone.'

"'Well,' says Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss, seein' to the frostin' on the ends of her fingers, 'I feel like they'd been pipin' to me for years an' I'd never let 'em dance. An' now they're dancin' up here, safe an' light an' with us. An' I'm glad of it, to my marrow.'

"'I know,' says Mis' Toplady, wipin' her eyes. 'I dunno but *my* marrow's better off than it was.'

"'Long about ten o'clock, when we'd passed the refreshments an' everybody had carried their own plates back an' was takin' the candy out o' the tins, I nudged Mis' Toplady an' we slipped out into the schoolhouse entry an' set down on the steps. We'd just heard the 'Through' whistle, an' we knew the school board was on it, an' that they must 'a' seen the schoolhouse lit from 'way acrost the marsh. Besides, I was countin' on Eppleby to march 'em straight up there.

"An' so he done. The hill is so steep they couldn't talk much comin' up, an' almost before I knew it they stepped out on to us, settin' there in the starlight. I stood up an' faced 'em, not from bein' brave, but from intendin' to jump *first.*

"'Silas an' Timothy,' I says, 'what's done is done, but the consequences ain't. The Women's Evening Vigilance Committee that you appointed yourself has tried this thing, an' now it's for us all to judge if it works.'

"'Heh!' says Silas, showin' his teeth. 'Hed a little party, did you? Thought you'd get up a little party an' charge it to the board, did you? Be su'prised, won't you, when you women get a bill for rent an' light for this night's performance?'

"'Real su'prised,' I says, dry.

"'Amandy,' pipes up Timothy, 'air you a fool party to this fool doin's?'

"'Oh, shucks!' says Mis' Toplady, tired. 'I been doin' too real things to row, Timothy.'

"'Nev' mind,' says Silas, pacific. 'When the new iron gates gets here for this here entry, we won't hev no more such doin's as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

this. They're ordered,' says Silas, like a bombshell.

"Then Eppleby, that had been peekin' through the schoolhouse window, whirled around.

"'Yes,' says he, 'let's us put up the gates, to keep out the hoodlums. But the girls an' boys o' Friendship Village ain't hoodlums. What you goin' to do for them? I want to tell you that I knew all about what was goin' on here to-night, an' I give over the key myself. And now you look down there.'

"It was Friendship Village he pointed to, layin' all around Schoolhouse Hill, little lights shinin' for homes. An' Eppleby went on before Silas an' Timothy could get the breath to reply:

"'The town's nothin' but *roots*, is it?' Eppleby says. 'Roots, sendin' up green shoots to the top o' this hill to be trained up here into some kind o' shape to meet life. What you doin' to 'em? Buildin' 'em a great, expensive schoolhouse that they use a few hours a day, part o' the year, an' the rest of the time it might as well be a hole in the ground for all the good it does anybody. An' here's the children that you built it *for*, chasin' the streets to let off the mere flesh-an'-blood energy the Lord has give to 'em. Put up your iron gates if you want to, but don't put 'em up till the evenin's over an' till there's been some sort o' doin's here like this to give 'em what's their right? Put up your iron gates, but shame on the schoolhouse or the church that puts 'em up an' stops there! Open the buildin' in the name of public decency, but in the name of public decency don't shut it up!'

"Timothy was startin' to wave his arms when Mis' Toplady stood up, quiet, on the bottom step.

"'Timothy,' she says, 'thirty-five years ago this winter you an' I was keepin' company. Do you remember how we done it? Do you remember singin'-school? Do you remember spellin'-school? Did our straw-ridin' an' sleigh-ridin' to the Caledonia district schoolhouse for our fun ever hurt the schoolhouse, or do you s'pose we ever learnt any the less in it? Do you remember other nights when we use' to slip out o' father's house, summer or winter, just for the sake o' goin' somewheres? Well, I remember, an' we both remember; an' answer me this: Do you s'pose them young things in there is any differ'nt than we was? An' what's the sin an' the crime of what they're doin' now? Look at 'em!'

"She pushed open the door. An' just while we was lookin', the music struck up the 'Home, Sweet Home' waltz, an' they all melted into dancin', the ladies in white aprons standin' by the recitation-room doors, lookin' on.

"'*Dancin'!*' says Timothy, shudderin'—but lookin', too.

"'Yes,' says Mis' Amanda, brave as you please, 'ain't it pretty? Lots prettier than chasin' up an' down Daphne Street. What say, Timothy?'

"Eppleby give Silas a little nudge. 'Le's give it a trial,' he says. 'This is the Vigilance Committee's i-dee. Le's give it a trial.'

"Silas stood bitin' the tail of his beard. 'Go on to destruction if you want to!' he says. 'I wash my hands of you!'

"'So do I,' says Timothy, echoish, 'wash mine.'

"Eppleby took 'em both by the shoulders. 'Well, then, go on inside a minute,' he says to 'em. 'Don't let's leave 'em all think we got stole a march on by the women!'

"An' though it was that argument that made 'em both let Eppleby push 'em inside, still, when the door shut behind 'em, I knew there wasn't anything more to worry over. But me—I waited out there in the entry till the waltz was all through. And it was kind o' like the village down there to the foot of the hill was listenin', quiet, to great councils."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CARLOS RUBIO WAS PLOTTING HIS OWN SOUL'S DAMNATION.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The DEBT

BY · JOHN · KENNETH · TURNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

TWICE during Holy Week Carlos Rubio had walked fifteen miles and back again in order to perform his devotions in the big church at Miraflores. And now he was kneeling upon the cold, hard floor for the third time. His first two trips Carlos had made in the forenoon, returning late at night. This time he had set out soon after his evening meal, and had arrived while the stars were still shining, just in time to bend his back at *la misa del gallo*—the mass of the cock.

A pious figure Carlos presented, crouching there before the image of the bleeding Saviour. The mass of the cock was over, and but one or two shadowy shapes were still moving about the cavernous chamber. Except for their footfalls, which struck with a hollow, desecrating sound, the church was silent as a vast mausoleum. The first glimmerings of the morning twilight had not yet filtered in through the painted windows. But for the faint amber glow cast about the altar by two giant tallow candles, the church was as dark and gloomy as a cave.

Carlos alone remained in an attitude of adoration before the crucifix. His ragged knees were upon the floor; his hips rested upon his sandaled heels; his broad back was hunched far forward; his face was buried in his great, gnarled hands; his tattered palm sombrero lay on the floor beside him, and his uneven shock of white hair glistened dully, like polished silver. Above him hung the suffering Christ, the cruel nails piercing the feet and hands, the blood flowing crimson from the wounded side, the head inclined far forward, the eyes cast down upon the humble suppliant.

From his pose no casual observer would have imagined that Carlos Rubio had any concern except for his own sins, any ambition except to make his peace with Heaven. But at the very moment when, seemingly, he had surrendered himself to prayer, his thoughts were farthest away from the drooping figure upon the cross. His face was in his hands, but his eyes peered between his knotted fingers, wide-awake and crafty. Carlos Rubio was plotting his own soul's damnation.

He had thought it all out. The figure on the cross was no mere carving of wood and daubing of paint to him. To Carlos Rubio hell was no imaginary state; it was a lake of fire and brimstone in which the wicked were condemned to burn for all eternity. All his long life he had determined in the end to dwell with the blest.

And yet, deliberately, Carlos Rubio had laid aside his hope of paradise and chosen the path to endless torment. Here at the end of life, open-eyed, he had weighed two issues, one against the other, and eternity had lost. Forgiveness? That were impossible, for the sin that he had determined to commit was the unpardonable sin. Judas Iscariot, whose effigy he had helped to burn each Holy Week for, lo! these sixty years, was a saint compared with what Carlos Rubio would be before the rays of another sun should filter through those painted windows. No, the deepest pit of all would be reserved for him, for he was about to rob the Lord Himself.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was for this that he had trudged the fifteen miles to Miraflores three times the same week, for this that he was crooking his back in humble posture before the image of the Saviour. The pose was a sham, a lie, and he knew it. He had counted the cost. Though he saw the end of the road, he did not flinch; his eyes still peered, wide-awake and crafty, between his knotted fingers.

The life of Carlos Rubio had been one titanic struggle against debt—not the sort of debt that merely worries a man at his business and jeopardizes his social position, but the kind that reaches out cold hands after his body; that seizes him, that drags him down, that puts chains upon his hands and feet, that drives him to work with a club, that snaps the ties of his family, that gives his wife, perchance, to another man, that sends his daughters to perdition. If Carlos Rubio had been born in other times or in other places, he might have been an Alexander the Great, a Philip of Macedon, a Scipio Africanus, a Napoleon, a Garibaldi. As it happened, he was a peon, a beast of burden, an outcast, a despised of all the despised; and all the potency of his mind, all the epic vigor of his magnficent muscles, all the strain of his soul and the struggle of his body, had been directed against that one sordid thing, debt—*debt!* Against the adamantine wall of debt he had beaten out his wings, he had battered away his youth. And now, at the end of life, in the struggle against debt, he was putting behind him the hope of eternity!

The most vivid recollection of Carlos's childhood was the death-bed of his father, and the warning that fell from those emaciated lips in that last solemn hour: "Never accept a debt. Never owe. To owe once in my country means to owe forever—and slavery. Die, if God so wills, but never accept a debt."

Reyes Rubio, the father, had been an independent freeholder. His life, too, had been one long struggle to avoid the clutch of debt; and he had won. The modest acres which his father had owned before him, which his grandfather had owned, which had been in the family for generations, he had preserved against the encroachments of the near-by hacienda, which, year after year, was reaching out after the small holdings, swallowing them, one after another, as a great cannibal fish gulps down the little fish about it. Reyes Rubio had fought the good fight. He died leaving his farm clear of indebtedness.

Or at least in his last hours he fondly believed that he was doing so. But the big fish had only been biding his time. In twenty years the hacienda, "San Juan de Las Piedras," had expanded from an estate of one hundred thousand acres to one of a million acres. Always "San Juan de Las Piedras" wanted more land and more peons. By devious ways possible only to those in a position to manipulate the governmental powers for their own ends, it had annexed the adjoining small farms and their proprietors, one after another. The Rubio place was in its path; then why not the Rubio place—especially now, since there were no stronger hands to defend it than those of a widow and her eight-year-old son?

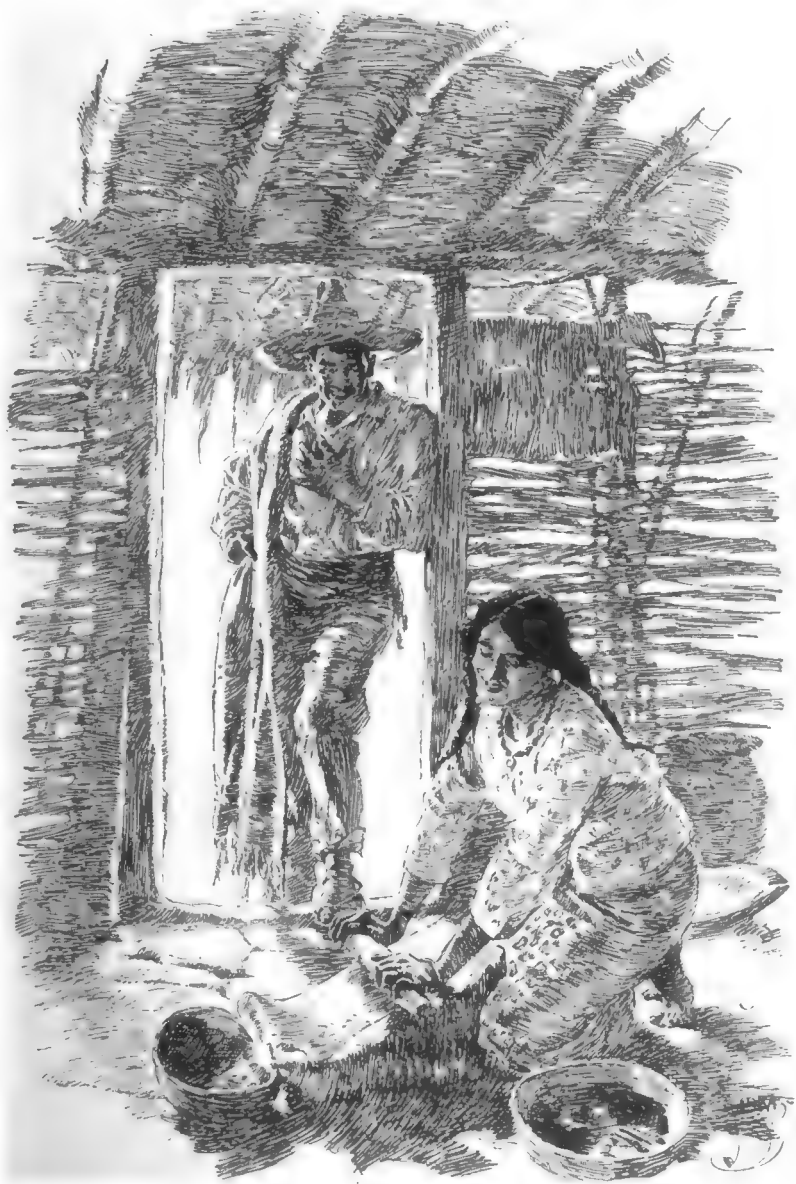
Quite naturally, then, within a month after the passing of Reyes Rubio, the *jefe auxiliar* waited upon the widow with a notice of eviction. The acres belonged to Pedro Cardenas, proprietor of "San Juan de Las Piedras." By what right? By the right of registry. Pedro Cardenas had discovered that the holding had not been properly recorded with the government, and he had "denounced" it for himself. The Rubios had not been notified of the new law. They knew that they had owned the land for generations. Everybody knew the Rubio place—that it extended just so far and no farther. But it made no difference. It was an old trick. And was not Pedro Cardenas a friend of the governor of the state? The big fish swallowed one more little fish, and the Rubios went to live upon the hacienda, because there was no other place for them to go.

They built an abiding-place with their own hands, mother and son, a one-room, dirt-floor hut of maguey leaves and cornstalks—one of hundreds upon hundreds of just such hovels which clustered about the magnificent mansion of sandstone and cement in which the members of the proud Cardenas family idled away their lives. The Señora Rubio became a tortilla woman at ten centavos a day. Little Carlos became a *vecerrero*, a calf-boy. His task was to herd the calves away from the milch cows from morning until night. It was cheaper for the hacienda than building fences. His wages were five centavos a day.

While yet a slim, bare-legged boy, with big, round, liquid black eyes, Carlos dreamed his dream of life. No, he would never accept a debt; first, because he had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

promised his father that he would not; second, because he had gazed at the ragged rim of hills where they cut the blue, and dreamed of the world beyond. Weird tales he heard from the peons of that far-away land called *Los Estados Unidos*, the United States, that strange country where all men were rich and where there were no churches. Some day he would see for himself if those tales were true. And another thing he would do.



FOR A DAY HE WOOED RAFAELA.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When he was rich he would learn to decipher those tiny dots and hooks and crooks and angles stamped upon white paper—he would learn to read books!

When Carlos was fourteen his mother died and he became an *acomodado*, a wage-peon, at eighteen centavos a day. "At the end of a year," he told himself, "I shall leave Las Piedras; I shall see the world beyond the jagged peaks."

Eighteen cents a day, ten of that for food; ten from eighteen leaves eight; eight cents a day for twelve months, if all saved, would mean twenty-four pesos, twelve dollars gold—a fortune indeed, with which to set out to find the end of the rainbow!

But Carlos failed to figure some things into his calculation. His ten centavos for food called for two large tortillas and a pint of beans (frijoles) three times a day. If he wanted any variation from the inevitable beans and tortillas, he must pay for it on the side. And sometimes, in the foolish prodigality of his youth, he wanted other things so much that he bought them.

Then there was the *tarea*, the stint, which, by defining a day's work as something more than an average peon was able to perform in a day, transformed a wage of eighteen cents into something less than eighteen cents. There were the lost days, when one earned nothing, but must eat—the Sundays, and now and then a fiesta. Once a month there was the *ronda*, when he must take his turn as a member of the hacienda police force and stand guard the whole night through. It meant three shifts without sleep—thirty-six hours. The only way he could escape the *ronda* was to pay a fine of twenty-five cents; and sometimes he was tired enough and reckless enough to pledge the sum and go to sleep.

Then there was the clothing. He bought the cheapest kind of the white cotton *manta* at the hacienda store, at a peso a suit. But oh! how quickly those suits wore out and dropped off of him! And he must have a hat—another twenty-five centavos a year. And in place of that impossible luxury, shoes, he must have sandals—rough strips of leather tied to the soles of his feet. "At the end of a year I shall leave Las Piedras," he had said, with the unthinking optimism of youth. At the end of a year he was ragged as a scarecrow, hungry, and there was not a centavo in his pockets!

But Carlos Rubio was still a free laborer. He was free to go and come. If there had been a factory but a few leagues away, where laborers were wanted at thirty, or forty, or fifty centavos a day, Carlos would have set out in his rags and his hunger to play the soldier of fortune.

But there were no factories near, no railroads under construction and needing laborers—nothing except haciendas, and no hacienda that promised a less miserable future than "San Juan de Las Piedras." Flesh and blood could be bought for the price that it cost to feed flesh and blood. The world was a long way off. At the end of the year Carlos Rubio did not leave Las Piedras. Instead, he told himself: "Next year I shall get away from Las Piedras."

The second year Carlos found a woman who would furnish him with six tortillas and three pints of frijoles for nine cents. An extra cent a day! Surely now he could hoard a few pesos in twelve whole months.

But he was growing larger and his appetite was more voracious. Daily he struggled against the temptation to purchase extra eatables. Each *ronda* became a nightmare because it dangled before his eyes opportunities to steal food. How easy for him to break into one of the storehouses, take as much of corn or beans as he could secrete about his clothing, and so eat his fill for a few days! Why, he might even run upon some potatoes there! Once only had he tasted that wonderful food, potatoes.

But the fear of God was stronger than the gnawing of his stomach, and Carlos did not steal. One day another peon told him that a drink of mescal would cause him to forget his hunger, and so he tried mescal. That night they dragged him to his hovel, and all the next day he lay in a drunken stupor. When accounts were reckoned up he found that the spree had cost him sixty centavos. He decided that food was cheaper than strong drink—that hereafter he would eschew mescal. The end of the second year came, and Carlos said again: "Next year I shall get away from Las Piedras."

In spite of his scanty fare, Carlos grew to be a great, hulking giant with a back broad enough to carry the world. He was always husbanding his strength, nursing his resources. First, he must keep out of debt; second, he must gather a handful of silver of his own, so that he might purchase food on his long tramp to the United States, the land of promise. What miraculous stories he had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

heard of the United States! Why, there were men there, thousands of them, his own countrymen, who were earning two pesos, one whole dollar in gold—every day!

Sundays, instead of obliterating his troubles in a wild mescal debauch, he was wont to toil for hours preparing a pit of coals in which to cook the stump of a maguey plant, and thus make *mescal tatemado*, a coarse dish with which to vary his bill of fare for a few days. He had always contributed his share to the church, but now, though his prayers did not abate, he gave less and less, less and less, until his contributions were down to ten cents a year.

The promptings of love he found more difficult to deny than the demands of religion. The mere sight of Rafaela Ascencio brought his blood to a simmer, and when he heard her liquid voice his whole great body quivered with desire for her. The one bit of poison he would carry away in his heart when he left Las Piedras was the knowledge that another would claim her long before he could hope to return. And yet he gritted his teeth and said: "I shall never marry until I have gone away from Las Piedras."

So many rows of corn to hoe, so many *arrobas* of beans to harvest, so much of this or that—such was the *tarea*, the day's work that should have counted for one day and a half. But Carlos became so strong and so swift that he was able not only to finish a full *tarea* in a day, but to begin a second one. Thus with a giant's toil his eighteen centavos became twenty, twenty-two, and sometimes twenty-five. He denied himself fiestas; he served his *rondas* regularly; he wore his rags until they were rags no longer, but refuse. And gradually the books of the hacienda began to show a credit of centavos on his side.

One, two, three, four, five, six pesos! How slowly they accumulated! And yet a time came when there were actually six. Six pesos! When there were ten, he would draw them all, buy a new suit of *manta*, a hat, and a new pair of sandals, possibly even a new *zarape*, and proudly set out for that marvelous country where all men were rich, where poor peons like himself were paid the fabulous sum of one dollar a day, in gold!

But alas! one night one of the big granaries of the hacienda, bursting with the new harvest, caught fire and burned to the ground. What was that to Carlos? Simply that Don Pedro decreed that not he, but his peons, must bear the loss. The share of Carlos was eight pesos. In a night his savings were wiped out and he was left with two pesos more to pay.

In debt at last! He had not accepted debt; it had been thrust upon him. Doggedly he set to work to pay it out. Two pesos! It took six months of privation and toil to free himself from the thrall of those two pesos. Still again he told himself: "Next year I shall surely get away from Las Piedras."

Centavo by centavo his balance climbed to three pesos. Then one Saturday night, when the peons were dancing and Carlos stood in the background with others looking on, one of the spectators passed a remark which implied doubt as to the virtue of Rafaela Ascencio. It took six *ronderos* to overpower Carlos and drag him to the Las Piedras jail. The fine was five pesos. A second time debt was thrust upon him.

Courage, however steadfast, has its high and low water marks. For a day the resolution of Carlos was violently shaken. For a day he violently wooed Rafaela, then drank *mescal* until he fancied that he was rich enough to ride a burro to the land of riches and take Rafaela along with him. His debt leaped from two pesos to five. Sweet debt! It permitted one to indulge a little right now, instead of forcing him on, on, on—to strain after something that seemed never to come nearer than it had been before!

When his mind cleared he was appalled by the depth of the pit into which he had fallen. Five pesos! Now he could not get away from Las Piedras at the end of the year. And perhaps not for another year. Ah! he would go in spite of them; he would go with empty hands and in his rags; he would go at once.

That night, with no burden save his ragged blanket, he slipped past the dark hovels of his friends, past the big house, dodged the *ronderos*, and reached the open country to the northward. All that night and all the next day he walked, but when he awoke the second morning, two rurales were standing over him. They carried him back to the hacienda jail, and in a day or two he was at his place in the field again. He was no longer free. His debt had forged for him the chains of a chattel slave.

Toil had failed; abstinence had failed; running away had failed. Might not the heart of Don Pedro be touched by entreaty? It was a brazen thing to do, but for a month

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHEN HE AWOKE THE SECOND MORNING, TWO RURALES WERE STANDING OVER HIM.

Carlos watched for the carriage of Don Pedro. Then, like a repentant dog seeking forgiveness of his master, he groveled before the great man, begging to be allowed to go away to the United States, promising, by the Holy Sacrament, that from his first earnings he would pay the debt, not once, but twice, five times, ten times, aye, one hundred times, if his *amo* so willed. He would ask no help for the journey, nothing except that he be permitted to go.

"Ah no, my son"—the great man's answer froze his heart—"I love you too well to let you go. But I shall be kind. I shall make you a *mediero*. You are a strong man. In one, two, three years you will have paid me all. Come, get yourself a wife and I will make you a *mediero*."

Carlos married Rafaela and became a *mediero*. He knew the fate of *medieros* (debt-tenants) that had gone before. But, as Don Pedro had said, he was a strong man. Might he not make of himself a file—his body, his heart, his soul—and, filing through the years, at last saw through his fetters to freedom?

Marriage meant more debt to begin with. *Las doñas*, the gifts of cloth and other poor necessaries of the trousseau, which custom required that he make to the bride, swelled the debt to forty pesos. And yet, when husband and wife took up their abode on a patch of land assigned to them, they persuaded themselves that they would soon be free.

It was all very simple. Don Pedro furnished them with corn, beans, chili, soap, *manta* for clothing, and leather for sandals; also with corn and beans for seed, with a plow and a pair of oxen, with a one-room hut for shelter. It remained only to cultivate and seed the fields, tend the crops, reap the harvest, pay to the *amo* his share, and wax prosperous on what was left.

There is no denying that Carlos was happy that year. He dreamed; therefore he was happy. His misgivings were few, and not until the ripe corn had been plucked and the beans flailed out, did he realize what calamity had befallen him.

To pay to the *amo* his share and wax prosperous on what was left! The share of the *amo* for rent of the mere land was half the crop—and fifteen days' service of the *mediero* as peon besides; that of the oxen, twelve pesos; of the plow, four pesos. And the provisions and seed which the *amo* had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

advanced he had charged up to the *mediero* at two and three prices. When the corn was green in the ear, and the beans were hanging green upon the vines, they would have constituted a delectable delicacy for the table of Carlos Rubio, but he was forbidden to touch them. When the crop was ready for the harvest, Carlos was forbidden to touch it. The harvesting must be left to peons of the *amo*, whom Carlos must furnish with food advanced and charged for at two and three prices. Finally, when the harvest was over, for his half of the crop the *amo* did not allow him two and three prices, but a shade under the market price. When the final reckoning was done, he found that his debt had gone up to sixty pesos!

Carlos looked up at the sky and at the ragged peaks that cut the blue to the northward. "Ah!" he muttered, "next year I shall be more careful; next year I shall work harder; some day I shall pay it all."

The next year he was more careful—and he worked harder. Rafaela, who had found enough to do in carrying the water and the fuel, in grinding the corn, preparing the meals, fashioning the clothing, plaiting such hats and weaving such blankets as they could afford, now added a few centavos each week to the earnings by plaiting hats and weaving blankets for others. But now the babies were coming, and that made it harder. Again, after the second harvest, Carlos waited breathless for the verdict of the accounts. Again the balance was against him. And still he said, "Some day I shall pay it all—all."

And so it went on. When the tender babes were barely able to toddle, Carlos put them to work in the field; but it was years before their combined labor balanced the *faena*, the fifteen days' free service a year required of Carlos upon the hacienda. Despairing of ever being able to pay the debt with his efforts alone, Carlos took comfort from the future in the hope that in time his sons would be able to help in paying off the debt. As his sons grew into young men, Carlos rented a larger patch of land, and his sons worked for him as peons. Year after year, all directed their energies toward paying off the debt. Time bent Rafaela's back like a bow and Carlos's thick black hair silvered like the polished candlesticks upon the chapel altar at Las Piedras. But the debt was still unpaid.

Carlos's ambition to see the great round world became dim and dimmer, until it was but a memory. Ambition for himself was submerged in ambition for his sons. If he died with the millstone of debt still about his neck, the millstone would be hung about the necks of his sons. Down toward the grave Carlos was slipping, slipping, yet not a year passed that he did not say: "Some day I shall pay it all."

Only when his sons were grown did Carlos begin to steal. First, he stole from his own corn-field. How delicious were those green ears! And when the debt was paid he would return their full value to the *amo*. Gradually he came to steal regularly, consistently, hoping that it would help him to pay off his debt, promising himself that he would return the value of the article in the end, carefully concealing his transgressions from his wife and his sons.

But the things that he had an opportunity to steal were too petty—some beans, some chili, now and then a melon, an old machete, some pieces of leather, a bundle of cloth, a leg of mutton, and once a half-grown pig. Their value was not enough to tip the scale in his favor. What was needed was a big theft—like a fine saddle, a silver-mounted *charro* suit, or a yoke of oxen. Ah! he could never dispose of such costly things without detection. He must have cold cash—he must steal the gold itself!

For months he puzzled over the problem. He must have gold. Where could he get it? The *hacendados* themselves were the only ones who ever had money in his country, the *hacendados* and—the church.

The idea, when it finally came to him, dealt him such a blow that he nearly cried out in pain. It happened one Sunday morning. He was kneeling in the Las Piedras chapel, close to the altar, mumbling his prayers. A priest lifted the contribution-box from its place, raised the lid, and carried it past him—open! It was full of shining money—enough to pay it all!

Carlos battled with his awful thought a whole year before he owned it as his master. Other thefts could be paid—perhaps forgiven; such a theft as this might be paid, but forgiven? Never! Still, he would pay the debt. Hell itself would open to receive him, but he would pay the debt!

Deliberately he planned the crime. Miraflores was far away; there they would suspect *rateros* from the metropolis—never a poor peon from one of the haciendas. Mira-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

flores was a small city; the contribution-box of its big church would contain more money than that of the Las Piedras chapel. When would the yield of the silver box be richest? During *Semana Santa*, (Holy Week.) Deliberately he planned the awful deed for *Semana Santa*.

The closing day of *Semana Santa*, Carlos Rubio knelt before the image of the bleeding Saviour, his eyes peering between his knotted old fingers. Twice before he had knelt there, watching, waiting, pretending humility, crouching there for hours, but not finding the opportunity that he sought.

The shining silver box was there, only a few steps away. He would not need to smash any furniture to get it; he would not need to commit any violence—only take it. Times without number his imagination had pictured exactly the thing that he would do. He would edge over toward the box. Behind him was the main altar of the church. As he edged he would address himself to the main shrine. He would simulate the extremes of religious frenzy. He would beat his chest. He would fling his arms wide apart. He would strike his forehead against the floor. He would edge closer and closer. Finally, there would be one swift glance about the church, he would seize the box, thrust it under the folds of his *zarape*, place his broad sombrero over the protuberance, and, with white head meekly bowed, walk slowly out into the dawn!

The hollow footfalls ceased. The last shadowy shape had wandered out through the softly swinging doors at the far end of the church. The priest was not about; he must have gone home to breakfast. The sexton—perhaps he had fallen asleep in the little chamber at the right. Possibly a worshiper or two still remained back there among the rows of rude brown benches. If so, their knees were sure to be upon the cold floor, their eyes cast down, their souls upon their sins. The morning light was slow in finding its way through those painted windows. The two big candles burned steadily and without sputtering. There was no sound. The old church was hushed like a vast tomb.

Now was the time—now! now! now! The thought beat itself upon Carlos's forehead. It was a call to action—and yet at the same time the thought itself paralyzed him. That silence! The whisper of his own breath turned him cold. He held his breath, but his heart beat louder than his breath had sounded before. To move meant to break that silence. But if he waited another minute he might be too late. Now was the time. He must pay the debt.

Suddenly he straightened and cast a glance up at the crucifix. Ah! He had forgotten those sad, sad eyes! The Saviour was about to see him steal! He shivered, then turned his face toward the shining silver box.

He went through the performance as he had planned. He pounded his chest, though his blows resounded through the empty chamber like the beating of a hollow drum. He waved his arms, he tore his hair, he gnashed his teeth, he struck his forehead against the floor. He shot a swift glance about the church; no, he saw no one. At last his fingers were on the box. It was heavy—so heavy that it almost went crashing to the floor. He slipped it under his left arm, covered it with his *zarape*, swept up his sombrero from the floor, hung it over the spot, and, avoiding the sad eyes of the Saviour, pattered slowly down between the rows of wooden benches toward the softly swinging doors.

At every step he expected to hear a shout at his back or to be stopped by a hand upon his shoulders; or, worse, to have the hand of God strike him dead before he reached the open air.

But he gained the deserted churchyard without anything happening to him. Unnoticed, he skirted the plaza in the morning twilight, and trudged through a narrow street lined with dead adobe houses to the open country beyond. Here he broke into a run. No one was behind him; only his guilt was pursuing him. The box was heavy, but he shifted it from side to side as he ran. He was used to carrying heavy loads, anyhow. The sun was just peeping at him over the rim of the world, yet his body was already bathed in perspiration. And it was fifteen miles to Las Piedras!

For a long time he dared not stop and open the box. His instinct was to run fast and think little. He had stolen from the Lord, and he dared not stop and inspect the thing that he had stolen.

Whatever happened, he was lost. His wife would be saved, his sons would be saved, but he himself was lost. He gave little thought to pursuit and detection by men, but however he might conceal his crime from

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

men, he could not hide it from God. His sons would go to that wonderful country, the United States, and live in plenty. Perhaps they would become rich enough to eat potatoes every day. Perhaps they would even learn to read! Meanwhile, he himself would be burning in the fiery pit. For all eternity! A long, long time—longer, even, than he had struggled honestly to pay the debt. Well, he had chosen his path. He only hoped that the bleeding Saviour would not come to reproach him with those sad, sad eyes!

For a long time Carlos ran swiftly. Gradually he came to lurch along like a burro struggling under a heavy load at the end of the day. His sombrero fell, and he did not stop to pick it up, but ran on, his white head a mark for the climbing sun. Fast as he ran, his mind ran ahead of him and busied itself with what might happen at the end of his race.

How much did he owe? Why had he not thought to ask, so that he could go and lay down the amount without a word? What would they say when they saw him with all that money? What would he say if they asked him where he had got it? Should he tell them that he had been laying it away secretly, bit by bit, all these sixty years? Should he tell them that he had found it hidden in the stump of an old tree? Should he say that a richly dressed stranger, mounted on a white horse and carrying a shining sword, had handed it to him? What story would they be most likely to believe?

And what could he tell Rafaela and his sons when they knew that he had paid the debt and had money besides? Ah! he had been clever enough to deceive them before; he would be clever enough to deceive them this time. Even if he were accused, they would never believe that he was a thief. He thought of his sons, toiling this moment in the fields. He thought of Rafaela, with bent back working away at her *metate*, grinding corn. That poor bent back! Now she might be able to straighten it again. He must run faster, so that the joy of Rafaela and his sons might not be postponed.

A time came when all his mind was required to keep his legs moving. There was no more sensation in his legs, but by a constant effort of the will he found that he could keep them moving steadily in a lumbering trot. Only when he stumbled and fell did he remember that he had intended to leave the silver box far back there along the road. He lumbered a few rods off the path and burst open the box. Yes, it was full of money—

FAST AS HE RAN, HIS MIND RAN AHEAD OF HIM AND BUSIED ITSELF WITH WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN AT THE END OF HIS RACE.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

much copper, some silver, and now and then a piece of gold.

He dumped the load into his *zarape* and, hiding the box under a pile of stones, slung the bundle over a shoulder and ran on. Copper! silver! gold! He was rich now. He would pay it all and have something left, enough, surely, to take them all to the United States!

No, no; he could not go. His boys could go—and Rafaela; but he was growing too old to make the journey. Yesterday he had considered himself as fairly young. This morning he felt very, very old. No, the United States was too far—he was too tired. See! already his feet were bleeding!

Why, oh, why was he so long in reaching Las Piedras? His legs were moving—he was sure they were. Each time that he panted he knew that he took at least one step. He could feel the perspiration running down his rough-hewn, rugged face to his chin. He could feel his tongue trying to push its way between his teeth. His legs were moving, but they were dead. The only pain that he felt was a dull agony in the top of his bare head.

At last he came in sight of Las Piedras. It gave him new energy for a few strides, then he went to stumbling. He stumbled and fell, rose, then stumbled and fell a second time. He had thought to carry his load straight to the great house, to pay the money to no one but Don Pedro himself. But now he concluded to pay the money at the office of the *administrador*. After all, that was the proper place—and it was closer.

He stumbled and fell, rose and fell again. He struggled to his feet, but fell again. He was making progress by falling forward. He was glad that the office of the *administrador* was not on the farther side of Las Piedras, glad that there was no one on the road to see him stumble and fall.

Tightly he gripped the corners of his *zarape*, but once when he fell his fingers slipped and the shining pieces of money were scattered in the road. He crawled about on his hands and knees, picking them up, and when, sometimes, the pieces eluded his numbing fingers, he cried like a baby.

He picked up the last piece, struggled to his feet, got the bundle to his shoulder, and stumbled on. All he could do now was to fall, half rise, take a step or two, and fall again. He tried to crawl, but crawling was too slow. Once he ran a dozen steps without falling, and it brought him much nearer. And yet it was still so far away! If Rafaela were only here to help him!

At last he staggered through the office door and into the presence of the *administrador* himself. He leaned against the wall, swaying, gasping, trying to speak, gripping the precious burden in his numbing fingers.

"What a sight!" grunted the *administrador*, while his clerk snickered. "What do you want, *hombre?*" And again, while Carlos still wrestled with his tongue, "What do you want?"

Unbidden, Carlos seized a dipper of water from a bucket on the floor and poured the fluid upon his tongue.

"The debt!" he gasped, after an eternity of struggle. "The debt—I pay it all!"

He emptied his bundle on the table. The *administrador* started, eyed the money, then Carlos. Finally, without a word, he went to counting out the treasure.

Carlos drew a sharp breath. They had not asked him a question—not a question!

"My paper!" whispered Carlos tremblingly.

"Your receipt?" returned the *administrador*. "When the money is counted you shall have it—your receipt in full."

Carlos stood squarely upon his feet. His strength was coming back to him. His aching head, his tired shoulders, his bleeding feet—they were forgotten, for he was about to get the certificate of his freedom!

Freedom! Freedom for his sons and a straight back for Rafaela! It did not matter if there were nothing left of all that pile—as long as he got his receipt in full.

"Five hundred and thirty-five pesos," he heard the *administrador* announce. "How much is his debt?"

For Carlos Rubio the world stopped still while he waited for the clerk's reply. The clerk was dallying over the book, his pencil moving lazily. Why didn't he speak out? Didn't he know how much depended upon the answer?

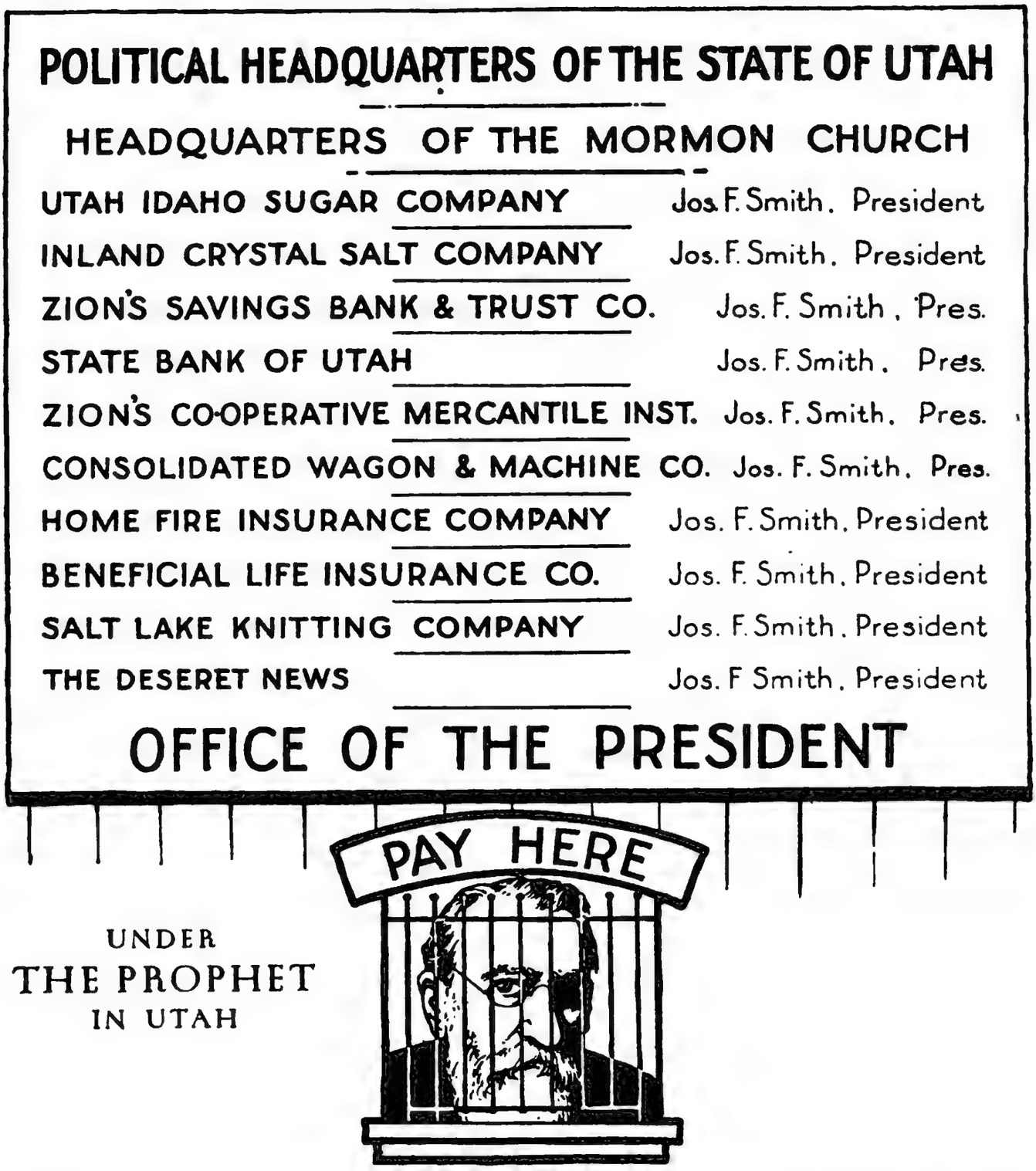
Instead of speaking out the amount of the debt, he was writing it on a slip of paper and handing it to his employer!

Now the *administrador* himself was using the pencil. So much figuring for such a little debt!

At last the *administrador* was about to speak. Now—he was speaking!

"Carlos Rubio—five hundred and ninety pesos. You are still fifty-five pesos in debt!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE STATE OF UTAH
HEADQUARTERS OF THE MORMON CHURCH
UTAH IDAHO SUGAR COMPANY Jos. F. Smith, President
INLAND CRYSTAL SALT COMPANY Jos. F. Smith, President
ZION'S SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO. Jos. F. Smith, Pres.
STATE BANK OF UTAH Jos. F. Smith, Pres.
ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INST. Jos. F. Smith, Pres.
CONSOLIDATED WAGON & MACHINE CO. Jos. F. Smith, Pres.
HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY Jos. F. Smith, President
BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Jos. F. Smith, President
SALT LAKE KNITTING COMPANY Jos. F. Smith, President
THE DESERET NEWS Jos. F Smith, President
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
PAY HERE
UNDER
THE PROPHET
IN UTAH

The PROPHET *and* BIG BUSINESS

BY · FRANK · J · CANNON

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

CHAPTER XVIII—THE PROPHET OF MAMMON

IN AN earlier day among the Mormons, the ecclesiastical authorities collected one tenth of the "annual increase" of the faithful into "the storehouse of the Lord"; and this was practically the entire assessment made by the Church; although, by the same law of tithing, every Mormon was held obliged to consecrate all his earthly posses-

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sions to "God's work" on the demand of the Prophet.

The common fund was used, then, to promote community enterprises and to relieve the poor. The tithe-payer saw the good result of the administration of the Church's moneys, and was generally satisfied. He was promised eternal happiness if he paid an honest tithe, but he was also given an earthly reward—for the Church admitted him to many opportunities and enterprises from which the niggardly were adroitly excluded. He was spiritually elevated and enlarged by giving for a purpose that he considered worthy—the fulfilment of a commandment of God and the relief of his fellow-creatures—and the community benefited by having a part of its yearly surplus administered for the common good.

But by the time the Church had reached its third generation of tithe-payers, the "financial Prophets" had made a change. On the theory that since the Mormons were paying the bulk of the taxes, they should share in the distribution of the public relief funds, the Mormon poor were denied assistance from "the storehouse of the Lord," and were compelled to enter the poorhouses, to seek shelter on the "county farms," or to take charity from their neighbors. The resulting degradation of a sublime principle of human helpfulness is strikingly shown in the fact that in some cases, where the county relief funds are distributed through a Mormon clerk of paupers for outdoor relief, the Mormon bishop even collects one tenth of this money from the wretched recipients as their contribution to God Almighty!

"DICKERING WITH THE LORD"

Nor is the greed of the present hierarchy satisfied with one tenth of a Mormon's income. Said Joseph F. Smith, at the April Conference of 1899 (according to the Church's official report): "If a farmer raises two thousand bushels of wheat, as the result of his year's labor, how many bushels should he pay for tithing? Well, some go straightway to dickering with the Lord. They will say that they hired a man so and so, and his wages must be taken out; that they had to pay such and such expenses, and this cost and that cost; and they reckon out all their expenses and tithe the balance." To Smith's inspired financial genius this was "dickering with the Lord." He wished to collect ten per cent. of the farmer's entire yield—a tithe that would have bankrupted the farmer in three years!

Nor is the tithe any longer the only exaction demanded by the Prophet. A score of "donations" have been added.

There is the Stake Tabernacle Donation, which is a fund collected from the Mormons of each "stake" (corresponding usually to a county) for the building of a house in which to hold stake conferences.

There is the Ward Meeting-House Donation, which is a fund collected from the Mormons of every "ward" for the erection of a local chapel.

RAISING THE COST OF SALVATION

There is the Fast Day Donation, made up of contributions gathered on the afternoon of the first Sunday of each month, at what is called a "fast meeting," for the support of the local poor; and this is supplemented by the Relief Society Donation, solicited by the members of the Ladies' Relief Society, in a house-to-house canvass, from Mormons and Gentiles alike.

A Light and Heat Donation is collected by the deacons of the ward, under direction of the bishop, to pay for the lighting and heating of the ward meeting-house.

A Missionary Donation is collected at a "missionary benefit entertainment," to help defray the expenses of a member of a ward sent on a mission; and since a missionary must necessarily be an elder, a Quorum Missionary Donation is also taken from his fellow members of the quorum to assist him. So far as the Church is concerned, he travels "without purse or scrip," by order of "revelation"; but this inhibition does not extend to the use of his own money—if he has any left after paying the other exactions—nor does it prevent him either from receiving contributions from his impoverished fellows or accepting charity from "the enemies of God's people" whom he labors to redeem. And on these terms about ninety per cent. of the adult male Mormons perform missionary services for the Church.

All priesthood quorums have monthly Quorum Dues collected from their members.

On one Sunday of each month, called Nickel Sunday, the Sunday-school members pay in five cents each for the purchase of new books, etc.

On Dime Tuesday, once a month, the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

members of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations pay in ten cents each for the purchase of books, etc.

On Nickel Friday, once a month, the infant members of the Primary Association pay in five cents each to the association.

Religious Class Donations are paid once a month by the Mormon public school pupils for the support of the week-day religious classes.

Amusement Hall Donations are collected from the members of a ward whose bishop finds them able to build a place of amusement.

When a temple is to be erected, Temple Donations are collected, continuously, until the work is finished and paid for; and when members of the Church "go through the Temple," they are required to pay another form of Temple Donation in any sum that they can afford.

COMMERCIAL PASSPORTS TO HEAVEN

Should a need arise, not provided for by the specific donations given above, a Special Donation is collected to meet it. Yet in the face of all these exactions of tithes and donations, the ecclesiast still boasts: "We are not like the 'preachers for hire and diviners for money.' *We* never pass the plate at our sacred services. Our clergy labor, without pay, to give free salvation to a sinful world!"

In addition to doing missionary service, paying tithes, and contributing donations, the latter-day Mormon, if he be obedient to the counsel of the Church's anointed financiers, must support the commercial and financial undertakings of the hierarchy. These are officially designated "the Church's institutions" by the authorities; but they are in no way the property of the Church. They are advertised as community enterprises, but they are such only in the sense that the community is commanded by "the voice of God" to sustain them. There is no voice of God to command a distribution of their profits. And they are no longer conducted for the benefit of the community, but to exploit it.

The good Mormon must purchase his sugar from "the Church's" sugar company (Joseph F. Smith, president), which is controlled by the national sugar trust and charges trust prices. He must buy salt from "the Church's" salt monopoly (Joseph F. Smith, president), which is a part of, and pays dividends to, the national salt trust. He is taught to go for his merchandise to the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution (Joseph F. Smith, president), where even whisky is sold under the symbol of the All-seeing Eye and the words "Holiness to the Lord" in gilt letters. And Joseph F. Smith, at the April Conference of 1898 (according to the Church's official report), scolded those "pretendedly pious" Mormons who "were shocked and horrified" to find "liquid poison" sold under these auspices—for, as Smith argued, with characteristic greed, if the Mormon who wanted whisky could not get it in the Church store, "he would not patronize Z. C. M. I. at all, but would go elsewhere to deal!"

The farmers are "counseled" to buy their vehicles from "the Church's" firm, the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company (Joseph F. Smith, president); to take out their fire insurance with the "Church's" Home Fire Insurance Company (Joseph F. Smith, president); and to insure their lives with the "Church's" Beneficial Life Insurance Company (Joseph F. Smith, president). The Salt Lake Knitting Company (Joseph F. Smith, president) makes, among other things, the sacred knitted garments that are prescribed for every Mormon who takes the "Endowment Oaths," to be worn by him, forever after, as a shield "against the Adversary"; and these garments bear the label: "Approved by the Presidency. No knitted garment approved which does not bear this label." By which ingenious bit of religious commercialism, the sacred marks that are on the garments (which are accepted as a sort of passport to heaven) have been increased by the sacred Smith trade-mark that admits the wearer to the Smith heaven.

THE COMMUNITY PAYS THE BILL

The Church's banking institutions (of which Joseph F. Smith is president)are recommended as safer than others because the money goes into the hands of "the brethren." Church newspapers must be subscribed for, because all others are "unreliable"—although the Church's *Deseret News* (Joseph F. Smith, president) is one of the most dishonest, unjust, and mendacious organs that ever poisoned the public mind. And so on, through the whole list of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

business concerns by which the Church authorities are to profit. The Mormons, having learned of old the value of a solid community support for community enterprises established in the interests of the community, are still kept solidly supporting ecclesiastical enterprises administered for the benefit of the hierarchy or its favorites at the community's expense!

SMITH GETS THREE MILLION A YEAR IN TITHES

The Utah Light and Railway Company (Joseph F. Smith, president) which was supported by the tithes of the Mormon people, was charging $1.25 per thousand cubic feet for fuel gas and $1.75 for illuminating gas, just before the company was sold to the "Harriman interests." (The Supreme Court of the United States has upheld a rate of eighty cents a thousand as a fair price for gas in New York City.)

The Salt Lake street railway (operating under a fifty-year franchise obtained from the City Council by the power of the Church while Joseph F. Smith was president of the company) charges a five-cent fare, gives but one transfer, allows no half fares for children, and pays the city practically nothing for the use of its streets.

Before the transfer of the Church's sugar stocks to the trust, the sugar factories paid the farmer four dollars and fifty cents a ton for his beets and sold him sugar for four dollars and fifty cents a hundred pounds; today beets are bought for four dollars and fifty cents a ton, and sugar is sold at six dollars a hundred pounds.

The price asked for salt in Utah, where it should be "dirt cheap," is the same as everywhere under the salt trust.

And so on—through the rest of the list.

To maintain this system of sanctified gain, Joseph F. Smith invokes all the power of his "divine" authority as "the mouthpiece of the Lord." He protects the sugar trust by preventing the establishment of independent sugar factories (as, for example, in Sanpete and Sevier counties in 1905), just as he protects the salt trust by preventing the competition of independent salt gardens (as in the case of Smurthwaite and Taylor). He issues his edict of protection as "the vicegerent of God on Earth" to the Mormons; and he excommunicates and ostracizes, in this world and the next, the Mormon protestant who dares rebel against his highly developed commercial monopoly.

He receives between two and three million dollars a year in tithes, gives no accounting of them, and has no responsibility for them, except to God and his own conscience. He is able to use this sum, in bulk, at any given point, with a weight of financial pressure that would overbalance any other such single power in the community. As "trustee in trust" for the Church, he has the added income from stocks and previous investments; and he has practical control of the wealth of all the leading men of the Church to assist him, if he should call upon them for assistance. He uses his financial dictatorship to support monopoly against the assault of Gentile opposition, and he compels the Gentile to pay tribute as the Mormon does.

He backs his financial power with his control of legislation. He can not only prevent the passage of any laws against his favored monopolies, but (as in the case of the smelters) he can reduce independents to submission by threatening them with procured laws to penalize them. He largely controls the "labor troubles" of the state by controlling the obedience of the Mormon laboring men. He can influence judges, officers of the law, and all the agents of local government by his power as political "boss," and the same influence extends, through his representatives at Washington, to the local activities of Federal authority. He can check and govern public opinion among his subjects by announcing "the Will of God" to them through the officers of the Church in every department of religious administration. He is, therefore, at once the modern "money king," the absolute political czar, the social despot, and the infallible pope of his "Kingdom."

MODERN ROBBER BARONS

Just as men fight for the retention of a throne and the maintenance of a dynasty, so he and his courtiers defend his rule and maintain his autocracy with every weapon of absolutism. And just as royalty, while possessed of unlimited wealth, has never lacked mercenaries, press bureaus, and all the sycophantic defenders of a crown, so Smith is able to command an array of service as great as any ever brought to the defense of a social system. This singular and enormous power stands solidly against any

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

movement of domestic reform; and, by its alliance with the national rulers in finance and politics, it is saved from the danger of "foreign" intervention.

Like every other such absolutism, it is crushing out the life of its subjects; for in spite of the industry, the thrift, and the abstemiousness of the Mormon people, they are sinking under the burden of imposed exactions. Although Utah became a territory in 1853, and had its well-settled towns at that time, and was organized in a compact social body for the upbuilding of its material prosperity before any of the surrounding states had received an organic act as a territory, Utah does not retain her leadership, and the individual initiative and enterprise of the typical Western community have been relatively lost.

MORMONISM A HOPELESS FAILURE

In this process of degeneration, one of the most promising modern experiments in communism has been frustrated and brought to ruin. In the early nineties, Dr. Josiah Strong, of New York City, viewed the Mormon system with an interested admiration. He saw that by contribution, and cooperation, and arbitration, the energies of the people were better conserved and the products of their prosperity more equally distributed than under the conditions of economic war then prevalent elsewhere. He thought he saw in Utah a possible solution of some of the social problems of our civilization. But, a few years ago, he confessed that the Mormon system was no longer worthy of study. It had been destroyed by the greed of its rulers.

Community contributions were being used for individual commercialism and the aggrandizement of leaders. The aged and infirm poor, who had contributed through all the working period of their lives, were being thrust into poorhouses. The ambition of the earlier Prophets to make the people great in their community prosperity and happiness, had been lost in the new desire of the head of the Church to exhibit that greatness only in his own person. The Mormon people had become the working slaves of a financial and political and religious autocracy, and Mormonism was no longer anything but a hopeless failure as a social experiment.

It is difficult to say how much of this failure was due to the character of the present Prophet, and how much to the national conditions that are threatening the success of democracy in every state of the Union. It would seem that the conditions were ideal for the production of just such a man as Smith, and that Smith was by nature fitted for the greatest growth under just such conditions. He came to power with none of the feeling of responsibility to his people which the earlier leaders showed. He considered that the people lived for him, not that he lived for the people. He regarded the Mormon system as an establishment of his family, to which he had the family right of inheritance; and he waited with a sulky impatience for the deaths of the men who stood between him and the control of his family's Church. It was as if he accepted his immediate predecessors as exercising their powers, during an interregnum, by the consent of the Mormon people, but saw himself acceding to the throne by family right and the order of Divinity.

He had no financial ability; he had no considerable property when he became President of the Church at sixty-three. Nor did he need any such ability. The continuous inflow of money—to be used without accountability to any one—and the wealth of opportunity offered by the men who wished his aid in exploiting his people, made it unnecessary that he should have any creative financial vision. He needed only to move, with his opportunity, along the line of least resistance—which was also, with him, the line of choice.

SMITH EXPLOITS THE GENTILES, TOO

He had, through all his years, shown an obvious envy of any member of the Church whose circumstances were better than his own. It was apparent in his manner that he regarded such success in the community as an encroachment upon the Smith prerogatives. As soon as he came to power, he accepted every opportunity of self-aggrandizement as a new Smith prerogative. And the system of modern capitalism appealed at once to his ambition. By the older method of tithes and conscriptions, he could collect only from the devotees of the Church; by the larger exploitation, he could levy tribute upon the Gentiles too.

And he was aided by the Mormons themselves. They had been brought together, in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

obedience to "a command of God," in order that the community, by avoiding the sins of the world, might be saved from the plagues that were to descend upon the world because of its injustice. They were a credulous people, ignorant of the sins of modern finance, and prepared by industry and isolation to be exploited. Their previous leaders had observed, as a warning only, the modern aspiration for vast wealth obtained by economic injustice; but that aspiration made an instant appeal to Smith's ambition; and it is the peculiar iniquity of conditions in Utah to-day that his ambition has betrayed his people to the very evils which they were originally organized to escape.

THE ULTIMATE INSANE FANATIC

In an earlier time it was the pride of the leader that the community in the large was advancing and the average of conditions improving. To-day the leader assumes that as he grows richer the people are prospering and "the revelations of God" are being vindicated in practise. He speaks with pride of "our" growth and wealth under "the benign authority of the Almighty" and His "temporal revelations"—because he himself has been enriched by the perversion of these same laws—very much as the "captain of industry" elsewhere boasts of the "prosperity" of the country, because the few are growing so rich at the expense of the many.

Along with this strain of commercial greed in Smith, there is an equally strong strain of religious fanaticism that justifies the greed and sanctifies it, to itself. He believes (as Apostle Orson Pratt taught, by authority of the Church) that "the Kingdom of God is an order of government established by divine authority. It is the only legal government that can exist in any part of the universe. All other governments are illegal and unauthorized.... Any people attempting to govern themselves by laws of their own making, and by officers of their own appointment, are in direct rebellion against the Kingdom of God."

Smith believes that over this Kingdom the Smiths have been, by divine revelation, ordained to rule. He believes that his authority is the absolute and unquestionable authority of God Himself. He believes that in all the affairs of life he has the same right over his subjects that the Creator has over His creatures. He believes that he has been appointed to use the Mormon people as he in his inspired wisdom sees fit to use them, in order the more firmly to establish God's Kingdom on Earth against the Powers of Evil.

He believes that the people of the American Republic, "being governed by laws of their own making and by officers of their own appointment," are in direct rebellion against "his Kingdom of God." He believes that the national government is destined to be broken in pieces by his power; that it has been preserved from destruction only by the concessions recently made by the Federal authorities; and that it can continue to save itself only so long as it shall recognize Smith's ambassadors at Washington—and so allow him to work out its destruction in the fulness of time.

But with all this insanity of pretension he has a sort of cowardly shrewdness acquired in his days of hiding "on the underground." On the witness-stand in Washington he denied that he had had any direct communication with God by revelation; and then he returned to Utah and pleaded from the pulpit that on this point he had lied in Washington in order to escape saying what his "inquisitors" had wished him to say in order to get him "into a trap." He preaches in Utah that to deny the doctrine of polygamy is to reject the teaching of Jesus Christ; before the Senate committee he was coward enough to put the blame of his polygamous cohabitation upon his five wives. In Washington he claimed that the Gentiles of Utah condoned polygamous cohabitation and had a liberal sympathy for the Church; but at St. George, Utah (in September, 1904), he was reported by a church newspaper as saying:

LYING TO SERVE GOD!

"The Gentiles are coming among us to buy our homes and land. We should not sell to them, as they are the enemies of the Kingdom of God."

He is that most perfect of all hypocrites—the fanatic who believes that he is lying in the service of the Almighty.

In the early spring of 1888, I was in Washington, where measures of proscription were then being prepared against our people; and, early in the morning, as I walked up Massachusetts Avenue, I saw Joseph F. Smith ap-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

proaching me. For several years he had been "on the underground" under the name of "Joseph Mack"—now in the Hawaiian Islands with one wife; now hidden, with another, among the faithful in some Mormon village; or again, with a third, in Washington (which was probably as safe a place as any), presiding secretly over the Church lobby. As he passed me, with his head down, preoccupied, I said: "Good morning, President Smith."

He jumped as if I had been a deputy marshal—with such a sudden start of fear that his silk hat rolled on to the pavement and his umbrella dropped from his hand. He drew back from me as if he were about to take to his heels. Then he recognized me, of course, and was quickly reassured; but his embarrassment continued for some time, awkwardly.

Only the other day the President of the United States stood in the Salt Lake Tabernacle (which is "Joseph Mack's" Capitol and Vatican) and addressed a multitude that had assembled not more to honor the Chief Executive of the nation than to pay their almost idolatrous tribute of devotion to the head of their Church, who was reigning there in the pulpit with President Taft.

LONG LIVE THE PROPHET OF MAMMON!

"Joseph Mack" no longer fears deputy marshals—he appoints them; and the present United States marshal of Utah is a polygamous Mormon, who would refuse to serve a paper under the direction of the entire power of the United States government if "Joseph Mack" forbade the service. He no longer fears the proscriptions of legislators at Washington; they come to him, through the leaders of their parties, and arrange with him for the support of the trans-Mississippi states in which the influence of his Church control is determinative. He no longer hides his wives at the ends of the earth, and visits them by stealth; they occupy a row of houses along one of the principal streets of Salt Lake City.

He is still a law-breaker. He stands even more in defiance of the authority of the nation than he did in '88, and he hates that authority as much as ever. But he is to-day not only the Prophet of the Church; he is the Prophet of Mammon; and all the powers and principalities of Mammon now give him gloriously: "All Hail!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE SUBJECTS OF THE KINGDOM

BUT what of the Mormon people? How can such leaders, directing the Church to purposes that have become so cruel, so selfish, so dangerous, and so disloyal—how can they maintain their power over followers who are themselves neither criminal nor degraded? That is a question which has given the pause of doubt to many criticisms of the Mormon communism of our day. That is the consideration which has obtained from the nation the protection of tolerance under which the Prophets flourish. For not only are the Mormon men and women obviously as worthy as any in the United States: there is plainly much of community value in their social life; there is manifestly a great deal of efficiency for human good in their system and in the leadership by which it is directed; and this good is so apparent that it appeals easily to the sympathetic conscience and uninformed mind of the country at large.

Let me try, then, to exhibit and to analyze the causes that keep such a virtuous and sturdy people loyally supporting the leadership of men so unworthy that if the people were as bad as the ends to which they are being now directed, modern Mormonism would be destroyed by its own evils.

In the first place, the average Mormon chief is sincere in his pretensions and self-justified in his aims. Usually, he has been born, in the Church, to a family that sees itself set apart in holiness from the rest of humanity, as the direct heirs of the ancient prophets or even as the lineal descendants of Christ. From his earliest age of understanding, he is taught the divine splendor of his birth and impressed with the high duties of his family privilege in being permitted to bear a part in preparing the earth for the second coming of the Saviour. He is taught that, though all the world may be saved, and nearly all the people of this sphere will in some eternity work out a measure of salvation, he and one hundred and forty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine others are to be a band of the elect who shall stand about the Saviour, on Mount Zion, in the final day.

He is taught that, next to Christ, Joseph Smith, the founder of the faith, has performed the largest mission for the salvation of the world; that in the councils of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

gods, when the Creator measured off the ages of the human race on this earth, to the Saviour was apportioned "the meridian of time," and to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was given the "last dispensation," which is "the fulness of times," in order that the world, having apostatized from the atonement and the redemption, might be saved to heaven by Joseph, "the Choice Seer."

He is taught that the disciples of the Mormon Prophet are literally the disciples of Jesus Christ; that the laws of right and wrong are within the direction, and subject to, the authority of the Prophet, to be changed, enlarged, or even revoked by his commandment; that all human laws are equally subject to his will, to be made or unmade at his order; that he can condemn, by his excommunication, any man or any nation to the vengeance of the Almighty here and hereafter; and that he can pronounce a blessing upon the head of any man, or the career of any people, by virtue of which blessing power shall be held in this world righteously and the man elevated to sit at the right hand of God in the world to come. He is taught that the greatest sin which can be committed—next to the denial of Christ—is to raise hand or voice against "the Lord's anointed," the Mormon Prophets. And, for morality, he is taught from his infancy that he must scrupulously practise those special virtues of his cult—industry, thrift, purity (except as in later life he shall be inducted into the practise of the new polygamy), honesty in business, and charity toward his needy fellow men.

WHY THE MORMONS TOLERATE SMITH

Formed in character by this teaching, as a steady inculcation throughout his youth, he comes to manhood strong of body, determined of mind, practising rigidly and intolerantly his petty virtues of abstinence from the use of tobacco, tea, and coffee, proclaiming with fanatical zeal the gospel as it has been proclaimed to him, and self-justified in all that he says or does by the large measure of sincerity in his delusions.

And that is, in some degree, the common training of all Mormons. Every Mormon boy attends Sunday-school as soon as he is old enough to lisp his song of adoration to Joseph, the Kingly Prophet, and to the Saviour with whom Joseph is early associated in his childish mind. At six years of age he enters the Primary Association; at twelve he is in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association; at fourteen or even earlier, he stands in the fast-day meeting and repeats like a creed:

"Brethren and Sisters, I feel called upon to say a few words. I am not able to edify you, but I can say that I know this is the Church and Kingdom of God, and I bear my testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet and that Brigham Young was his lawful successor, and that the Prophet Joseph F. Smith is heir to all the authority which the Lord has conferred in these days for the salvation of men. And I feel that if I live my religion and do nothing to offend the Holy Spirit, I will be saved in the presence of my Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. With these few words I will give way. Praying the Lord to bless each and every one of us is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

"FOR I AM HOLIER THAN THOU"

At fourteen he becomes a deacon of the Church. Between that age and twenty, he becomes an elder. Very soon thereafter he becomes "a Seventy" and perhaps a high priest. He takes upon himself "covenants in holy places." He becomes "a priest unto the Most High God"—frequently before his eighteenth year. Usually before he is twenty he is sent on a mission to proclaim his gospel—the only one he has ever heard in his life—to "an unenlightened nation" and "a wicked world." For, in addition to being taught that the Mormons are the best, most virtuous, most temperate, most industrious, and most God-fearing of all peoples—a thing that is dinned into his ears from the pulpit every Sunday in the year—he has been convinced by equal iteration that the rest of the world is a festering mass of corruption.

Often he goes abroad, to some country whose language and customs he must learn and upon the charity of whose toilers he must depend for his maintenance. He goes with an implicit reliance upon God, strong in the small virtues that have been taught him from the time he knelt at his mother's knee. He sees, probably for the first time, the afflictions and the sins among mankind; and he keeps himself unspotted from them, congratulating himself that these grossnesses are unknown to his sheltered home-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

life and to the religion which he holds as the ideal of his soul. He proclaims his belief that God has spoken from the heavens, through the Mormon Prophet, in this last day, to restore the gospel of Christ from which the peoples of the earth have wandered. He "bears testimony" to the whole world, and he binds himself to the authority of his Church by proclaiming his belief in it.

When he returns home, after years of service, he is called to the stand in the tabernacle to give a report of his work. He finds waiting for him a ready advancement in the offices of the Church according as he may show himself worthy of advancement, or as the power of family or the favor of ecclesiastical authority may obtain it for him. He marries a girl who has had a training almost identical with his own. She, too, has borne her testimony before she reached years of responsibility. She has taken her vows as a priestess at the age when he was dedicating himself a priest. She may even have performed a foreign mission. They have both been promised that they shall become kings and queens in the eternal world. They are bound by their covenants to obey their superior priests. They can not disregard their Church affiliations without recanting their vows. The only way they can adhere to their covenants with their Almighty Father—the only way they can demonstrate their acceptance of the atoning power of the Redeemer's sacrifice—is by yielding such obedience to the Prophet as they would pay to the Father and the Son if They were on earth in Their proper persons. To deviate from this faithfulness is to be marked as a Judas Iscariot by all the Latter-Day Saints.

KEEPING THE MORMONS IN LINE

As soon as the Mormon becomes the head of a family—in addition to all the testimonies and performances which he must give as proof of his continued adherence—he must submit himself and his household to the examination and espionage of the ward teachers who invade his home at least once a month. They enter absolutely as the proprietors of the house. If the husband is there, they ask him whether he performs his duties in the Church; whether he holds family prayer morning and evening; whether he "keeps the word of wisdom"—that is, does he abstain from the use of alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee; whether he pays a full tithe and all the prescribed donations to the Church; whether he has any hard feelings against any of his brethren and sisters; and finally whether he devoutly sustains the Prophet as the ruler of God's Kingdom upon earth. These questions, so far as they apply, are put to each member of the family above the age of eight years. Should the husband be away, all the inquiries concerning him are made of the wife. If both parents are absent, the questions concerning them are put to their children!

THE MONTHLY MORMON "QUIZ"

This one branch of the ecclesiastical service is sufficient of itself to mark the Mormon Church as the most perfectly disciplined institution among mankind. The teachers' quorum in any neighborhood consists of some tried elders, usually of considerable ability and experience. With these are associated numerous young men, many of them returned missionaries. The fact that they have countless other duties in the Church and many other and weightier responsibilities, is not permitted to excuse them from performing strictly this important labor. Perhaps a dozen or twenty families are assigned to a couple of teachers. They are required to visit each of these families once every month; and if they discover any lapse of fidelity, they report at once to the bishop.

No one who has not seen them on their rounds will believe with what an air of divinely privileged authority they enter a home and force its secrets of conscience—with what an imposing and arrogant zeal—with what a calm assumption of spiritual overlordship and inquisitorial right. Some few years ago, after my public criticisms of Joseph F. Smith had been followed by my excommunication, two teachers, on their monthly rounds, came to my home in the evening and made their way calmly to the library where I was sitting with some members of my family. I had just returned from a long absence abroad, and the visit was an untimely intrusion at its best; but we observed the obligations of hospitality with what courtesy we could, and merely evaded the familiar questions which they began to put to us.

Finally the elder of the two teachers, a man of some local prominence in the Church,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

undertook to "bear testimony" to the wickedness of any one who opposed the divine rule of Joseph F. Smith; and when I cut him short with a request that he leave the house, he was as shocked and surprised as if he had been Milton's Archangel Michael, after "the fall," and I a defiant Adam showing him the door.

In addition to the visitations of the ward teachers, some members of the Ladies' Relief Society call upon every family usually once a month, not only to gather donations for the poor, but to have a little quiet talk with the wife and mother of the household. These women of the Relief Society are genuine "Sisters of Charity." In most cases they have themselves plenty of household cares, yet they give much of their time to visiting the sick, supplying the wants of the needy, or ministering to the miseries of the afflicted; and if it were not for them and their noble work, the Mormon poor would fare ill in these days of Mormon Church grandeur.

REAL SISTERS OF CHARITY

Outside of their monthly visitations, they have definite preaching to do. At the meetings of their organization, they "bear testimony" that Joseph was a Prophet—and so on. They have the quarterly stake conferences to attend. Their traveling missionaries go from Salt Lake to the four quarters of the globe to institute and maintain the discipline of the organization and to teach the methods of its practical work in nursing schools, mothers' classes, and the like. They make up one of the noblest bodies of women associated with any social movement of humanity. And in their zeal and submissiveness they are so innocently meek and "biddable" that they can listen with reverence to young Hyrum Smith publicly lecturing the grandmothers of the order for occasionally partaking of a cup of thin tea.

Under such a system of teaching, discipline, and espionage, how can the average Mormon man or woman develop any independence of thought or action? At what time of life can he assert himself? Before he has attained the age of reason he has declared his faith in public. If he shall, then in his teens, express any doubt, the priests are ready for him.

"You have borne your testimony many times in the Church," they say sternly. "Were you lying then, or have you lost the Spirit of God through your transgressions?"

If he reveals any doubt to the ward teachers, they will overwhelm him with argument, and either absolutely reconvert him or silence him with authority. The pressure of family love and pride will be brought to bear upon him. The ecclesiastical authorities will move against him. He knows that every one of his relatives will be humiliated by his unfaithfulness. His "sin" will become known to the whole community, and he will be looked at askance by his friends and his companions.

THE NOOSE AROUND THE MORMON'S NECK

After he has taken his vows as a priest, how shall he dare to violate them? He knows that if he loses his faith on a mission—in other words, if he dares to make any inquiry into the authenticity of the mission which he is performing—he becomes a deserter from God in the very ranks of battle. He knows that he will be held forever in dishonor among his people; that he will be looked upon as one worse than dead; that he will ruin his own life and despoil his parents of all their eternal comfort and their hope in him.

While I was editing the *Salt Lake Tribune*, a son of one of the famous apostles came to me with some anxious inquiries, and said: "Frank, I have been working in the Church and teaching this gospel so assiduously for nearly forty years that I have never had time to find out whether it's true or not!"

If the Mormon, in his later years of manhood, dares to doubt, he must either reveal his disloyalty to the ward teachers or continue to deny it, from month to month, and remain a supine servant of authority. If he reveals it, he knows that the news of his defection will permeate the entire circle with which he is associated in politics, in business, and in religion. If his superstition does not hold him, his worldly prudence will. He knows that all the aid of the community will be withdrawn from him; every voice that has expressed affection for him will speak in hate; every hand that has clasped his in friendship will be turned against him.

And into this very prudence there enters something of a moral warning; for he has seen how many a man, deprived of the association and fraternity of the Church, feeling himself shunned in a lonely ostracism, has not been strong enough to endure in recti-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tude and has fallen into dissipation. Every instance of the sort is rehearsed by the faithful, with many exultant expressions of mourning, in the hearing of the doubter. And finally, it is the prediction of the priests that no apostate can prosper; and though the Mormon people are charitable and do not intend to be unjust, they inevitably tend to fulfil the prophecy and devote the apostate to material destruction.

The great doctrine of the Mormon faith is obedience; the one proof of grace is conformity. So long as a man pays a full tithe, contributes all the required donations, and yields unquestioningly to the orders of the priests, he may even depart in a moral sense from any other of the Church's laws and find himself excused. But any questioning of the rulership of the Prophets—the rightfulness of their authority or the justice of its exercise—is apostasy, is a denial of the faith, is a sin against the Holy Ghost.

HOW GOD TAKES CARE OF HIS PROPHETS

The man who obeys in all things is promised that he shall come forth in the morning of the first resurrection; the man who disobeys, and by his disobedience apostatizes, is condemned to work out, through an eternity of suffering, his offense against the Holy Spirit. At the first sign of defection—almost inevitably discovered in its incipiency—the rebel is either disciplined into submission or at once pushed over "the battlements of heaven."

By such perfect means, the leaders, chosen under a pretense of revelation from God, maintain an unassailable sanctity in the eyes of the people, who are themselves priests. These people implicitly believe that the voice of the leader is the voice of God. They follow with a passionate devotion that is made up of a fanatical priestly faith and of a sympathy that sees their Prophets "persecuted" by an ungenerous, impure, and vindictive world. We love that for which we suffer; and it has become the inheritance of the Mormons to love the priesthood for whose protection their parents and grandparents suffered, and under whose oppressions they now suffer themselves.

Joseph Smith, the original Prophet, was slain in the Carthage jail; to the Mormon mind this is proof that he was the anointed of God and that he sealed his testimony with his blood, as did the Saviour. John Taylor, afterward President of the Church, was not slain at Carthage, but only wounded; and this to the Mormons is proof that he was of the eternal kindred of the Prophets, because, under God's direction, he gave his blood to their defense. But Willard Richards, a companion of Smith and Taylor, was not even injured at Carthage; and this is accepted as proof that God had charge of His holy ones, and would not permit wicked men to do them harm.

THE PROPHET CAN DO NO WRONG

When the people left Nauvoo and journeyed through Iowa, some of the people of that state would not harbor them; and this is argued as evidence that the Mormon movement was God's work, since the hand of the wicked was against it; but in some localities of Iowa the emigrants were aided, and this also is proof that the Mormon movement was God's work, since the hearts of the people were melted to assist it. When Johnston's army was sent to Utah, it was proof that the Mormon Church was the true Church, hated and persecuted by a wicked nation; when Johnston's army withdrew without a battle, it was a new guarantee of the divinity of the work; and it is even believed among the Mormons that the Civil War was ordained from the heavens, at the sudden command of God, to compel Johnston's withdrawal and save God's people.

In the same way, the persecutions of "the raid," and the cessation of those persecutions; the early trials of poverty and the subsequent abundance of prosperity; the threat of the Smoot investigation and the abortive conclusion of that exposure—all are argued as proofs of the divinity of a persecuted Church or given as instances of the miraculous "overruling" of God to prosper His chosen people. No matter what occurs, the Prophets, by applying either one of these formulas, can translate the incident into a new proof of grace; and their followers submissively accept the interpretation.

On the night of April 18, 1905, Joseph F. Smith and some eight of his sons sat in his official box at the Salt Lake Theatre to watch a prize-fight that lasted for twenty gory rounds. The *Salt Lake Tribune* published the fact that the Prophet of God and vicegerent of Christ had given the approval of his "holy presence" to this clumsy barbar-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ity. A devout old lady who had been with the Church since the days of Nauvoo, rebuked us bitterly for publishing such a falsehood about President Smith.

"How dare you tell such wicked lies about God's servants?" she scolded. "President Smith wouldn't do such a wicked thing as attend a prize-fight. And you know that no man with any sense of decency would take his young sons to look at such a dreadful thing!"

Some time later, when the facts in the case had come to her from her friends, the editor called upon her to quiz her about the incident. She said:

"I'm sure I don't see what business it is of the outside world, anyhow, what President Smith does. He has a right to go to the theatre if he wants to. I don't believe they would have anything but what's good in the Salt Lake Theatre. It was built by our people and they own it. And if it wasn't good, President Smith wouldn't have taken his boys there."

And this was not merely the absurdity of an old woman. It is the logic of all the faithful. The leaders can not do wrong—because it *is* not wrong, if they do it. No criticism of them can be effective. No act of theirs can be proven an error. If they do not do a thing, it was right not to do it; and it would have been a sin if it *had* been done. But if they do that thing, then it was right to do it; and it would have been a sin if it had *not* been done.

99½ PER CENT. PURE

This reliance upon the almighty power and prophetic infallibility of the leaders prevents the Mormon people from truly appreciating the dangers that threaten them. It keeps them ignorant of outside sentiment. It makes them despise even a national hostility. And it has left them without gratitude, too, for a national grace. Before these people can be roused to any independence of responsible thought, it will be necessary to break their trust in the ability of their leaders to make bargains of protection with the world; and then it will still be necessary to force the eyes of their self-complacency to turn from the satisfied contemplation of their own virtues.

"You will never be able to reach the conscience of the Mormons," a man who knows them has declared. "I have had my experiences with both leaders and people. If you tell them 'You're ninety-nine and one-half per cent. pure gold,' they will ask, surprised and indignant: 'What! Why, what's the matter with the other half per cent.?' "

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION

Of the men who could have written this narrative, some are dead; some are prudent; some are superstitious; and some are personally forsworn. It appeared to me that the welfare of Utah and the common good of the whole United States required the publication of the facts that I have tried to demonstrate. Since there was apparently no one else who felt the duty and also had the information or the wish to write, it seemed my place to undertake it. And I have done it gladly; for when I was subscribing the word of the Mormon chiefs for the fulfilment of our statehood pledges, I engaged my own honor too, and gave bond myself against the very treacheries that I have here recorded.

We promised that the Church had forever renounced the doctrine of polygamy and the practise of plural marriage living, by a "revlation from God" promulgated by the supreme Prophet of the Church, and accepted by the vote of the whole congregation assembled in conference. We promised the retirement of the Mormon Prophets from the political direction of their followers—the abrogation of the claim that the Mormon Church was the "Kingdom of God" reestablished upon earth to supersede all civil government—the abandonment by the Church of any authority to exercise a temporal power in competition with the civil law. We promised to make the teaching and practise of the Church conform to the institutions of a republic in which all citizens are equal in liberty. We promised that the Church should cease to accumulate property for the support of illegal practises and un-American government.

And we made a record in proof of our promises by the anti-polygamy manifesto of 1890 and its public ratification; by the petition for amnesty and the acceptance of amnesty upon conditions; by the provisions of Utah's enabling act and of Utah's state constitution; by the acts of Congress and the judicial decisions restoring escheated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Church property; by the proceedings of the Federal courts of Utah in reopening citizenship to the alien members of the Mormon Church; by the acquiescence of the Gentiles of Utah in the proceedings by which statehood was obtained, and, finally and most indisputably, by the admission of Utah into equal sovereignty in the Union, since that admission would never have been granted except upon the explicit understanding that the state was to uphold the laws and institutions of the American republic in accordance with our covenants.

"THE INTERESTS" BACK THE CHURCH

Of all these promises the Church authorities have kept not one! The doctrine and practise of polygamy have been restored by the Church, and plural marriage living is practised by the ruler of the kingdom and his favorites with all the show and circumstance of an Oriental court. There are now being born in his domains thousands of unfortunate children outside the pale of law and convention, for whom there can be entertained no hope that any statute will ever give them a place within the recognition of civilized society.

The Prophet of the Church rules with an absolute political power in Utah, with almost as much authority in Idaho and Wyoming, and with only a little less autocracy in parts of Colorado, Montana, Oregon, Washington, California, Arizona, and New Mexico. He names the representatives and senators in Congress from his own state, and influences decisively the selection of such "deputies of the people" from many of the surrounding states. Through his ambassadors to the government of the United States, sitting in House and Senate, he chooses the Federal officials for Utah and influences the appointment of those for the neighboring states and territories. He commands the making and unmaking of state law. He holds the courts and the prosecuting officers to a strict accountability. He levies tribute upon the people of Utah and helps to loot the citizens of the whole nation by his alliance with the political and financial Plunderbund at Washington. He has enslaved the subjects of his kingdom absolutely, and he looks to it as the destiny of his Church to destroy all the governments of the world and to substitute for them the theocracy—the "government by God" and administration by oracle—of his successors in office.

And yet, even so, I could not have recorded the incidents of this betrayal as mere matters of current history—and I would never have written them in vindication of myself—if I had not been certain that there is a remedy for the evil conditions in Utah, and that such a narrative as this will help to hasten the remedy and right the wrong. Except for the aggressive aid given by the national administrations to the leaders of the Mormon Church, the people of Utah and the intermountain states would never have permitted the revival of a priestly tyranny in politics. Except for the protection of courts and the enforced silence of politicians and journalists, polygamy could not have been restored in the Mormon Church. Except for the interference of powerful influences at Washington to coerce the Associated Press and affect the newspapers of the country, the Mormon leaders would never have dared to defy the sensibilities of our civilization. Except for the greed of the predatory "Interests" of the nation, the commercial absolutism of the Mormon hierarchy could never have been established. The present conditions in the Mormon kingdom are due to national influences. The remedy for those conditions is the withdrawal of national sympathy and support.

WHO IS TO RULE IN UTAH?

Break the power at Washington of Joseph F. Smith, ruler of the Kingdom of God, and every seeker after Federal patronage in Utah will desert him. Break his power as a political partner of the Republican party now—and of the Democratic party, should it succeed to office—and every ambitious politician in the West will rebel against his throne. Break his power to control the channels of public communication through interested politicians and commercial agencies, and the sentiment of the civilized world will join with the revolt of the "American movement" in Utah to overthrow his tyrannies. Break his connection with the illegal trusts and combines of the United States, and his financial power will cease to be a terror and a menace to the industry and commerce of the intermountain country.

The nation *owes* Utah such a rectification, for the nation has been, in this matter, a chief sinner and a strong encourager of sin.

The Republic must overthrow the modern

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mormon Kingdom: or that Kingdom will sap the honor and power of the Republic. Both can not survive as temporal sovereignties under their present exclusive pretensions. The Republic must vindicate its own jurisdiction, by state and nation, over the temporal affairs of men within its borders; or it must rest content with such fragments of sovereignty as encroaching ecclesiasts care to leave it. The records of the world may be searched in vain for an instance in which a government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed, and a government claiming to derive exclusive and world-wide authority from God on high, were able to occupy in harmony the same territory. They have never done it; they can not do it now.

HOW UTAH CAN BE FREED

The nation need not fear that in breaking the pretensions of the modern Mormon Kingdom it will be engaging in a religious persecution. It is not religious persecution to deny the representative of a foreign potentate a seat in our Senate. It is not religious persecution to insist on the observance of a solemn covenant. It is not religious persecution to demand that a hierarchy shall keep out of politics. In my story of the modern Mormon Kingdom I have denounced not doctrines, but deception; not the keeping of faith with God, but the breaking of faith with men; not the religion which cheers and sustains. but the hierarchy which hides under the altars of that religion to prey and plunder. The nation can make the same distinction.

And the nation owes such a rectification not only to Utah, but also to *itself*. The commercial and financial Plunderbund that is now preying upon the whole country is sustained at Washington by the help of the agents of the Mormon Church. The Prophet not only delivers his own subjects up to pillage; he helps to deliver the people of the entire United States. His senators are not representatives of a political party; they are the tools of "the Interests" that are his partners. The shameful conditions in Utah are not peculiar to that state; they are largely the result of national conditions, and they have a national effect. The Prophet of Utah is not a local despot only; he is a national enemy; and the nation must deal with him.

I do not ask for a resumption of cruelty, for a return to proscription. I ask only that the nation shall rouse itself to a sense of its responsibility. The Mormon Church has shown its ability to conform to the demands of the Republic—even by "revelation from God," if necessary. The leaders of the Church are now defiant in their treasons only because the nation has ceased to reprove and the national administrations have powerfully encouraged. As soon as the Mormon hierarchy discovers that the people of this country, wearied of violated treaties and broken covenants, are about to exclude the political agents of the Prophet from any participation in national affairs, the advisers of his inspiration will quickly persuade him to make a concession to popular wrath. As soon as "the Interests" realize that the burden of shame in Utah is too large to be comfortable on their backs, they will throw it off. The presidents of the United States will be unable to gain votes by patronizing the crucifiers of women and children. The national administrations will not dare to stand against the efforts of the Gentiles and the independent Mormons of Utah to regain their liberty. And Utah, the Islam of the West, will depose its old sultan and rise free.

THE TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH

With this hope—in this conviction—I have written, in all candor, what no reasons of personal advantage or self-justification could have induced me to write. I shall be accused of rancor, of religious antagonism, of political ambition, of egotistical pride. But no man who knows the truth will say sincerely that I have lied. Whatever is attributed as my motive, my veracity in these articles will not be successfully impeached. In that confidence, I leave all the attacks that guilt and bigotry can make upon me to the public to whom they will be addressed. The truth, in its own time, will prevail, in spite of cunning. I am willing to await that time—for myself—and for the Mormon people.

THE END

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE SPINTHARISCOPE

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Author of "McALLISTER AND HIS DOUBLE," "MORTMAIN," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

YOUNG LEDLE laid the spinthariscope on the edge of the dissecting table and rubbed his right eye.

"My gad!" he exclaimed fervently. "It's simply marvelous! And to think that every one of those millions of little sparks in there is an atom of helium."

Dr. Hapgood barely looked up from the shell-fish which he was deftly separating into its component parts.

"Yes, it's a pretty toy. Every one is pleased with it. The radium emanations from the point of the needle are really very beautiful. By the way, what do they look like to you?"

Ledle picked up the little brass cylinder and again adjusted it to his eye. It was about an inch and a half in height and resembled a small pocket microscope with a brass plate on the bottom instead of the ordinary lower lens.

"Not exactly like anything else I've ever seen," he answered slowly. "They're having a terrible time in there, all right. Of course, I can see myriads of particles of light apparently leaping off the point of the needle, like the sparks that flash and die in the trail of a falling star, but somehow they don't look precisely like flashes, either. They seem to me more like millions of glow-worms darting here and there and showing their lamps. How do they look to you?"

"Like moonlight on the water," answered Hapgood shortly.

His companion nodded appreciatively. "You've got it! That's exactly what they look like—moonlight on the water! And, just like moonlight, there's something ghostly and uncanny in the way those atoms of helium, or whatever they are, keep on forever jumping off the point of that needle. Devilish uncanny! Don't they ever stop? Doesn't the effect of the radium on the needle ever wear off?"

Hapgood laid down his knife and lit a cigarette. Through the open window of the laboratory he could look across to the "Swimming Pool"—the island's center of social activity. Some fifty youths and maidens were either splashing around in the water about the float or sunning themselves on the parapet. Parasols and gay muslins fluttered on the balcony above. Back of the town the green of the hills shadowed the brilliant blue of a typical summer day on the Maine coast.

"Fifteen years ago," replied the doctor meditatively, "if you had talked about inexhaustible energy, everybody—including scientists—would have laughed in your face. The whole theory of the universe was that energy *was* exhaustible. The sun and stars, having radiated all their energy in the form of heat, were going to die out. The universe was going to shut up shop when 'the sun was old and the stars were cold.' Perpetual motion was a joke—like transmuting sea-water to gold. Then Madame Curie discovered radium—and science had to readjust itself to a fundamentally different conception of universal possibilities. Half a grain of radium chlorid will give off two calories of heat per hour, practically forever. I've got half a grain—have had it some four years—and in that time it has given out about seventy thousand calories—and nothing will stop it. Radium *is* perpetual motion. The astronomers, most of them, continue to talk as if it were only a question of time before the sun and planets cool down to a dead uniform temperature. Yet by virtue of the store of energy in ra-

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dium we now know that the fires of the sun may well be inexhaustible."

"Is that straight?" interrupted Ledle incredulously.

"If you doubt it," returned the doctor, "just stick your eye to the spinthariscope. Radium emits its energy in the form of rays or particles. The different kinds have been classified, and each has its individual peculiarities. My half grain of radium chlorid gives out a few thousand million particles every second. It will go on doing so for several thousand years, anyhow. The needle in that tube was simply touched to a tiny phial that *once contained* radium. The emanation on its point is unweighable and invisible. You can make an unlimited quantity of spinthariscopes out of an almost invisible quantity of radium bromid. On the bottom of the tube is a phosphorescent screen coated with zinc sulfid. Next to your eye is a magnifying lens. When you look through it, you see the point of the needle belching forth Alpha particles of radium by the million. They are like unceasing showers of shooting stars. The screen itself will in time be worn out with the bombardment of the particles, the instrument decay and fall to pieces, the human race may die out and be forgotten—but the ghost of the shadow of radium now on that needle's point will still go on discharging its constellation of sparks with the same intensity as it does at this moment."

His companion emitted a low whistle. "That is where you scientific chaps have us mere money-makers left a mile," he exclaimed. "Why, if I told that to a bunch of stockholders, they'd be all up in the air in a minute. Can you buy those little things?"

"Yes. Put that one in your pocket if you like. I'll be through dissecting in a moment and we'll go over for a swim."

The silence of the laboratory was unbroken for the next five minutes, save by the lapping of the waves upon the rocks below and the call of the crows upon the distant pines. Ledle, the junior member of a New York banking house, had come on for a few weeks' rest, to visit his friend Hapgood at his summer home, where the latter combined a certain amount of relaxation with scientific research. A pair of Baum-Zeiss field-glasses hanging by the window offered a momentary occupation, and Ledle directed them toward the pavilion at the swimming pool. Presently he gave a chuckle. Hapgood had laid aside his instruments and was washing his hands.

"How do you do! Delighted, I'm sure! Do you expect to remain here long?" chortled Ledle in an exaggerated English accent, grinning delightedly.

"What rot are you talking now?" asked Hapgood indulgently.

"I was merely taking part in a presentation," laughed the youth. "Distinguished foreigner approaches, under escort of militant society queen, and receives introduction to group of beautiful maidens on the balcony. Do you know, these glasses are almost as much fun as your radium atomizer? I can almost hear everything they say. 'Johnny Crapo,' over there, is evidently the real thing. They are passing him round to beat the band. I suppose you get a whole lot of heiress hunters in the course of the season, eh?"

"The place is a hotbed of them!" answered Hapgood. "Here, let me have a look at him."

He snatched the glasses and swept the gallery above the pool, until he reached the center of the crowd.

"Big fellow, isn't he? Frenchman, I should say. Never saw him before. Foreign attaché, probably. Anyhow, he knows a good thing when he sees it. Mrs. Saunders-Roche has just presented him to the prettiest girl here—Lila Durant—and he's falling all over himself."

"Give 'em back! It's my turn!" cried Ledle. He grabbed the glasses out of his friend's hands and once more directed them toward the balcony.

"She *is* a beauty!" he ejaculated. "And she seems to have fallen for the Frenchman, too. It is up to me to skedaddle right over there and cut him out! What do you say? Shall we hike across?"

"I'd intended her for you!" returned Hapgood with a laugh. "Sorry, if I'm too late. Yes, we'll go over, if you say."

He hung the glasses on their proper hook, threw on his coat, and the two friends clambered down the rocks to their canoe. Five minutes later they had landed on the parapet and made their way to the balcony, where the doctor pushed his friend through the crowd and presented him to Miss Durant, who in turn introduced both the men to her escort. At close range Baron Leclus —the Frenchman—was even more distinguished than at a distance, but he did not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

elcome their appearance with favor and turned their hearty salutations somewhat olly. Neither did Miss Durant seem erpleased at the interruption of her tête-tête with her tall and rather saturnine gal-

ties!" exclaimed Ledle, with a dry glance toward the balcony. "I'd like to know what there is about those 'Johnnies' that catches the girls so!"

"I prefer the less adulterated joys of a

HE HUMAN RACE MAY DIE OUT AND BE FORGOTTEN—BUT THE GHOST OF THE SHADOW OF RADIUM NOW ON THAT NEEDLE'S POINT WILL STILL GO ON DISCHARGING ITS CONSTELLATION OF SPARKS WITH THE SAME INTENSITY AS IT DOES AT THIS MOMENT."

ıt, and she showed such a languid interest their remarks that they presently made eir devoirs and descended to their canoe. "Me for a swim—the water can't be uch colder than some of your Maine beaı

porcelain tub," answered his friend. "Don't forget we're lunching at 'The Chowder' at one-thirty. I'll meet you there."

"The Chowder Club," as all visitors to this famous New England summer resort

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

are aware, is a select social organization which gives bi-monthly entertainments to its members and their invited guests. A renowned chef cooks the lunch or dinner of terrapin, lobster, broiled reedbirds, or other delicacy of the season, and the members, in cap and apron, serve the courses in a lofty raftered dining-room, the windows of which look eastward over the waters of the bay, toward distant purple hills.

There were half a dozen celebrities—a genial rear-admiral, a railroad president, a United States senator, a bishop, a minor author, and the Baron Leclus, who, had he not been a stranger, might easily have passed, as Hapgood had suggested, as a member of one of the legations which made the island their summer residence. He explained, however, in excellent English, that he had no diplomatic claim to distinction, that he was simply making a tour through the United States, of which he had heard so much—that country of beautiful and clever women and giants of finance—and could not bring himself to return to his native land without visiting this, the most charming of all watering-places. With a glass of champagne in his hand, the Baron, distinguished in spite of the informality of his temporary white cap and apron, made a little speech in which he toasted his hosts and this club, "where the culinary achievements of his own country were united to a hospitality to be found only in America."

As the afternoon wore on, the company relaxed into easy and good-natured informality, and, in spite of his prejudice against fortune-hunters, Ledle found himself rather attracted by this cultivated foreigner, who had traveled widely and knew most of the people worth knowing everywhere. At last, when the insistent conviviality of the party gave them a suitable opportunity, the two friends made their escape to Hapgood's motor-boat and were presently leaving a churning wake behind them through the outlying islands.

"Isn't so bad, after all," shouted the youth through a shower of spray. "When you're talking to him he's quite a decent sort! But why can't these barons mind their own business instead of butting in on other fellows' preserves?"

"What's the matter?" answered his companion, with his hand on the wheel. "Don't your ideas agree?"

"That's the whole trouble!" growled Ledle as the *Scalawag* leaped toward the sunset through a comber and a shower of iridescent spray. "He said he thought Ma'm'selle Durant the most exquisite creature that he had ever seen!"

The summer cottage of Mrs. Saunders-Roche is a massive architectural pile on the crest of a pine-clad hill, reached through a winding avenue of noble trees. Behind rise the mountains, below lies the gray-blue bay, sprinkled with olive islands and studded with gleaming sails. The fragrant, sun-warmed air of the sea draws through the hills, across the velvet of the golf links, until, laden with the odor of spruce and pine, it is wafted against the plate glass of the Saunders-Roche château.

A stream of noonday carriages crushes the gravel of the drive—and at five o'clock a similar procession grinds its way to the porte-cochère, while the occupants enter the stone doorway to breathe the heavy atmosphere of an interior carefully preserved ten months in the year, through artificial chemical agencies, from the corruption of moth and rust.

Gracious as is Mrs. Saunders-Roche's reception of her compatriots, it is as nothing in contrast with her effusive welcoming of aristocratic foreigners. She has always about her a half-dozen viscounts, lords, or barons —Italian, French, or Austrian—with waxed mustaches, pointed beards, and patent leathers, who hand her to her victoria and dog her footsteps to the swimming pool.

A red moon was just rising above the islands when a "cut under," bearing Hapgood and his friend, slowly climbed the hill to the door of Mrs. Saunders-Roche. A pale, weird light filtered through the branches of the trees and made ghostly patches upon the macadam of the drive. From above them the chatter of the preceding guests on the veranda came faintly through the trees. But the beauties of the night had no fascination for Ledle. With the spinthariscope to his eye, he was studying again the mysteries of the most magic element of the cosmos. The moonlight in the branches was far less brilliant than the sparks inside the tiny tube clasped between his fingers.

"Are those flashes anything like the X-rays you read about?" he asked suddenly. "Will they go through objects opaque to light?"

Hapgood nodded. "You'll go dotty on

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the thing!" he exclaimed, smiling. "I wish I hadn't given it to you. I suppose you'll bore everybody to death with it at the table."

"I might do worse," answered Ledle. "But will those rays actually go through matter?"

"Certainly," replied his friend. "The radio-active substances all emit rays that are ordinarily invisible to the naked eye, but that will penetrate what we customarily call solids, and will affect a photographic plate. In that respect they are like Roentgen's X-rays, which we doctors use every day."

"You mean that if you put a chunk of radium on one side of an iron safe and a sensitive plate on the other, the rays would go right through the iron and you'd get a picture of what was inside?"

"Yes."

"That's how you work the X-rays, isn't it? You shoot 'em at a fellow and see right through him?"

"You get a picture of his bones on your plate," assented Hapgood, laughing.

"But you don't actually *see* his insides with your eye?"

"No."

"Well, what if some one discovered a Y- or Z-ray that could let you see right through anybody or anything at any time?" insisted Ledle.

"A great many people would be indebted to him," answered Hapgood. "But here we are. Stick your plaything in your pocket."

"Some time I'm going to!" muttered the youth, while a Saunders-Roche man-servant stiffly relieved him of his hat and coat, and the Saunders-Roche butler bellowed their names across the threshold.

"Going to what?" asked his friend absently as they entered the drawing-room.

"Invent a Z-ray," growled Ledle, just as their hostess swooped down upon them.

"Ah—Dr. Hapgood! Delighted! And this is Dr. Ledle—your friend! Charmed! I heard you talking of your invention—don't deny it! I simply love all you clever men! Let me present you to my friend, Baron Leclus."

"Ah, but we are old friends already," exclaimed the baron cordially. "We met this afternoon. But I did not know then that you were scientific men."

"Mere dabblers," answered Ledle, poking Hapgood in the ribs. "The blind leading the blind."

They passed on, leaving their hostess to welcome more recent arrivals, and after pausing at a teak table, from which a breeched footman, hung with cordons, served them cocktails, joined the group of guests outside the windows. Hapgood, who knew everybody, took the opportunity of presenting Ledle to his friends, and presently dinner was announced.

"I am going to give you all a surprise," said Mrs. Saunders-Roche, beaming with frankly unconcealed pride at her own brilliancy. "Dinner is to be served in the Italian garden—outdoors. The black flies and mosquitoes are all gone, and the night is quite warm."

There was a murmur of subdued appreciation at this unexpected innovation, and a slight confusion incident to procuring wraps for the ladies followed. The veranda itself was unlighted save by the electroliers inside the windows, and the moon, now risen well above the trees. Below, the terrace was hung with lanterns, but the guests moved in a strange half light in which it was difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish faces or even figures, save in the nearest proximity. A concealed orchestra began to play the barcarolle from the "Tales of Hoffmann," and at the signal Mrs. Saunders-Roche gravely took the arm of the Austrian ambassador and conducted him to the marble steps leading to the Italian garden. Ledle, to his delight, found that he was to take in Miss Durant, who greeted him with a warmth in marked contrast to her indifference earlier in the day. He tucked her arm through his and bore her away, followed by envious glances from Leclus.

A line of footmen assisted the ladies to take their seats, and the butler, at a sign from the hostess, pressed a key which threw on a series of electric clusters of different shades beneath the glass table. A chorus of astonishment ran around above it as the guests beheld each other reflected, as it were, in a limpid pool upon which floated baskets of flowers and confections. At the same instant a neighboring fountain was similarly illuminated, and colored fire flashed out among the tree trunks.

"It's quite beautiful, isn't it?" exclaimed Miss Durant to Ledle, who was quietly observing the scene with his customary ironical urbanity.

"It is certainly very extraordinary," he answered. "But for my own part I would

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"BY PRESSING THIS LITTLE KNOB I COULD GENERATE A RAY INSIDE THE TUBE POCKETS—ALMOST, AS IT

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHICH WOULD ENABLE ME TO SEE RIGHT THROUGH THE TABLE INTO YOUR WERE, INTO YOUR SOULS."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

far rather be dining here with you—without the others—in the mere moonlight."

The girl shrugged her white shoulders and shook her head. "It is clear that you are a stranger. We don't do such things here. Certainly not dine, at any rate. But I'm afraid the mere moonlight would be much too uncanny."

"It couldn't be much weirder than this," answered Ledle. "Did you ever see anything make people look so ghastly? It's like the Café de la Mort in Paris. Do you catch that old frump—beg pardon, I hope she's not your aunt—over there? You can see each particular patch of paint on her cheeks as if it were made of boiler plate. Fancy, if the ladies had only known they were going to be put through any such mysterious stunt as this!"

"They'd have come, all the same," replied the girl, with a low laugh. "An ambassador or a nobleman can have any of us—as a gallery. I'm exactly like the rest, in that respect. And these diplomats make love so charmingly!"

"I assure you they have nothing on me in that line," insisted the youth. "As for the baron over there—in this light he looks exactly like a *déclassé* Mephistopheles in an advanced state of decay."

"Personally, I think the baron is quite charming," she retorted. "Your descriptions are really too painful! I suppose my own appearance is equally mortifying?"

"You are a pale moonflower in a row of cow lilies," he whispered.

His companion burst into a girlish giggle and covered her face with her hands. Then he heard her say quickly beneath her breath: "My bracelet!"

Clasping her left wrist with her slender right hand, she turned a frightened face to his. "My bracelet!" she repeated. "It's gone!"

There was no mistaking her look of anxiety. Evidently the bracelet was something more than ordinarily precious.

"Apart from its value—my father gave it to my mother when they were married. What shall I do?"

Ledle dropped his voice to a low monotone. "When do you remember noticing it last?"

"Let me think—just before we came out to dinner. I was talking to Alfred Gray until you came up. And then Mrs. Saunders-Roche announced that we were to dine out here, and Alfred fetched me my scarf. That was the last time I felt it. It must be lying right on the veranda or the path. Shall I speak to Mrs. Roche?"

"Let me go look for it first," answered Ledle. Somehow he felt it was not lying in the grass.

"Oh—would you?"

The girl sent him a quick look of heartfelt gratitude and relief.

Ledle slipped silently from his place and stole back up the path to the veranda, now white in the moonlight. The bracelet was not there. No object cast the minutest shadow or gave forth the faintest sparkle. Had Miss Durant dropped her bracelet there, beyond peradventure somebody—a hired waiter probably—had picked it up. Would he—whoever he might be—return it? Presumably yes—possibly no. The anxious face of his fair companion rose before his eyes. He pulled his cigarette case from his pocket and struck a light. It was fresh and cool on the terrace, and the moonlight was soft and pleasant. No one would miss him for a short smoke—except, perhaps, Miss Durant, and he was in her service.

Ledle drew contemplatively on his cigarette and thrust his hand into his trousers pocket. It came in contact with Hapgood's little brass spinthariscope. He drew it out and gazed into it as if inside he might find the answer to the question as to what he should do. The sparks from the needle burst in an undulating shower of light.

"Moonlight on the water," had been Hapgood's comparison.

Ledle looked across the tops of the intervening pines to the bay rippling with golden light. Yes, that was what they were like. He replaced the cylinder in his pocket and started meditatively down the path. Through the tree trunks the colored lights flared with an elfish glow. The strains of the orchestra rose and fell with the gentle night breeze. The confused murmur of conversation, broken here and there with bursts of laughter, rose from the terrace, and like a stage picture he saw the bare necks of the women shining beside the black coats of their companions. Behind them passed silent figures filling plates and glasses.

"Must have cost a thousand dollars," thought Ledle. "Apart from the amount of drink, I don't believe old Rome had anything on this. I fancy even Lucullus would sit up and take notice at this Bacchanalia if

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he should happen to drift along here. All of which doesn't help me a bit with that bracelet. Well, I'm sorry for the young lady, but I'm no detective, that's sure. If I only had an all-seeing eye or some sort of optical divining-rod I might do more business, but as it is——"

As he regained his place Mr. Saunders-Roche noticed the momentary flutter caused by Ledle's reappearance.

"Anything wrong?" he inquired from the end of the table.

"Miss Durant has dropped her bracelet, and I've been trying to find it," he answered.

"It's nothing!" insisted the young lady. "I had it only a few minutes ago. It's sure to turn up."

"Very sorry. Very sorry indeed. We'll have a search made with lanterns immediately after dinner," said Mr. Saunders-Roche. "I don't suppose—of course—nobody has seen anything of a bracelet?" He looked around vaguely.

There was an instant silence. Obviously no one had seen anything of a bracelet. A shower of condolences fell upon Miss Durant's shoulders, and then the interrupted conversations were continued.

"Hapgood showed me a funny little thing," said Ledle, in an almost hopeless attempt to revive an interchange of miscellaneous ideas with his partner, as he delved into his pocket and brought forth the spinthariscope. "Ever seen one of these?"

"No; what is it?" asked Miss Durant.

"It is a little instrument devised for the purpose of illustrating the never-dying energy of radium," he began, trying to remember all that Hapgood had told him. "That tiny needle in there throws off I don't know how many sparks a minute—several millions, I believe—although I never took the time to count 'em. You see, it was once dipped in radium, and the radium goes right on shooting off its rays—world without end. Stick it in your eye."

Miss Durant did as she was instructed.

"Oh!" she gasped. "How perfectly beautiful! It's like floating sparks, or millions of glowworms, or—moonlight—moonlight on water."

Her exclamation of astonishment attracted the attention of those near her, and all insisted on seeing the wonders in the little brass tube. Even Leclus, who had been bending in courteous attention to the chatter of a bedizened dowager, looked up.

"Ah, doctors are wonderful men! So are all you Americans. There is nothing which you do not know—nothing which you can not do. Look at your electric railroads, your wireless telegraphing! Now, what is this? Radium? Ah, I have heard of it."

Some one handed him the tube, and he placed it gingerly to his eye.

"*Sacré!*" he cried suddenly. "It is full of sparks of fire! It is extraordinaire-y!"

"But what is it for?" asked some one.

"Yes, tell us about it!" added another. "What *is* radium, anyhow?"

Ledle hesitated. He disliked to admit his ignorance in such a gathering, particularly as he had introduced the subject himself. Probably, beyond having heard the word, none of the company except Hapgood knew anything about the element whatever. He glanced toward his friend and gave an almost imperceptible wink.

"I really have no claim to speak upon the subject," he began, "which, in fact, is new to us all. I hardly know the rudiments—"

"Hear—hear!" cried Mrs. Saunders-Roche, overjoyed that one of her supposedly "clever" guests was going to talk and so supply free entertainment for the crowd. "You invented it yourself! I heard you say so. Don't deny it. He's just being modest. He was telling Dr. Hapgood about it when they came in."

She nodded at him indefinitely and glanced knowingly around the table.

Ledle grinned. He was beginning to enjoy the situation. A banker, inadvertently passed off as a scientist, addressing a social gathering upon the subject of radio-activity!

"You've got me wrong, Mrs. Saunders-Roche!" he laughed. "I didn't invent it. But that is a mere detail. The point of the thing is that you see before you in that tube a phenomenon which has a vital significance to us all. This little needle will go on shooting off its sparks long after the race of man ceases to exist."

"Dear me!" exclaimed his hostess.

"This means that in radium we have discovered perpetual motion—a perpetual fountain of energy. Radium will go on manufacturing energy forever. It's a new idea in science. Hitherto we had always supposed that energy once given off was lost—transformed into another form of motion. But radium never loses any energy at all. It can lift itself by its own boot-straps, as it were."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"How interesting!" exclaimed Miss Durant. "But do tell us about those little showers of sparks! Are *they* energy?"

Ledle looked helplessly at Hapgood. By this time the whole table was listening to his elucidation of the subject.

"Er—yes. That is to say—you see," he hurried along, "they are atoms of helium—that's the same kind of stuff the sun shoots off, you know. ("I'm going to flunk it!" he muttered to himself.) Those little particles are the Alpha rays of radium. You are all familiar with the X-ray—and how you can see through the human body with it—that is, how you can photograph the bones and so forth with it," he corrected himself. ("My, that came near being a bad one!" he groaned.)

He looked beseechingly at Hapgood, but the latter had covered his mouth with his hand and seemed to be coughing.

"How is that?" inquired the Baron Leclus from across the table. "*Hein!* you say you can make photograph of the bones, eh?"

"Sure thing!" answered Ledle confidently. "With the X-ray you can photograph metal or other solid objects right through substances which are opaque to light. Haven't you seen?"

"*Mais, non,*" responded the baron, twirling his mustache and looking around with a suspicious smile. "It is incredible, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"For example," continued Ledle mischievously, "you could photograph the contents of a trunk right through the outside—and get a picture of just what was in it."

"*Mille tonnerres!*" ejaculated the baron. "Is it truly possible, eh?"

"Of course it is," cried half a dozen. "They do it all the time in surgery."

"But that is a mere nothing," went on Ledle, "to what can be done with the rays of radium. You see, there are as many kinds of rays as there are letters in the alphabet, and each one"—he took a quick glance at Hapgood, who had entirely collapsed—"does a different stunt—I mean, each has a little trick of its own. The needle inside this tube is armed with twenty-six different rays, each of which has a different mission. All of them are invisible to the eye, save the Alpha or helium ray. This lights the world. You read, eat, cook by it. [Suppressed snort from Hapgood.] "The Beta ray, its little brother, drives motors, mill-wheels, and mining machinery—it is the ray of energy. The Gamma deals death to the bacillus of disease. It penetrates the cuticle and burns out the poisonous roots of the cancer, the tumor, and the wart. [He dared no longer look at Hapgood.] Of this you have all heard. The Delta—but why go through the list? Each has its function. With this little toy I could kill any one of you! Annihilate armies! I have but to turn this little key at the bottom to liberate each ray in turn. But the most wonderful, the ray which truly entitles its discoverer to the astonished praises of the scientific world, is the last of all—the Z-ray. ("Hope they won't notice my reversion to English," he thought.) The X-ray is marvelous enough for the photographic purposes to which it has been put in medicine, but the Z-ray out-X-es it. With it you can, with the naked eye, see through the most solid of substances."

He glanced at the baron, who fidgeted in his chair.

"Yes, by pressing this little knob I could generate a ray inside the tube which, like the marine telescope, would enable me to see right through the table, your—hm!—clothes, into your pockets—almost, as it were, into your souls."

Baron Leclus half rose from his seat. "Is it not very hot?" he remarked abruptly, wiping his forehead. "*Il y a treize personnes à table!*" he added suddenly, and made as if to rise.

"One moment, baron!" cried Ledle. "Let me illustrate. I wish to demonstrate the truth of what I am saying. I turn the key. Do you observe? Thus. The Z-ray is now at work—penetrating everywhere. I place the spinthariscope to my eye—thus. I point it at you—thus. I look in your pocket——"

A crash from the opposite side of the table answered him, followed by a chorus of screams from the women. The baron lay motionless among the dishes, his head resting in an entrée. Mr. Saunders-Roche sprang (if springing is a proper word to describe his dignified locomotion) to the prostrate man and lowered him with Hapgood's help to the grass.

"I *am* a ninny!" groaned Ledle to Miss Durant. "But I had no idea——!"

"Open his collar and shirt, and give him some air!" directed Hapgood. "You might undo his waistcoat and ease him up a little."

"Bless my soul!" suddenly ejaculated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Saunders-Roche. "What's this? A bracelet!" He looked vacantly around. "Didn't some one lose a bracelet?" he inquired vaguely. "It was inside M. le Baron's waistcoat!"

"William!" cried his wife hoarsely.

"Well—er—anyway, here it is. Is it yours, Miss Durant?"

"Yes," she answered. "How did you know?" she added to Ledle, her eyes sparkling with astonishment and joy.

"I didn't," he replied. "I made up all that rot. Anyhow, it seems to have worked. What do you think of your Frenchmen now?"

The girl flushed a little and lowered her eyes. "I think Americans are nicer," she whispered.

"Thank God, I'm an American!" he answered, placing the bracelet on her wrist.

Just how Mrs. Saunders-Roche's *al fresco* dinner broke up, none of the guests ever exactly knew. Or how the Baron Leclus so completely disappeared—which he did.

It was, on the one hand, authoritatively stated that he was really a very distinguished person—a little in need of money—the scion of a noble, if impoverished, house; and, on the other, there were some cruel enough to hint that he had been, at one time, a butler in the household of a wealthy Philadelphian. Be that as it may, he never returned to establish his identity.

The LURE of · ALASKAN · OUTDOORS

BY · CAPTAIN · F · E · KLEINSCHMIDT

WHEN Clarence Perkins gave up third chair in the Mountville tonsorial parlor to go to Alaska (though he might have been promoted to second chair in the fall), folks shook their heads and mentioned that Clarence had always been a little wild. Not that he didn't come by it naturally, for Clarence's father had gone to Chicago three times in less than ten years, and once he had bought a hundred dollars' worth of mining stock. Everybody had predicted that Clarence's venturesomeness would lead him into something. And, sure enough, it had.

"Write us all about your adventures," they called to him as the train pulled out; but they hardly expected he would survive long enough for that.

The day after Clarence was lightered ashore at Nome, I found him behind the fifth chair of a plain barber shop in the big, hustling, Northern mining city, with double his ordinary work, double the highest wages he had ever received—and triple the expense. Otherwise, things were not very exciting. But he had not forgotten the home market for adventure. He would do his duty by the folks. So he concentrated for a week upon a really lurid letter, with his mind's eye upon the *Mountville Banner*. A

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Cantwell.

SLEIGH-RIDING IN EARLY SPRING ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL FROM VALDEZ TO FAIRBANKS.

Photograph by Lomen Brothers.

OUT FOR WALRUS. THE HUNT WILL NOT LACK THRILLS, BUT THE GREATEST DANGER LIES IN THE MOVING ICE-FLOE.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by O. D. Goetze.

THE VALDEZ TENNIS-COURTS ARE KEPT BUSY ALL SUMMER. IN THE LAST OF JUNE, WITH ITS LONG DAYS, ONE MAY PLAY AS WELL AT MIDNIGHT AS AT MIDDAY.

Photograph by F. E. Kleinschmidt.

AUTHOR'S FAMILY IN *KAYAKS*. TWO LASHED TOGETHER MAKE A SAFE AND LIGHT CRAFT, BUT ONLY AN ESKIMO SHOULD HANDLE A SINGLE *KAYAK*.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

barber shop is a good place for gossip. Clarence heard all the good old stock myths of the North with which the old-timer delights to initiate the *chechako*, and with these he made himself the hero of a thrilling, if garbled, romance of mixed winter and summer experiences that the *Banner* played up under its blackest type. It was worth it —if true.

"I couldn't bear to disappoint the boys," said Clarence, as he slipped in the stock property of the romancing newcomer, a picture post-card of "his cabin"—the entrance a tunnel in the snow.

To heighten the color of such accounts as Clarence's there is the well-worn and tempting collection of what Professor Münsterberg calls associational words that run with low temperatures and Alaska. You will find them in all well-ordered fiction on the subject. For example, if you say "snowfield," you at once get "desolate waste of unbroken white." If you casually mention "darkness," the well-trained mental mechanism immediately gives "awful loneliness of the arctic night." Try "storm," and a shuddery vocabulary of twenty words is let loose, in the midst of which either you eat your dog-team or it eats you.

The prevailing mental picture of Alaska is of a land chiefly occupied by prospectors, tourists, and Eskimos. So you mention "home life" and get "a lonely little cabin among the hills, which no woman has ever visited," and, speaking of women, the answer is, "Eskimo maidens and the girls of the dance-halls."

Photograph by O. D. Gretta.

FISHING FOR TOMCOD THROUGH A HOLE IN THE BERING SEA ICE. A LINE OF WHALEBONE SHREDS MUST BE USED BECAUSE IT IS THE ONE KIND TO WHICH THE WATER DOES NOT FREEZE.

It is all very thrilling, and we may not be happy till we get it. But there is another side to the picture. There *is* an arctic night north of "fifty"—in winter—of eighteen to twenty very busy and often jolly hours, and there is an arctic day —in summer—of twenty-four hours, all enchantingly beautiful and fully occupied—not with work alone but with a good deal larger share of play than men and women allow themselves back home.

It happens, too, that there are no "dance-halls" (by virtue of federal regulation), but that there is about as large a proportion of wholesome and happy wives and mothers and sisters as in other Western min-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing communities, and that a generation of native-born white Alaskans is nearing its majority—a muscular and insatiable generation, hungry for hard work and hard play. Add to them their elders, pioneers in a new and bracing land, with a need for recreation hardly less insistent, and a great open country stocked with game, and you have the materials for a very different, much truer, and more human picture of the Northland than the traditional product.

The amazing thing about Alaska is its resemblance to Mountville or Smithtown. Nome and St. Michael were conversing by wireless before it had been used elsewhere for "interurban traffic." Fairbanks had a municipal electric-lighting system before the first rush was over. Iditarod City was connected with the creeks by long-distance telephone six months after gold was discovered on Flat and Otter. Even Mountville and Smithtown are outdone, but the essential humanity within them all is the same.

Photograph by Trumbull White.

A LARGE FLOWER AND TRUCK GARDEN AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA. CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATE WICKERSHAM IN THE FOREGROUND.

Yet, though Alaska is American and domestic, it presents, after all, many and striking differences. In this little matter of recreation, for instance, especially of outdoor sports, we find our northern cousins having hilariously good times in all seasons and in astonishingly novel ways.

The Bering Sea side of the territory is closed to navigation by the arctic ice-flow for seven months in the year, and the only way in or out is by dog-team a thousand miles overland. In this region, of which Nome is the population center, there is thus real winter isolation in spite of telegraph and weekly mails (of first-class matter only), and there is a real demand for home-made recreation.

Both men and women who know the North are likely to agree that winter is the social season in Alaska as truly as it is elsewhere. Into the long days of summer a very large part of the work is concentrated; the people are scattered far afield, mining and prospecting. In winter they are generally gathered into towns, with more time and longer evenings for play. So it is that dinner parties, bridge whist, church festivals, charity balls, and all such festivities are multiplied many times over the corresponding

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

winter gayety of towns in milder climates.

A midwinter garden-party and flower festival in Nome seems a trifle hard to believe, but such an event was really carried to tremendous success a few winters ago by the social and charitable women of that northern metropolis. The plan was formed early in the season, and the community practically gave itself over to the undertaking for weeks. Two floors of the largest hotel were set aside for the purpose. Booths were erected throughout the parlors and corridors, the walls and ceilings were draped with summer decorations of figured chintz and ribbon, and thousands of tissue-paper

Photograph by Trumbull White.

THE ENY CLUB—THE LEADING SOCIAL CLUB AT NOME. ENY IS THE ESKIMO WORD FOR MEETING-PLACE.

flowers of every color and variety were hung on vines and garlands on the latticework partitions, until the whole place was a bower of foliage and color.

Into this came the men and women of Nome, from a temperature forty, fifty, or sixty degrees below zero, shedding their fur coats and appearing in white duck suits and shoes, Panama hats, chiffon, and summer furbelows, with sunshades and all the other make-up of midseason in the tropics. All this was for the benefit of a new hospital, and, as might be expected, the result was generous for the cause.

But the gayety is by no means all indoors. Always the great outdoors is beckoning, and it seldom beckons in vain. Nome is in a region of dog and reindeer travel, and it is natural that it should have the one really big sporting event of the American arctic—the famous dog-team race, locally known as the "All-Alaskan Sweepstake," and elsewhere as the "Alaskan Derby." This is not a misnomer. The race has become one of the world's great sporting events, and the result is cabled to five continents. Here is the way the dispatches described this year's race:

"Scotty Allen, the 'King of the Alaskan Trails,' won the $10,000 All-Alaskan Sweepstake to-day, reaching Nome with the dog-team entered by Mrs. C. E. Darling, of Berkeley, California, after covering the 412 miles to Candle and return in eighty-one hours and forty minutes—establishing a new record for the distance. More than $100,000 changed hands here after the race.

"Mrs. Darling's closest competitor was the team entered by Mrs. Margaret Cole Crimmins, wife of Captain Martin L. Crimmins, U.S.A., son of John D. Crimmins of New York. Mrs. Crimmins's team was driven by 'Teddy' Eastbaugh, and looked like a sure winner until Allen, by a marvelous burst of speed, began to lead by a few minutes at the 289th mile, covering that distance without sleep and with scarcely a halt. All the other teams were then hopelessly out of the race.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Trumbull White

MIDSUMMER GAYETY AT DAWSON, CAPITAL OF THE KLONDIKE. JOINT CELEBRATION OF DOMINION DAY AND INDEPENDENCE DAY.

"Last year's race was won by the Earl of Dalhousie's team, which was driven by his brother. Mrs. Crimmins's team finished second, with Mrs. Darling's entry a close third."

There was more of it, but this will suffice. I have before me a photograph of the Golden Gate Hotel's big blackboard bulletin of the 1909 race, which "Scotty" Allen also

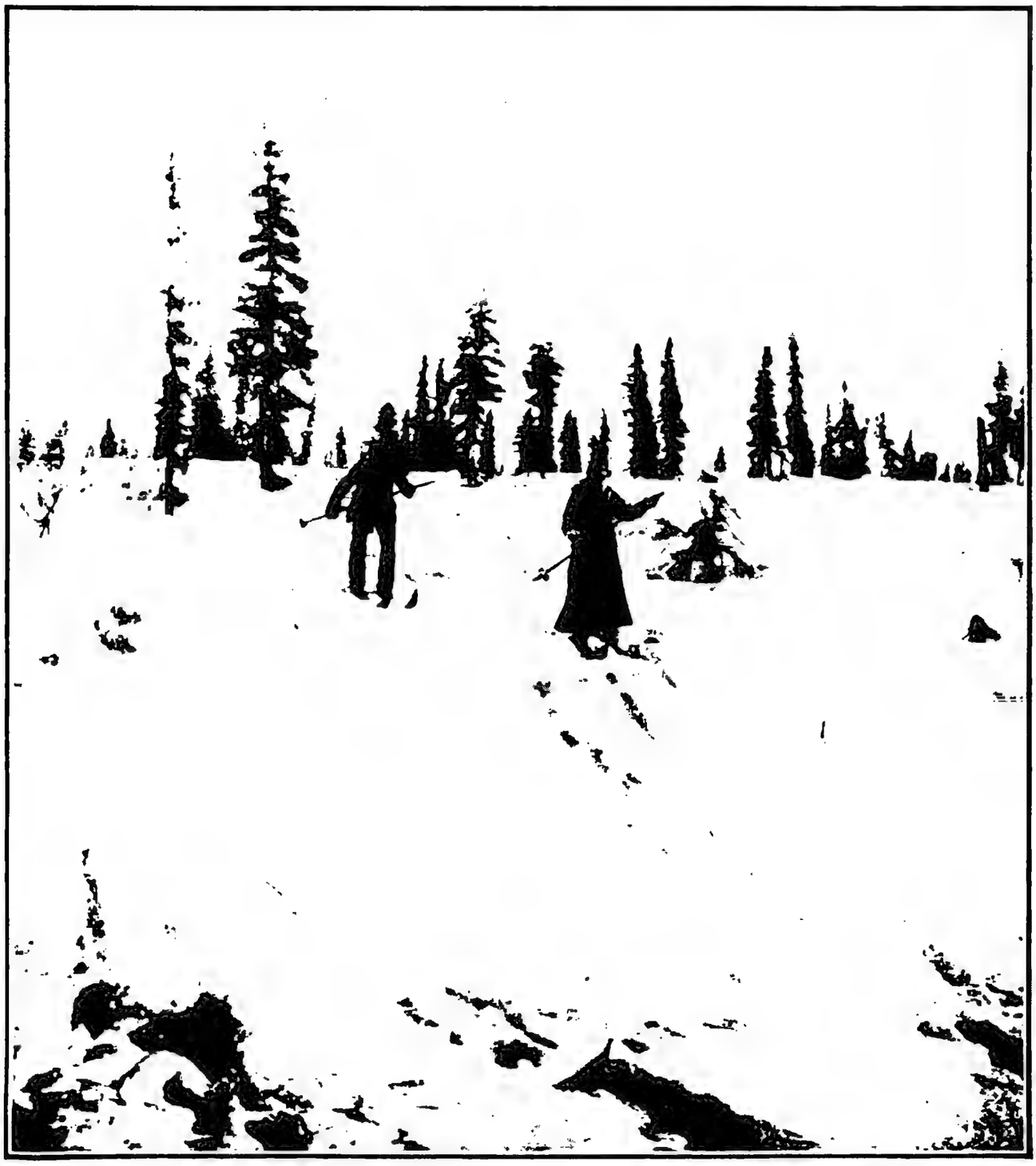
Photograph by Cantwell.

WHITE BOYS GO BATHING IN ALASKA, AS IN THIS CREEK NEAR VALDEZ, BUT THE INDIANS STILL FIND IT A STRANGE FORM OF RECREATION.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

won. It shows the time of arrival and departure of each entry from each of the twenty-six stations along the way, and an analysis of just the bare figures gives a graphic picture of what the race means in heart-breaking, nerve-wrecking fight.

steep, ice-bound gulches, through every kind of weather, and much of it through utter darkness. The temperature is far below zero—perhaps forty degrees—but the drivers are lightly dressed, for they travel a great deal afoot to save their team. A hus-



Photograph by P. E. Kleinschmidt.

IN FEBRUARY, WHEN THE SUN BEGINS TO CRUST THE SNOW, SKIING COMMENCES.

It must be remembered that this is not a race along a well-worn, level wagon-road, but over a slender and wobbly trail that leads, now out over the rough, arctic ice of Bering Sea, often deep in snow-drifts, now back among mountain ridges and along

ky's pace is a man's stiff trot. A driver who has kept up with his team for half an hour can not sit still on a sled in that temperature long without freezing. Moreover, he must bring all his dogs back with him, dead or alive, which means that ill or injured dogs

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ride on the sled. Drivers often foot it three-quarters of the way.

In the 1909 race, Scotty Allen started at noon on April 1st. His first stop was at eight o'clock that night. He had covered sixty-seven miles and lost the trail once. Starting at 1:30 the next morning, after five and a half hours' rest, he traveled until one P. M., with a breakfast stop of thirty-five minutes. He had covered 140 miles in a little over twenty-four hours. In another five hours he was off again for the sixty-five-mile dash to Candle, which he made in eight and a half hours, with a thirty-minute stop. At Candle was the only long rest—seven hours; and the return journey was begun on the morning of the third day at nine o'clock. By eight that night he had made eighty miles, but at midnight he was off again, with 125 miles to go. At 9:25 next morning he stopped for two and a half hours, fifty-eight miles nearer home, and at 10:17 that night he finished winner by a few seconds, having covered the 125 miles in twenty hours. Allen was exhausted at the finish, but his dogs were in good condition.

His time that year was eighty-two hours, two minutes, and forty-one seconds—a record—and he beat it this year by twenty-two minutes, with four miles more to go on account of changes in trail.

The English Derby is no cricket match. It is a real race, with a terrific thrill to it; but the suspense is over in a few minutes. Our suspense in Nome grows hourly for three days and a half, and we are not a phlegmatic community, either. Moreover, we are working up to the event for five long and otherwise fairly idle months. For this event, trial races of all sorts have been held. Every dog has been trained to highest pitch; every one of them is known to the whole community; each animal seems to realize completely what it all means and is ready to give every ounce of strength in him, not because he is urged, but because he is in a race and knows it. The dogs are as much in the spirit of the thing as any of us. On the rests in the 1909 race, Scotty Allen's dogs refused to sleep till they saw him lying down.

During these four mad days of the race, Nome is in one long, ever-mounting frenzy, for returns come in continuously by telephone. Virtually all business is suspended, the district court is adjourned, and the schools are closed. Very little sleeping is done, and meals are a matter of comparative indifference. The excitement suggests many sorts of great events, and yet is like nothing else under heaven. Little wonder that there is never any difficulty in that city of two thousand—winter population—in raising a purse of eleven thousand dollars. It is, however, but a tithe of the money involved, and an owner often spends that much before the race starts.

Nor is the excitement in Seattle much less keen. The Puget Sound city, which is often called the Alaskan metropolis, is filled every spring with Alaskans, most of whom have been Nomeites at one time or another. Every Northerner knows every other, and all know Scotty Allen and the rest of those fighting trail men, to say nothing of the dogs—and their owners. Nome is connected with the outside world by wireless to St. Michael, thence by government telegraph to Valdez, and from there to Seattle by cable. The race is bulletined through as returns come in from the trail by telephone. Alaska is nothing if not up-to-date.

But let me tell you about some of my own winter outings in the Northland. They may lack the thrill of fiction, but they will show what variety, jollity, and novelty there are in the every-day, simple things we do up there. And it will not be an account of men's doings alone, for my usual companion was a wife who loved the great outdoors as much as I, and who was game to the last mile or the last thousand feet of climb. This, however, is frequent among the Alaskans whose wives are plucky enough to stick by them through the northern winter, as very many do.

Our winter sports begin in November. Before the snow comes, autumn frosts give us capital skating on lake and river. Most of the population is on the ice day and night, until snow arrives to spoil it for another year. The hearty way in which an entire northern community takes up an amusement like this is half the secret of its pleasure. It is an expression of the community spirit at its best.

At Teller we had great joy ice-boating. There were no craft of the standard type, but we rigged up some highly ingenious and odd-looking substitutes that made wonderfully good time. And we went the Easterners one better, for when the snow came and spoiled the ice, we changed the irons for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wooden ski-runners and found we could sail almost as well on the snow, except when it was heavily drifted. That, however, proved still more exciting and a greater test of skill.

That winter at Teller—it was in 1905—the Comrade and I had an amusing fishing experience. One November morning we secured some Eskimo tackle for tomcod and, donning reindeer *artegas* and fur gauntlets, went out on the ice of Grantley Harbor. The tackle consists of four barbless hooks tied into a bundle and fastened to a line of whalebone shreds. An ordinary fishline would soon be loaded with ice. This Eskimo invention is the one kind to which the water does not freeze. Below the hooks a rather heavy sinker is hung, and above them a red lure of flannel, beads, or a native device that looks like a salmon egg and is made from the mandible of the auk. The line is jerked up and down, and a bite is the signal to haul in at top speed. The hooks having no barbs, Mr. Tomcod soon gets free if you give him a fair chance, and he drops off the minute you have him on the ice. This saves handling him while wet, which is not good for gloves or hands when it is very cold.

I chopped a hole in the ice. The tomcod were plentiful, and it was not long before we had many more than we could use. But the Comrade was enjoying herself hugely. It was a new experience, and we had a sack fat-full of frozen fish before I could induce her to give up.

On the way home the sack suddenly burst open, scattering our fish over the ice. The Comrade promptly sat down and shrieked at my discomfiture. I pulled off my skin *parka*, knotted the sleeves, and filled it with fish. But they kept slipping out of the hood all the way home. Leading the way, I was first in and turned around to see the Comrade staggering up with what looked like a great armful of firewood. She was carrying the lost tomcod, having failed of the courage to reduce our haul by a single fish.

The tomcod is the chief diet of the hair seal, which plays an important economic part in the winter life of the North, especially among the Eskimo. In fact, he is their mainstay. They eat his meat, use his fat for fuel, and the oil from it in a dozen different ways, and the skins make their clothing and floor coverings.

Naturally, seal hunting is quite an industry, but it is sport of a rather poor sort. The swift channel between Grantley Harbor and Port Clarence Bay does not freeze over until quite late, and there is open water at the mouths of the large rivers until well into the winter. In these open places there are always seals, and they make fairly good shooting. One dresses all in white so as to be invisible against the ice, and waits for the appearance of a round head. The carcasses are hauled out and skinned and are welcomed by the Eskimo.

Another friend of the native is the reindeer, which was imported by the United States government and has rapidly multiplied. The beast often proves somewhat unreliable as a draft-animal, being generally inferior to a good dog-team, but I used him to carry the mail on two of my routes and also kept two deer for my own service. These two were well broken and great pets. They would follow us about like dogs, and the Comrade could handle them in the sled without difficulty. Every day or two I would see her, enveloped in furs, hiking to the hillside where the deer were grazing. She hitched them herself and was soon racing over the snow to visit a friend miles away, probably with a passenger or two.

There is nothing funnier in the Northland than the progress of a half-broken reindeer in harness. For Thanksgiving Day of that year we were invited to the reindeer station across the bay, and the superintendent sent over thirty sled deer to carry the party on the nine-mile journey. Some of the deer were rather green, and their extraordinary antics kept us all in a gale of laughter. They shot from side to side in frantic dashes, or stopped dead-still so that there were frequent spills in the soft snow. No harm was done, of course, and it was one of the merriest hours I remember.

December and January are good game months, and every one makes a shooting trip or two—or more. There are caribou on the Alaska peninsula and in the Norton Sound country, but for the other large game one goes farther eastward. On Seward Peninsula ptarmigan, rabbits, and the great arctic hare are the only winter game. Hunting on snowshoes is good sport, but a long tramp home loaded with gun and bag has sometimes been found wearisome. So we take the reindeer out.

They will stand as long as you like, shoveling off the snow with their antlers, pawing up the moss, and feeding. The game does not mind them, and when you are ready for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

home with a string of ptarmigan and thirty or forty pounds of hare, it is no inconsiderable luxury to drop into the robes of a sleigh and be whirled away without even a thought for the trail. Dogs are, of course, impracticable. A combination hunting and trail dog is, so far as I know, merely a theoretical and millennial possibility. I have not yet met the malamute or husky that did not utterly forget himself at sight of a rise of ptarmigan.

A polar bear hunt is one of the great sports of the Northland, but it is distinctly understating the nature of such an expedition to call it an outing. I spent one winter at it near Cape Prince of Wales, and I found its pleasures almost equaled by its dangers and discomforts. This sport means living in a little snow-hut on the ice and following the treacherous floes through Bering Strait into the Arctic Ocean. Among the ever-moving, twisting, grinding floes there are lanes and spaces of open water. Here the seal comes up to blow and to rest on the edges, and here his enemy, the polar bear, stalks him. The hunter stalks them both, and it is a dangerous game. The least offshore wind will set the pack to moving and cut off retreat. Many an Eskimo hunter has thus been lost on the floes, and the bear himself is an ugly customer in a close encounter.

And after the long, hard day without fire and without food, except a few crackers, you return—to an ice house. You fill yourself with the one warm meal of the day—of seal meat—and crawl, shivering, into your sleeping bag. Long before daylight you are off again on an empty stomach, for breakfast the Eskimo never eats. Most positively, a polar bear hunter earns his rug.

With February the days begin to lengthen rapidly and the sun to crust the snow. Then skiing begins. There is a Ski Club in Nome, and among the many Scandinavian and American residents are some very accomplished performers. The club holds regular meets, attended by every one, offers prizes of considerable size, and presents some very brilliant and thrilling contests. Tobogganing is a close rival in popularity, and excursions of many sorts keep up an active outdoor social life. Even the Sunday-schools give winter outings, usually in big, four-horse sleighs, and I have never seen such healthy, happy children. Nothing keeps them indoors but an out-and-out blizzard.

In April the big dog-race takes place, and late in May the ice begins to break up. The first harbingers of spring are the flocks of eider-ducks, working their way along the coast northward to the breeding-grounds. This is the signal for a general recleaning of guns, as the duck means a welcome change of diet. Following him in enormous flocks come swans,geese, and more ducks, and, last, the snipe and cranes. Now, too, the ptarmigan sheds his winter dress of white for a costume that will hide him on the tundra, and the hare and fox promptly follow suit. It is a time of magical changes.

About the first of June the ice begins to pull away from the coast. The Eskimos have *umiak* and *kayak* ready for launching, and my motor-boat is awaiting the first real open water for a promised walrus hunt. It comes a week later. If we go now, we intercept him on his northward migration to the Arctic and may not have to travel far.

The entire population is alive to the situation, especially the Eskimos, for whom the walrus rivals the seal in economic importance. Virtually everything but the walrus's version of a squeal—a raucous bellow that the Eskimo imitates when dancing—is put to use. The skin forms the covering of the large canoes, called *umiaks;* the meat is food, the blubber supplies illuminating oil, the intestinal fabric gives material for the *kamalinka*, or rain coat, the great masses of clams found in the walrusian interior provide a dish for the Eskimo substitute for a table, and the tusks are a readily marketable commodity and once supplied the material for many sorts of implements and ornaments.

The walrus spends most of his life asleep in herds on the small ice. When hungry he dives to the bottom, digs a bushel or two of clams with his tusks, consumes them with amazing rapidity—and returns to his nap. He is a stupid fellow, thick-headed and thick-skinned. His brain is small—about the size of a fist—and is located far back in the great, thick skull; and, this being his only vulnerable point, he is not easily killed. If the shot is not instantly fatal, he rolls off the ice and is lost, for, unlike the seal, his carcass does not float. Therefore, a walrus hunter must be a particularly good shot. But the beast's ferocious appearance is his most ferocious attribute, and there is far more danger from the moving ice-floe than from its heavy-witted tenants. Neverthe-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

less, things *have* happened, and your walrus hunt will not lack thrills.

With the ice well out, canoeing begins, and the interest is increased by the extraordinary variety of craft in use. The Eskimo has his single-holed *kayak* of skins. Two of these featherweight boats lashed together make an easily-handled craft, entirely safe for the young folks, but only an Eskimo can do justice to the erratic propensities of a single *kayak*. The Yukon River Indian appears with his birch-bark, of much the same type as the canoe of our own plains-Indian. The Aleuts of the Alaskan peninsula and southern coast have their narrow dugouts, like those of the lower Pacific coast, varying in type with each of the several races. These are good boats, though heavy, and for hunting Eskimo-fashion in Bering Sea I have found nothing to beat the *kayak*. In addition to these, the white man has, of course, introduced his clever wooden adaptation of the birch-bark, and you will find them all through Alaska, serving as pleasure craft quite as often as for sterner work.

The twenty-first of June might almost be called the national holiday of Alaska, and it has become so, without intention or forcing, from an instinctive appreciation of the blessing of long, sunny days. The short mining season of the North would, in many cases, be actually too short if it were not for the continuous daylight of those working months, and the crops could not ripen in the cool nights if they did not have the forcing of twenty hours or more of sunlight. With that they make a mad rush for maturity that has many odd phenomena. An Alaskan's garden is his great pride, and the results he gets are a constant wonder to outsiders.

So the longest day is the day of rejoicing. There are picnics everywhere, by preference to an elevation from which one can best watch the near-departure of the midnight sun. At Fairbanks and several other towns where league games commonly are played at eight o'clock in the evening, there is an annual midnight baseball game, very special privileges being extended to the small boy for the occasion. Indeed, this going to bed in the daytime is little to the liking of any of us, so exquisitely beautiful are the long sunsets that become long sunrises without a break.

So now I have carried you hastily around the seasons and we are back in the northern summer, with its mysterious, indescribable charm. The streams are now alive with pickerel, trout, and grayling, so unfamiliar with the hook and its insidious disguises that they are eager takers—and as unwilling to be landed. Fields and mountainsides are covered with wild flowers in amazing variety and luxuriance, and later there will be edible berries—a score or more of sorts. You can find, for instance, acre after acre of wild strawberries above the Arctic Circle, and miles of red currants to the southward. There are mountains inviting a climb, lakes inviting a plunge—though some of them are fed by glacier streams—and everywhere there are creek beds to be examined for placer gold, and hillsides to be searched for outcropping quartz veins. This is the great Alaskan occupation, but it is far too fascinating to rank as mere labor. It gives a spice to every outing, for there is always the delightful possibility of making a casual lucky strike.

The only sport from which one is barred in summer is hunting, for the Alaska game regulations are strict, and there is a summer closed season for almost everything living but porcupines and sea-gulls. If you are a prospector or a native, however, you can kill anything for needed food when out in the wilds.

On the whole, the Alaskan lives an unusually blessed existence. He may take his politics very seriously indeed, but every-day existence he carries lightly. He is not in terror that economic conditions are going to crush him, and in fear of physical conditions he is quite lacking.

I have known him at home for fourteen years, and I believe he is exceptional in his opportunities (in spite of the handicap of an absentee landlordism, instead of representative government), as well as in initiative, resourcefulness, loyalty, and in capacity for both work and play. There is time and place for both in this big, new land of his. We know something of Alaska's industrial resources, but of its possibilities as a land to live in, a breeding-ground for a new nation—a people of sturdier stuff than our own—we have hardly guessed. It is an Americanism to call its 580,000 square miles a playground, yet in a very big and splendid way it is so. It is the race's newest melting-pot, and out of its fires and its frosts will some day come a new and virile type, and this new Alaskan's capacity for wholesome play will save him for a manly destiny.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GRATITUDE *and* GRAFT

by Walter Lippmann

IF YOU will look at the pension roll from Civil War times down to the present day, you will note that as the veterans diminished, the number of pensioners increased. Now surely it is no offense to any veteran to ask how it happens that the fewer veterans there are, the more pensioners we support. Nor is there anything mean or stingy in wondering why the pension bill forty-six years after the war was four times the size of that bill fourteen years after the war. A nation which has spent a good deal over four thousand million dollars for pensions up to date can, by no stretch of the imagination, be called ungrateful if it discusses the question. Moreover, there is particular reason for it at the present time, for the Sulloway bill, which Congress failed to pass last March, will probably be agitated again. If it should go through, the pension bill for the next ten years, already estimated at a billion and a half dollars, will have another four hundred millions added to it.

"Death has scarce been busier thinning the ranks of the old soldiers," said a senator recently, "than legislation has been recruiting the ranks of the pensioners." We began by paying pensions to disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, and other dependents. We have got to the point where a woman who is not poor, whose husband was not in the least disabled by ninety days' service, who married some time before June 27, 1890, who was left a widow, who remarried, who was widowed again, may draw a pension from the United States government on the strength of her first husband's service!

The history of pension legislation has been ably told by William Bayard Hale in *The World's Work*. You find there that in 1879 the annual pension bill was thirty-three millions—the next year it was fifty-six. The reason lies in an Act of Congress, 1879, giving full arrears, dating back to the war, to all those entitled to pensions. Those entitled were then limited to disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, and other dependents. Thousands of veterans had never applied for pensions. Then suddenly by Act of Congress they were offered, not a comparatively small monthly payment, but a big lump sum of money representing arrears. It was an enormous bait. It was patronage on a national scale. And it had the usual effect of patronage. It produced a political machine devoted to a "special interest." The pension attorneys perfected the machine; the orators covered it with red, white, and blue phrases, and the "old-soldier vote" became a political power which no president, except Cleveland, and very few members of Congress have ever dared to oppose.

Every few years since 1879 Congress has widened the qualifications for a pension. Originally, the idea behind the pension system was that no man who had been disabled, and no family of a man who had been killed in war, should suffer for his sacrifice. Today every man who served ninety days is eligible for a pension. His health or his financial condition has nothing whatever to do with the matter. His widow is also entitled to a pension, so long as she married him before June 27, 1890. Moreover, the widow of any man disabled in service may have a pension even though she married him fifty years after the war, when he was on his deathbed. And provident young women do not uncommonly take advantage of this provision by making widowhood their profession.

Just how much fraud there is in the administration, is difficult to say. Enough has been uncovered to arouse suspicion. Mr.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Hale discovered cases where two or three persons were drawing pensions for one man's service; where pensions were being paid to somebody or other long after the proper beneficiary was dead; where a man drawing seventy-two dollars a month for "total and permanent helplessness" was discovered to be a judge of the Michigan Supreme Court; where women never legally married to veterans were drawing widows' pensions; where a man was drawing seventeen dollars for "protuberant abdomen," and another twelve dollars for a "normal heart."

Besides fraud, there is the large field of so-called special acts. Beginning with a just desire to make eligible for a pension people who were technically disbarred, or whose cases were unusual, it has grown to such enormous proportions that to-day it is understood that each senator is allowed, say, seventeen special acts, and each representative twelve. When you think of the inclusiveness of the general laws, there is something striking in the fact that Congress has, since 1861, found it necessary to pass over twenty-six thousand special acts. About half of these simply increased the pensions of men who were already drawing them. With proper exceptions the rest were devoted to granting honorable discharges to deserters; legalizing illegal marriages; patching up the military records of men who served less than ninety days; putting camp and hospital loafers on the rolls, and granting disability claims to men temporarily afflicted with the measles.

The special acts, thousands of them at each session, are, with certain exceptions, nothing but political patronage. They are recognized as a scandal, so that whenever a proposal is made to increase the scope of the general laws, one of the arguments used is that it will make less necessary the special acts. Well, general pension acts have grown more liberal with time; yet the special acts have increased by the thousand. The laws are broader than they ever were; the special acts are more numerous every year.

This, then, is the answer to the question which asks why there are more pensioners as the veterans die off; why the pension bill grows larger as the war fades into history. Congress has, first of all, extended and extended the scope of the laws until they include deathbed widows who have remarried and become widows a second, or even a third, time. Then, too, the administration of the pension bureau has, with a rare exception, been in the hands of men who were more than liberal in the interpretation of liberal laws. A large amount of fraud has padded the bill, and a mass of special acts (in thousands of cases nothing but legitimatized fraud) has piled the annual cost of pensions so high that it uses up almost a quarter of the national revenue.

Yet the average value of each pension is really very small. In 1909, it was $169.82. The total bill is enormous; the individual pensions seem trifling. The reason is a matter of simple arithmetic. The individual pensions are small because the number of pensioners is so very large. The veterans come along with a reasonable demand. They are getting old and they need more assistance. The country looks at the pension roll—with its nine hundred and twenty-one thousand names and its one hundred and sixty million dollars annual cost. It thinks, perhaps, of the tariff burden which it supports partly to pay that bill. Perhaps it thinks of millions of people who risk their lives in industry and get no pension whatever. At any rate, the bill, swollen by thousands of people who have no excuse whatever for drawing a military pension, appals it.

Whatever resentment there is in the country to-day on the subject of pensions, is directed against the notion that a recognition of service on the part of the nation should be used as a pork barrel by the unscrupulous. This desire to reward military service is a mark of advancing civilization. Perhaps some day we shall extend our notion of patriotism till it includes other kinds of service. What we resent is any extension of the notion to include private graft.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

CHAPTER XXV—*Continued.*

"SEÑOR, one can not be married in a moment. I am Catholic—the banns——"

"I've thought of all that, but a civil marriage is binding. We'll have the religious ceremony afterward; meanwhile this will stop Ramón, at least. I promise not to see you again until you send for me, until your father's hopes are realized. You may wait as long as you wish, and nobody will know. They tricked you, Chiquita, dear. I can't explain, but it wasn't all politics by any means. Oh, girl! Don't you understand, I love you—love you? It's our only chance."

The words were tumbling from his lips incoherently; he was pleading as if for his life, while she clung to him to support herself. Through it all their feet moved rhythmically, their bodies swayed to the cadences of the waltz as they circled the ballroom. He guided her among the other whirling figures, under the very eyes of her father and her fiancé, while more than one of the onlookers commented upon the handsome appearance of these young people, the one so stalwart and blond and Northern, the other so chic and dark and tropical.

He knew it was her lifelong loyalty, her traditional sense of obedience, that made her hesitate.

"It was treachery to both of us," he urged. "They imposed upon your father; but when he has won, he'll forgive us. I know what I'm saying; Mrs. Cortlandt told me to-night how it all happened."

"*Madre de Dios!*" she exclaimed faintly. "Is it that I am dreaming?"

"They are waiting for us; the dance is half over already. I love you—better than all the world. Do you remember two nights ago? You kissed me then and—I—I can't live without you. We'll go away together, you and I, through all the world—just we two." She trembled against him. "Quick!" he cried in her ear. "We're coming to the spot. They can't see us now. If you feel weak, hold to my arm until we are outside."

She gave a hysterical, choking sob that was half a sigh; then her eyes flashed upward to his—they were wide and bright and shining—her lips were parted, her body was lithe and full of life. She slipped from his embrace, whispering:

"Yes, yes! Quickly, Señor," and the next instant they were out upon the wide gallery with the dance behind them. "Hurree, hurree, or they will follow!"

Together they fled along the north wing of the hotel, the girl panting, with one hand held to her bare throat; but there was no need of his help, for she ran like a fawn.

"Here!" He swung her around the corner and rapped sharply at a door.

"Quickly! Quickly," she moaned, "for the love of——"

With terrific force the door was fairly jerked from its hinges and slammed to behind them. The next moment Allan's big

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

body was leaning against it as if the wall were about to fall inward upon him. Runnels leaped forward with an exclamation, his wife stood staring, her face as white as snow. With them was the genial, gray-haired judge from Colon, whom Kirk had met at the Wayfarers' Club on the night of his arrival.

"You made it!" Runnels cried triumphantly.

"Miss Garavel!" his wife echoed. "Thank Heaven you came!"

"Quick! The music will stop! Judge, this is Miss Garavel—you must marry us just as fast as you can."

"I presume you consent?" the judge asked, with a smile at the girl.

"I—I want to be happy," she said simply. Her bosom was heaving, her pansy eyes were fastened upon the magistrate with a look of pleading that drove the smile from his lips. She clung to Anthony's arm as if she feared these strangers might tear him away.

"You understand, judge, she's of age; so am I. They want to force her to marry a man she doesn't——"

The muffled strains of music ceased. There came the faint clapping of hands.

"*Madre de Dios!*" Miss Garavel cried. "We are too late!" She beat her little palms together in desperation.

There was a breathless interval. Then the music began again, and to its throbbing measures the marriage ceremony was performed. As the last word was pronounced, Mrs. Runnels burst into tears and hid her face against her husband's breast. Runnels himself held forth a shaking hand to Kirk, then patted the bride clumsily upon the shoulder.

"I know you will be happy now, Mrs. Anthony," he said.

With an incoherent cry of delight, Kirk folded his wife in his arms, and she kissed him before them all.

"Señor, I will love you always," she said shyly.

During the progress of this scene, Allan Allan of Jamaica had stood frozen with amazement, a door-knob wedged firmly into the small of his back, his eyes distended and rolling; but when Mrs. Runnels collapsed, as at a signal he, too, dissolved in tears.

"Oh, glory to God, boss," he sobbed, "you is a beautiful bridegroom!"

"Come, we must get back—the music has stopped again." Kirk turned to the judge. "Nothing is to be said until Miss Gar—Mrs. Anthony gives the word; you understand? I can't thank you all half enough. Now Allan, see if the coast is clear, quickly!" He was still in a panic, for there yet remained a chance of discovery and ruin. One more instant of suspense, then the two stepped out, the door closed softly behind them, and they strolled around the corner of the north wing into the crowd. It had all happened so quickly that even yet they were dazed and disbelieving.

"My wife," Kirk whispered, while a tremendous rush of emotion swept over him. She trembled in answer like a wind-shaken leaf. "You're mine, Chiquita. They can't take you away." His voice broke.

"I am still dreaming. What have I done! Oh-h—they will know; in my face they will read the truth. But I do not care. Is—it indeed true?"

They were now at the entrance to the ballroom through which they had come a few minutes before, and, pausing, she gave him a half-serious, half-timid glance.

"Señor," she said, "I do not know if some time you will be sorry for this action, but I shall never cease loving you. I prayed hourly to the Blessed Virgin, and she heard. Now I shall perish until you come."

"When you give me leave; through steel and stone, through fire and water."

"Quick! for the one more time, call me—that—" she hesitated, blushing vividly—"I will hear it in my dreams."

"My wife," he whispered tenderly.

"Ho! Chiquita *mía!*" her father cried as they came to him. "There you are, then. I have missed you." His eyes smoldered as he gazed suspiciously at Kirk.

"Ah, but I was too warm," she said easily. "Yonder by the door, we have been standing in the night breeze. And where is Ramón?"

"He is looking for you."

"One would think him a jealous husband already," she exclaimed lightly. Then, extending her hand coolly to Kirk, "I thank you, Señor, for the—dance."

Her husband bowed. "I shall not soon forget it." To the father he added in a low voice: "I thank you also for your courtesy. We have been discussing your daughter's marriage during the dance, and it is my one greatest hope that she may never regret it."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The banker acknowledged the words ceremoniously. "Love is a thing that comes and goes; marriage alone can bind it. Some day you will thank me, and then perhaps you will honor our house again, eh?"

"I shall be happy to come whenever you wish."

As he walked away, the banker said with relief: "He takes it well; he is proud—almost like a Spaniard."

Kirk moved through the crowd as if in a trance, but he was beginning to realize the truth now; it surged over him in great waves of gladness. He longed to shout his news aloud. What luck was his! The world was made for him—there was no such thing as adversity or failure—Chiquita was his wife! All Christendom might go to pot for all he cared; that marvelous fact was unalterable. Yes, and he could speak his mind to Mrs. Cortlandt. His tentative acceptance of the terms she made sickened him. He wanted to get himself out of this false position as soon as possible. What mattered her threats? What did he care for the things she could give or withhold when all the glad, open world was beckoning to him and his bride? Success! Riches! He could win them for himself. Chiquita was all and more than they, and he was a god!

In the midst of his rhapsody he heard a bell-boy speaking his name and, smiling at him vacantly, he turned away. But the negro followed him persistently, saying something about a letter.

"Letter? I have no time to write letters—oh, I beg pardon, letter for *me?*" He took the missive from the silver tray and stuffed it absent-mindedly into a pocket, fumbling meanwhile for a tip. "I don't seem to have any money, my boy, but money, after all, means nothing."

"It is h'impartant, sar."

"Oh, yes, the letter. Very well." He opened the envelope and pretended to read, but in reality the sheet held nothing for him but a ravishing, mischievous face, with pansy eyes. He must have stood staring unseeingly at it for several seconds. Then the dancing visions faded, and the scrawl stood out plainly:

"Williams, detective, St. Louis, arrived at Colon this evening on the *Prince Joachim.* You'd better take it on the run."

It was written upon Tivoli paper, but the hand was strange and there was no signature.

"Well!" Kirk came suddenly to himself, and a spasm of disgust seized him. "What a rotten inconvenience!" he said aloud. But before he had time to measure the effect of this new complication, the swelling music reminded him that this dance belonged to Mrs. Cortlandt and that her answer was due.

She was waiting for him in the gallery and motioned him to the chair adjoining hers. "I can't two-step and talk at the same time," she said, "and here we'll be quite private."

Kirk remained standing. "What I have to say won't take long. I've made up my mind, and I——"

Edith interrupted him with a lightness that her look belied: "Oh, let's not discuss it. I don't want you to answer. I don't want to think of it. I just want to forget—and to plan. You understand how I feel?" She faced him with eyes bright and lustrous, her red lips parted in a smile. She was a very beautiful woman, Kirk realized—a very compelling, unusual woman, and one whose capabilities seemed unbounded. He began dimly to perceive that all women have great capabilities for good or evil, depending largely upon the accident of their environment, and with this thought came the feeling that he must speak frankly now or prove himself worse than base.

"I must answer," he said. "I don't want to pretend; I'm not good at lying. I can't go through with any such arrangement as you suggested. Why, the very idea is positively—fierce. You've been awfully nice to me, but I had no idea of—this. Besides, Cortlandt's an awfully decent chap, and—and, well," he concluded lamely, "there are lots of reasons."

"Oh, no. There is only one reason; all the others count for nothing."

"Perhaps! But it's—just impossible."

"You know what it means?" She stared at him with hard, level eyes. "I'm not a moderate person: I can't do things by halves. No! I see you don't think of that. You are mad over this Garavel girl. But you can't get her." Something in his dazzled, love-foolish smile enraged her. "So! You are planning even now? Well, then, understand there are practical reasons, political reasons, why you can't have her. If Garavel were insane enough to consent, others would not. She is part of—the machine, and there are those who will not con-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sent to see all their work spoiled. That is altogether apart from me, you understand? I can build, and I can destroy——"

"There's nothing more to say," he interrupted her quietly, "so I'd better excuse myself."

"Yes! I would prefer to be alone."

When he had bowed himself away, she crushed the fan in her hand, staring out across the lights of the city below, and it was thus that Cortlandt found her a few moments later, as he idled along the veranda, his hands in his pockets, a cigarette between his lips. He dropped into the empty chair beside her, saying:

"Hello! Thought you had this with Anthony?"

"I had."

"What's the trouble?"

"There is no trouble." She began to rock, while he studied her profile; then, conscious of his look, she inquired, "Aren't you dancing?"

"No, just looking on as usual. I prefer to watch. You have broken your fan, it seems." He flung his cigarette into the darkness and, reaching out, took the fan from her hand. She saw that his lips were drawn back in a peculiar smile.

"Well! Is that so strange?" she answered sharply. "You seem—" She broke off and looked deliberately away from him.

"Row, eh?" he inquired softly.

She could hardly hold back her hatred of the man. He had worked powerfully upon her nerves of late, and she was half hysterical.

"Why do you take pleasure in annoying me?" she cried. "What ails you these last few weeks? I can't stand it—I won't——"

"Oh, pardon! One quarrel an evening is enough. I should have known better."

She turned upon him at this, but once more checked the words that clamored for utterance. Her look, however, was a warning. She bit her lip and said nothing.

"Too bad you and he don't hit it off better; he likes me."

There was no answer.

"He's giving me a party after the dance—sort of a gratitude affair. A delicate way to acknowledge a debt, eh?"

She saw that his hand shook as he lit a fresh cigarette, and the strangeness of his tone made her wonder.

"You know very well it is Runnels's doing," she said.

"Oh, there are six of them in it altogether, but Anthony originated the little surprise. It's intended for you, of course."

"I don't see it. Are you going?"

"I accepted."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bah! They won't give it," he said harshly.

"And why not? I think it is rather nice of those chaps. Of course, Runnels would like to ingratiate himself with you——"

"Funny spectacle, eh? Me, the guest of—Anthony!"

There was a trace of anxiety in her voice as she answered, and, though she spoke carelessly, she did not meet his eyes. "I—I'd rather you'd make an excuse. I'll have to go home alone, you know."

He raised his brows mockingly. "My *dear!* I'm to be the honored guest."

"Suit yourself, of course."

A marine officer approached, mopping his face, and engaged her in conversation, whereupon Cortlandt rose languidly and strolled away through the crowd that came eddying forth from the ballroom.

Meanwhile, Kirk had found Runnels, who was looking for him, eager to express his congratulations and to discuss their exploit in detail.

"I've just taken the wife home," he explained. "I never saw anybody so excited. If she'd stayed here, she'd have given the whole thing away, sure. Why, she wasn't half so much affected by her own marriage."

"I—I haven't pulled myself together yet. Funny thing, I've just been watching my wife dancing with the man she is engaged to. Gee! It's great to be married!"

"She's the dearest thing I ever saw, and wasn't she game! Alice will cry for weeks over this. Why, it's the sob-fest of her lifetime. She's bursting with grief and rapture. I hope your wife can keep a secret better than mine, otherwise there will be a tremendous commotion before to-morrow's sun sets. I suppose now I'll have to hang around home with my finger on my lip, saying 'Hist!' until the news comes out. Whew! I'm thirsty."

Anthony did not tell his friend about the detective in Colon and his mysterious warning, partly because he was not greatly disturbed by it and trusted to meeting the difficulty in proper time, and partly because his mind was once more too full of his great good fortune to permit of any other

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

interest. Now that he had some one to whom he could talk freely, he let himself go, and he was deep in conversation when Stephen Cortlandt strolled up and stopped for an instant to say:

"Quite a lively party, isn't it?"

Kirk noticed how sallow he had grown in the past few months, and how he had fallen off in weight. He looked older, too; his cheeks had sunken in until they outlined his jaws sharply. He seemed far from well; a nervous twitching of his fingers betokened the strain he had been under. He was quite as immaculate as usual, however, quite as polished and collected.

"How is our little 'stag' coming on?" he asked

"Fine! Everything is ready," said Runnels. "You won't expect an elaborate lay-out—it's mostly cold storage, you know. But we'll at least be able to quench our thirst at the Central."

"Then it's really coming off? I was—afraid you'd forgotten it." Cortlandt cast a curious glance at Kirk, who exclaimed heartily:

"Well, hardly!"—then, as their prospective guest moved off, "What a strange remark!"

"Yes," said Runnels, "he's a queer fellow; but then, you know, he's about as emotional as a toad."

CHAPTER XXVI

The Crash

Kirk had no further chance of speaking with his wife, for after the dance she was whisked away, leaving him nothing but the memory of an adoring, blissful glance as she passed. With Runnels and Cortlandt and the rest, he was driven to the Hotel Central, where they found a very attractive table set in a private dining-room. It was a lively party, and Kirk's secret elation enabled him to play the host with unforced geniality. The others joined him in a hearty effort to show this guest the high regard in which they held him; and if Cortlandt did not enjoy himself, it was entirely his own fault.

Toward Kirk, however, he preserved a peculiar attitude, which only the young man's self-absorption prevented him from noticing. If he had been less jubilant, he must have felt the unnatural aloofness of the other man's bearing; but even had he done so, he would doubtless have attributed it to Cortlandt's well-recognized frigidity.

At the propitious moment, Runnels, who had reluctantly agreed to share the social responsibility, made a little speech, explaining that he and his boys had been sensible from the first of their guest's interest in them and were deeply grateful for it. They were all working together, he said, and what helped one helped another. They now tendered him a token of their regard in a form which he could preserve.

"It's a little late," he smiled, "in view of the rumor that has been going round within the last day or so, but no matter what happens to any one of us in the readjustment of our department, we appreciate the help you have given us collectively."

He handed a handsome loving-cup to Cortlandt, who thanked him appropriately, then waited courteously for the party to break up. But Anthony rose, saying:

"I simply have to say a word on my own account, fellows, for I owe Mr. Cortlandt more than any of you."

The object of these remarks shot a swift, questioning glance from his stony eyes, and raised a hand as if to check him. But Kirk ran on, unheeding:

"I want to thank him before all of you for what he has done for me personally. When I landed in Panama I was a rotter. I'd never worked and never intended to; I rather despised people who did. I represented the unearned increment. I was broke and friendless, and what ideas I had were all wrong. This is something you don't know, perhaps, but no sooner had I landed than I got into trouble of the worst sort, and Mr. Cortlandt got me out. He was my bail-bond, he put me up at his hotel, gave me clothes, and paid my way until I got started. I was a stranger, mind you, but he's been just like one of my own people, and if I ever succeed in doing anything really worth while, it will be due to the start he gave me."

Though the words were commonplace enough, they carried a sincere message, and Cortlandt saw by the faces about him that the others were pleased. His own gaun countenance turned more sallow than ev The memory of what he had heard on t porch of his house a few afternoons ago, what he had seen at other times, of his wi telltale behavior on this very evening, sw over him, fanning anew the sullen emotio he had cherished all these months. How

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

far would this fellow dare to go, he wondered? What motive inspired him thus to pose before his friends and openly goad his victim under the cloak of modesty and gratitude? Was he enhancing his triumph by jeering at the husband of whom he had made a fool? He dropped his eyes to hide the fury in them.

"I want to give you a little remembrance of my own." Anthony was speaking directly to him. "It isn't much, but it means a good deal to me, and I hope it will have some sort of personal association for you, Mr. Cortlandt." He drew from his pocket a plush case and took from it a very handsome thin Swiss watch with the letters "S. C." artfully enameled upon the back. Runnels, who knew the local shops, wondered how it had been procured in Panama. The others openly expressed their admiration.

Cortlandt accepted the gift mechanically; then, as it touched his flesh, a sudden color mounted to his cheeks, only to recede, leaving them bloodless again. He stared at it uncertainly, then looked up and ran his eyes slowly around the table. They came to rest at last upon the broad frame of the giver, crowned with its handsome, sun-tanned face and close-cropped shock of yellow hair. Anthony was all that he was not—the very embodiment of youth, vigor, and confidence, while Cortlandt was prematurely aged, worn, and impotent.

"I really didn't expect this," he began slowly, as he rose. "Anthony exaggerates; he is too kind. But since he has chosen to call attention publicly to our relations, I will confess that what he tells you is all true. He was everything he says when he first came to Panama. He did get into trouble, and I helped him out; he had no money, and I put him up as my guest; he needed work, and I helped to place him. Through my assistance—partly, at any rate—he has made a man of himself. He has been welcome at my house, at my table. He has come and gone as he pleased, like one of my own family, you might say. But those are little things; they count for nothing." He smiled in a way that seemed ironical, his lips writhed away from his teeth until his face resembled a death's head. His fingers had gripped his hearers, and Anthony stirred uneasily, thinking this an odd way of accepting a gift.

Unclasping his long, white fingers, Cortlandt held up the watch to public view.

"In payment for my poor friendship he has given me this magnificent thing of gold and jewels, the finest I ever saw. I never counted upon such gratitude. It is too much, and yet a man can not refuse the gift of his friend and not seem ungracious, can he? Somewhere in the Orient they have a custom of exchanging gifts—no man may accept a thing of value without making adequate return; and it has always struck me as a wise practise." He turned full upon Kirk for the first time since he had begun speaking, and his voice rose a tone, as he said: "I can't let the obligation rest entirely upon me. We have been friends, Anthony, and I am going to give you something in return which I have prized highly; it would be counted of great value by some." Once more he paused, and drew his lips back in that grimace of mockery—it could no longer be termed a smile. "It is this—I am going to give you—my wife. You have had her from the first, and now she is yours."

For one frightful moment there was no sound; even the men's breathing was hushed, and they sat slack-jawed, stunned, half-minded to believe this some hideous, incredible jest. But the maniacal light in Cortlandt's eyes, and Anthony's chalk-white, frozen countenance soon showed them the truth. Some one gasped, another laughed hysterically, the sound breaking in his throat. Cortlandt turned away gloatingly.

Kirk was the last to recover his powers, but when they did revive they came with a prodigious rush. He plunged upward out of his chair with a cry like a wounded animal, and the others rose with him. The table rocked, something smashed, a chair was hurled backward. The room broke into instant turmoil. Kirk felt hands upon him, and then went blind with fury, struggling in a passion too strong for coherent speech. He was engulfed in chaos. He felt things break beneath his touch, felt bodies give way before him——

How or when Cortlandt left the room he never knew. Eventually he found himself pinned in his chair, with Runnels's white face close against his own and other hands upon his arms. His first frenzy quickly gave way to a sickening horror. Some one was commanding him to be still, to create no scene; but those were not words—they were simply mutterings that conveyed no meaning.

"It's a lie! The man's crazy!" he cried

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"RATHER LATE FOR GOOD NIGHTS," SHE SAID COLDLY.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hoarsely; then, as his companions drew away from him, he rose to his feet. "Why are you looking at me like that?" he demanded. "I tell you it's a damned lie! I never——"

Runnels turned to the table, and with shaking hand put a glass to his lips and gulped its contents. Wade and Kimble exchanged glances, then, avoiding each other's eyes, took their hats from the hooks behind them.

"Wait! Bring him back!" Kirk mumbled. "I'll get him and make him say it's a lie!" But still no one answered, no one looked at him. "God! *You don't believe it!*"

"I'm going home, fellows. I'm kind of sick," Kimble said. One of the others murmured unintelligibly, and, wetting a napkin, bound up his hand, which was bleeding. They continued to watch Kirk as if fearful of some insane action, yet they refused to meet his eyes squarely. No sympathy showed in their faces.

The consciousness of what these actions meant came to Kirk slowly. Was it possible that his friends believed this incredible accusation? The thought made him furious, for he was still too agitated to realize that such a charge, made under such circumstances, could not well prove less than convincing. As he began to collect himself, he saw his plight more clearly. His first thought had been that Cortlandt was insane; but the man's actions were not those of a maniac. No! He actually believed, and—and these fellows believed also. No doubt they would continue to think him guilty in spite of all that he could do or say; for after this shocking denunciation it would take more than mere words to prove that he had not betrayed his friend and benefactor. It was incredible, unbearable! He wanted to shout his innocence at them, to beat it into their heads; but the more he expostulated, the more distant they became.

One by one they took their hats and went out mumbling good-night to each other, as if intending to go home singly in order to avoid all discussion of this thing that had fallen among them. Runnels alone remained.

"*You* don't believe I did—that?" Anthony asked in a strained voice.

"I—I think I do." There was a miserable silence, and then: "It isn't the thing itself, you know, so much as the rotten—underhanded advantage you took. If he'd been a stranger now—honestly, isn't it true?"

Kirk shook his head listlessly. "I wouldn't lie to you."

Runnels drew a deep breath. "Oh, come, now, the man *must* have known what he was saying. Do you realize what it means—if—well, if he were mistaken? It would be bad enough if he were not, but this would be ten times worse. Don't you see?"

"I don't see much of anything yet. I'm stunned."

"Ugh! To make it public that way, he must be made of iron." Runnels shuddered, then with cold eyes on Kirk continued: "He must have known, Anthony. Men don't do things like that on suspicion."

"He misunderstood our friendship," said Kirk, heavily, then roused himself for a last plea. "Look here!" he cried. "You know Cortlandt and you know me. The man was insanely jealous! I know it sounds weak, but it's the truth, and it's all I can say. I'll go mad if you doubt me."

Runnels's face showed the pain he felt, but his eyes looked incredulous.

"Another thing," Kirk went on desperately: "Do you suppose that if what you believe were true, I could have had the inhuman nerve to come here to-night? That would make me a fool or a monster!"

"I don't know," said Runnels.

"You do know. You know *me*. If we weren't such friends I wouldn't argue with you like this, but—I can't bear it. And to-night of all—" He broke off sharply. "My God! I'd forgotten that I'm married! Suppose Gertrudis hears of this! If it ever gets to her—I—believe I could kill him."

"Don't talk like that!"

"I never really thought I could take a person's life, but if she heard she might believe; everybody else seems to believe. Understand, she hardly knows me. She might—she might—" Anthony seized his temples in despair.

Runnels took a sudden illogical decision. He never knew exactly what had influenced him, but his whole past knowledge of Anthony surged up in him with a force that he could not resist. He found that he could not really believe him capable of this abomination any more than he could believe it of himself. Little of our life is ruled by reason, and it is something else than logic that produces the last feeling of conviction. Here,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

s something was present, where logic was king.

Runnels laid his hand on Kirk's shoulder. 'ake it easy, old man," he said. "I be-'e you. I've always known that they n't get along together, although—well, 'on't try to understand it. He may not anything further, and these fellows won't ntion what happened here; they can't."

'You know we're only half-married," aned Kirk, hardly heeding him. "Wom- are apt to be jealous, aren't they, Run- s? What do you suppose she'd do?"

'Don't worry about that. I'm thinking ut Cortlandt. If he finds out he's mis- en, what will *he* do?"

'He'll have to find out. I'm going to tell ı. His wife will tell him. Good God! you see what an awful light it puts me You don't doubt me, do you, really, man?"

No—but what a night this has been! It ns a year old. Come along now, you st get out of here. You must turn in."

Oh, I don't feel as if I'd ever sleep again il this thing is cleared up!" His anguish pt over him in a fresh tide. "Those s think I did that trick to the man who iended me!"

Well, don't let's talk about it any more; can't stay here all night, anyhow. The ters are wondering what this row is about. ink we'd better take a walk." Runnels gged his companion out, trying to calm as best he could.

ı passing through the deserted lobby of hotel, they saw Clifford idling about, they were too much absorbed to wonder t had kept him up so late. By the clock ss the Plaza they saw it was two hours r midnight as they stepped into the et; then, finding no coaches in sight, set out to walk toward Ancon, both ly in need of the open air.

moment later Clifford followed them, ng pains to keep at a distance.

ow that the full import of Cortlandt's ısation had sunk into his mind, Kirk ed into a mood of sullen bitterness. He little, but his set face worried his com- on, who was loath to bid him good- t even when they were close to the Tiv-

After they had parted, Runnels was ı the point of going back and offering pend the night with him, but thought er of it. After all, he reflected, his ap- ensions were probably quite unfounded. Anthony was too sensible a chap to do anything he might repent of, now that his gust of passion had died down. So he went on homeward, wondering vaguely how Cortlandt would dare to meet his wife, or, if he really found himself mistaken, how he could ever summon courage to look his hosts in the face.

Instead of passing through the office, Kirk mounted to the porch of the Tivoli and entered his room from the outside, as he and Chiquita had done earlier that evening. He found Allan waiting, and bursting with a desire to gossip, but cut him short.

"Get my street clothes—I'm going out." He tore the white tie from his neck as if it were choking him.

"It is too late, sar. You will be h'exposing yourself to a fever in the mist," expostulated the boy; but Kirk would not hear argument.

"Come along if you want to," he said. "I can't sleep. I want to walk—walk until I'm tired."

Mystified and frightened at this behavior, Allan obeyed. "Never have I h'observed you so h'angry, boss," he observed. "Is it Ramón Alfarez?" His eyes began to roll in excitement, for the spectacle of his master's agitation never failed to work upon him powerfully.

"No, not Ramón—another. I've been hurt, Allan. I can't explain, for you wouldn't understand, but I've been hurt."

The negro's lips drew apart in an expression of ape-like ferocity, and he began to chatter threats of vengeance to which Kirk paid little heed. A few moments later they went out quietly, and together took the rock road down toward the city, the one silent and desperate, the other whining like a hound nearing a scent.

CHAPTER XXVII

A QUESTION

EDITH CORTLANDT did not retire immediately upon her return from the ball. Her anger at Anthony's behavior kept her wakeful, and the night had turned off so dead and humid that sleep was in any case a doubtful possibility. It was the lifeless period between seasons, when the trades had died out, or at best veered about bafflingly, too faint to offer relief. The cooling rains had not set in as yet, and a great blanket of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

heat wrapped the city in its smothering folds. The air was still and tainted, like that of a sick-room.

Edith was still sitting there at a late hour, when she heard the outside door close and Cortlandt's footsteps mounting the stairs. She was glad he had his own room and never entered hers at such an hour, for even to talk with him in her present state of mind and body would have been more than she could bear.

She was unreasonably annoyed, therefore, when he came boldly into her chamber without even knocking, for all the world like a welcome lover. To conceal her irritation, she kept her face turned from him and continued fanning herself listlessly. She was reclining in a wicker chair, lightly clad in a filmy silk negligee, which she mechanically drew closer.

"Rather late for good-nights," she said coldly.

"I've just come from Anthony's supper party."

His voice made her look round sharply. She saw that his linen, ordinarily so stiff and immaculate, was sodden and crumpled, his collar limp, his forehead glistening with drops of moisture. She could not remember ever having seen him in such a state. His appearance affected her queerly. In him this dishevelment was shocking.

"What ails you, Stephen?" she cried. "Have you been drinking?"

"No. I didn't drink much. I brought you something."

He took the loving-cup from its flannel bag and set it upon the table. "They gave me this."

"It is very pretty, though I don't care for such things."

"And this, too." He tossed the watch with its enameled monogram into her lap.

"Ah! That's very handsome."

"Yes, I thought you'd like it; it's from Anthony." He laughed, then shuddered as though a cold wind had bitten through his sodden garments.

"Why—you seem excited over these souvenirs. You surely expected——"

He broke in—a thing he rarely did when she was speaking: "Anthony made a speech when he gave it to me—a very nice speech, full of friendship and gratitude." He repeated Kirk's words as he remembered them. "What do you think of that?"

"I think he expressed himself very frankly. But why do you tell me now, when the morning will do just as well? I'm prostrated with this heat."

"He actually acknowledged his debt in public."

Mrs. Cortlandt's eyes widened. This was not the man she knew. At this moment he was actually insistent, almost overbearing, and he was regarding her with that same ironical sneer which had roused her anger earlier in the evening.

"Well, come to the point!" she cried irritably. "I don't understand what you are getting at. If you didn't wish to accept anything from him, why did you go?"

He began to chuckle, apparently without reason. His shoulders shook, feebly at first, then more violently; his flat chest heaved, and he hiccoughed as if from physical weakness. It was alarming, and she rose, staring at him in fright. The sight of her increased his mirthless laughter. He continued to shudder and shake in uncontrollable hysteria, but his eyes were bright and watchful.

"Oh, I—I—took it all in—I let him p-put the noose around his own neck and tie the knot. Then I hung him." His convulsive giggling was terrible, forecasting, as it did, his immediate breakdown.

"*Stephen!*" she exclaimed in a shocked tone, convinced that his mind was going. "You are ill, you need a doctor. I will call Joceel." She laid her hand on his arm.

But he sniggered: "N-no! No! I'm all right. I t-t-t-t—" A stuttering fit seized him, then, with an effort of will, he calmed himself. "Don't think I'm crazy. I was never more sane, never cooler, in here—" he tapped his head with his finger. "But I'm tired, that's all, tired of waiting."

"Won't you go to your room and let me call a doctor?"

"Not yet. Wait! He told them what I had done for him, how I'd made a man of him when he was broke and friendless, how I'd taken him into my home like one of my family; and then I went him one better. I acknowledged it all and made them hear it from my lips, too. Then—" he paused, and she steeled herself to witness another spectacle of his pitiable loss of self-control. But instead he grew icy and corpse-like, with lips drawn back in a grin. "What do you think I said? Can't you guess? I couldn't let him get away with that, could I? I played with him the way you have played with me. Think!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Her face went suddenly ashen. He stood before her grimly triumphant, enjoying his sense of mastery and deliberately prolonging her suspense.

"Well, I told him before them all that I intended to give him something in return, and I did. I—gave—him—*you*."

She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

He nodded. "I said he'd had you from the first and that now I'd give you to him."

She gave an unintelligible cry, standing now as if petrified.

He went on: "I knew all the time that I was in the way, but my work is done at last, so I'll step out. But—you both got more than you bargained for, didn't you?"

"God! You didn't tell him that? You didn't say *that*—before those men! Oh-h!" She shrank back, drawing the gauzy silk robe closer about her breast. Her hands were shaking, her hair, which had fallen free when she rose, cascaded about her neck and shoulders. She let her eyes wander about the room as if to assure herself that this was not some hideous nightmare. Then she roused to sudden action. Seizing him by the shoulders, she shook him roughly with far more than her natural strength, voicing furious words which neither of them understood.

"Oh, I did it," he declared. "He's yours now. You can have him. He's been your lover——"

She flung him away from her so violently that he nearly fell. "It's a lie! You know it's a lie!"

"It's true. I'm no fool."

She beat her hands together distractedly. "What have you done? What will those men think? Listen! You must stop them quickly. Tell them it's not so!"

He seemed not to hear her. "I'm going away to-morrow," he said, "but I'll never divorce you, no matter what you do; and I won't let you divorce me, either. No, no! Take him now, if you want him, but you'll never be able to marry him until I'm gone. And I won't die soon—I promise you that. I'm going to live."

"You can't go——"

"There's a boat to-morrow."

"Don't you see you must stay and explain to those men? My God! They'll think you spoke the truth; they'll *believe* what you said."

"Of course they will," he chattered shrilly. "That's why I did it in that way. No matter what you or he or I can do or say now, they'll believe it forever. It came to me like a flash of light, and I saw what it meant all in a minute. Do *you* understand what it means, eh? Listen! No matter how you behave, they'll know. They won't say anything, but they'll know, and you can't stand that, can you? Even if you could fool me once more against the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and convince me that your lies are true, it wouldn't do any good with them."

"'Evidence!' You have no evidence."

"No? What about that night at Taboga? You were mad over the fellow then, but you didn't think I saw. That day I caught you together in the jungle—have you forgotten that? Didn't you think it strange that I should be the one to discover you? Oh, I pretended to be blind, but I followed you everywhere I could, and I kept my eyes open."

"You saw nothing, for there was nothing."

"He's been with you day and night. You have been together constantly, and I knew what was going on. But I waited, because I wasn't strong enough to revolt—until to-night. Oh, but to-night I was strong! Something gave me courage."

In all their married life she had never known him to show such stubborn force. He was like granite, and the unbelievable change in him, upsetting all her preconceived notions of the man, appalled her. There had been times in the past when they had clashed, but he had never really matched his will with hers, and she had judged him weak and spiritless. Now, therefore, failing to dominate him, as usual, she was filled with a strange feeling of helplessness and terror.

"You had no right to accept such evidence!" she stormed.

"Bah! Why try to fool me? I have your own words for it. The other afternoon I came home sick—with my head. I was on the gallery outside when you were pleading with him, and I heard it all. You talked that night about Taboga—your guilty kisses—you acknowledged everything. But he was growing tired of you. That, you know, makes it all the more effective." He smiled in an agonized fury.

"You—cur!" she cried, with the fury of one beating barehanded at a barred door.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You had no right to do such a thing even if I were guilty."

"Right! Aren't you my wife?"

The look she gave him was heavy with loathing. "That means nothing with us. I never loved you and you know it. You know, too, why I married you. I made no secret of it at the time. You had what I wanted, and I had what you wanted. You were content with the bargain because I gave you money, position, and power. I never promised anything more than that. I made you into something like a man. You never could have succeeded without me. All you have is due to me—even your reputation in the Service. Your success, your influence—it is all mine, and the only thing you gave me was a name; any other would have done as well."

He shrank a little under this tirade, despite his exaltation.

"Marriage!" she continued in bitter scorn. "A priest mumbled something over us, but it meant nothing then or now. I have tolerated you because you were useful. I have carried you with me as I carry a maid or a butler. I bought a manikin and dressed it up and put breath into it for my own convenience, and I owe you nothing—do you understand?—nothing! The debt is all on your side, as you and I and all the world know."

"Who made me a manikin?" he demanded with womanish fury, a fury that had been striving for utterance these many years. "I had ambitions and hopes and ability once—not much perhaps, but enough—before you married me. I was nothing great, but I was getting along. I had confidence, too, but you took it away from me. You—you absorbed me. You had your father's brain, and it was too big for me; it overshadowed mine. In a way you were a vampire, for what I had you drained me of. At first it was terrible to feel that I was inferior; but I loved you, and although I had some pride—" he choked an instant and threw back her incredulous stare defiantly—"I let myself be eliminated. You thought you were doing me a favor when you put me forward as a figurehead, but to me it was a tragedy. *I couldn't help letting you do it.* Do you realize what that means to a fellow? I quit fighting for my own individuality, I became colored by you, I took on your ways, your habits, your mental traits, and—all the time I knew what was happening. God! How I struggled to remain Stephen Cortlandt! But it would have taken a *big* man to mold you to his ways, and I was only average. I began to do your work in your particular style; I forgot my ambitions and my dreams and took up yours.

"That's what I fell to, and all the time I *knew* it, and all the time I knew you neither cared nor understood. My only consolation was the thought that even though you never had loved me and never could, you at least respected our relation. I clung to that miserably, for it was all I had left, all that made me seem like a man. And yet you took away even that. I tried to rebel, but I had been drugged too long. You saw Anthony, and he had the things I lack; you found you were not a machine but a living woman. He discovered the secret I had wasted away in searching for, and you rewarded him. Oh, I saw the change in you quickly enough, and if I'd been a man instead of what I was, I'd have—but I wasn't. I went spying around like a woman, hating myself for permitting it to go on, but lacking strength to stop it. But to-night, when he got up before those other men and dangled my shame before my eyes, I had enough manhood left in me to strike back. Thank God for that, at least! Maybe it's not too late yet; maybe if I get away from you and try—" His voice died out weakly; in his face there was a miserable half-gleam of hope.

"I never knew you felt like that. I never knew you *could* feel that way," she said in a colorless voice. "But you made a terrible mistake."

"Do you mean to say you don't love him?"

"No, I have loved him for a long time—I can't remember when it began." She spoke very listlessly, looking past him as if at a long-familiar picture which she was tired of contemplating. "I never knew what love was before. I never even dreamed. I'd give my life right now—to undo what you have done, just for his sake, for he is innocent. Oh, don't sneer, it's true. He loves the Garavel girl, and wants to marry her. We must talk plainly now, before"—she pressed her palms to her temples as if they were bursting—"before it becomes impossible. I never lied to you, Stephen. Is that true?"

"I used to think so."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I'm going to tell you the whole truth now without sparing myself. It began, I think, at Taboga, that night when he kissed me. It was the only time he ever did such a thing. It was dark, we were alone, I was frightened, and it was purely impulse on his part. But it woke me up, and all at once I knew how much he meant to me. I would have yielded to him then if he had let me; but he was panic-stricken. He spoke of you, he apologized, I never saw a man in more misery. When I had time to realize the truth, I tried to fight it off. But it was no use, and at last I gave up. After that, I put myself in his way deliberately. I offered him opportunities continually, but he never seemed to see them. That day in the jungle I was desperate at his indifference, and I drove the horses away when he wasn't looking. I struck them with my crop—and I actually threw myself at him as boldly as I could, regardless of consequences. But he was like ice; he was speaking of you when you came. It has always been the same. When I discovered that he cared for that girl—well, if you overheard you must know. I frightened Garavel into dismissing him, and I set out to break him, just to show him that he needed me. To-night I offered to divorce you and make him all and more than I've made you, but he scorned me. That's the truth, Stephen. If we believed in oaths, I would swear it."

No one who knew the woman could have disbelieved her; and to the husband who knew her every mental and moral trait, this bald, hopeless confession came as a crushing anticlimax to his great effect. It left him not the slightest doubt that she was honest. He said dully, in a feeble attempt to right himself:

"You are shielding him. You want to make me out wrong." But she knew he knew.

"Those are the facts. Heaven knows they are bad enough, but they are by no means so bad as you thought. And I'm your wife, Stephen. That thing you did was brutal. Those men will talk. I was guilty, no doubt, in my thoughts, but I'm young and you have no right to blight my life and my reputation—yes and yours—by a thing like that. We will have to meet those men. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he said. "In all my life I never felt but one moment of power, and that, it seems, was false. For years I have longed to show myself a man, and now—what have I done? What have I done? I am no monster." He moaned and dropped limply into a chair, sinking into an attitude of dejection that was pitiful.

"Those men!" she said, in a way that made him writhe.

"Wait until I—think. I must think."

Despite the breathless oppression of the night, she shivered. "*I* never can meet them now, and I don't see how you will dare to, knowing that you were wrong."

"Don't!" he pleaded. "The other was bad enough, but this—Tell me what to do!"

"I can't. I don't know myself. All I can see is that those men will never cease to believe, no matter what you tell them." She groped her way to the window, but there was no relief even in the open air.

"Perhaps in the morning we can see a way out," she said at last. By and by she heard him sigh, then rise and say, "Good-night."

As she prepared for bed an hour later, she heard him still stirring about in his quarters, but afterward, as she lay staring into the black night, she was so busied with the frightful fancies that swarmed about her that she did not detect his cautious footsteps when he stole out of his chamber, closing the door softly behind him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ANSWER

KIRK was roused from a heavy, senseless slumber the next morning by a vigorous rapping at his door. He lay still for a time, vaguely resentful of the noise, then, still only half-awake, got out of bed, and opened the door.

Runnels rushed in. "Have you heard?"

"I heard your infernal pounding; that's what woke me up."

Runnels calmed his excitement, which Kirk now observed was intense. "Where did you go after I left you last night?"

"I came here, of course." As the memory of the previous night swept over him, he scowled.

"Did you stay here?" Runnels demanded.

"No. I went out again, and was out nearly all night trying to walk it off." Runnels's face blanched, and he drew back.

"Then of course you know?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What?"

"About Cortlandt. He's dead!"

It was Kirk's turn to start and grow pale. The last cobweb was swept from his brain, and he gasped: "*Dead!* When? Where? How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows just how. He was found on the sea wall near Alfarez's house, shot."

"Shot! Good God!"

"It happened some time early this morning, and the whole city is talking about it. I came to you the first thing."

"We'd better hurry down there. Mrs. Cortlandt must be all broken up." Kirk began to dress hastily, but paused as his friend stammered:

"Wait! I—I—let's understand each other first. I met Wade just now. The news has rattled him, and he's been talking."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you see Cortlandt again after I left you?" Runnels swallowed hard.

Kirk whirled about and faced him. "Great Heavens! No! See here, that idea is ridiculous!"

Runnels sank weakly into a chair and mopped his face. "I'm glad to hear you say that. It frightened me just the same, for I remembered you acted so queerly when I left you, and Wade seemed to think, perhaps—When you said you'd gone out again, it knocked me flat, understand?"

"I can prove where I was, for Allan was with me. I couldn't sleep, so I tried to walk off my excitement. No, no. I couldn't do a thing like that. I thought last night that I could, but—I couldn't, really."

"I'm afraid Wade will tell all about that party if we don't stop him."

"Then we'd better hunt him up." Kirk resumed his dressing while Runnels consulted his watch.

"Number 5 is due in twenty minutes," said Runnels. "We'll probably find him at the office."

Together they hastened to the railroad building, Runnels telling all he knew of the tragedy as they went along. Cortlandt's body, it seemed, had been found about daylight by a Spiggoty policeman, who had identified it. Becoming panic-stricken at the importance of his discovery, he had sounded the alarm, then reported directly to the Governor, whose house was close by. It was General Alfarez himself who had informed Mrs. Cortlandt over the telephone of her husband's death. The whole city was alive with the news, the police were buzzing like bees. Rumors of suicide, murder, robbery, were about, but no one seemed to know anything definite. Colonel Jolson had just come from Culebra in his motor car, and Colonel Bland was on Number 5 from Gatun, hence Runnels's desire to be at the station.

"It was suicide," Kirk averred with conviction. "The man was insane last night, and that accounts for what he said about me. He's been sick for a long time."

"If those boys will only keep their mouths shut!" Runnels said anxiously. "There's no telling what these Spiggoties might do if they heard about that row."

"Cortlandt was an American."

"But it happened in Panama, and it would be their affair."

Although it was Sunday, the four young fellows who had taken part in the entertainment on the night before had gathered in the office, and at the appearance of Runnels, they greeted him eagerly. Toward Kirk, however, they maintained a disheartening constraint.

Runnels began to caution them tersely: "Boys, there's no use to tell you that we must keep still about what happened last night. Kirk thinks Cortlandt's mind was unbalanced; but, whether it was or not, he left a widow, and what went on at that supper must never leak out."

"You mean that he shot himself?" Wade asked.

Kirk nodded.

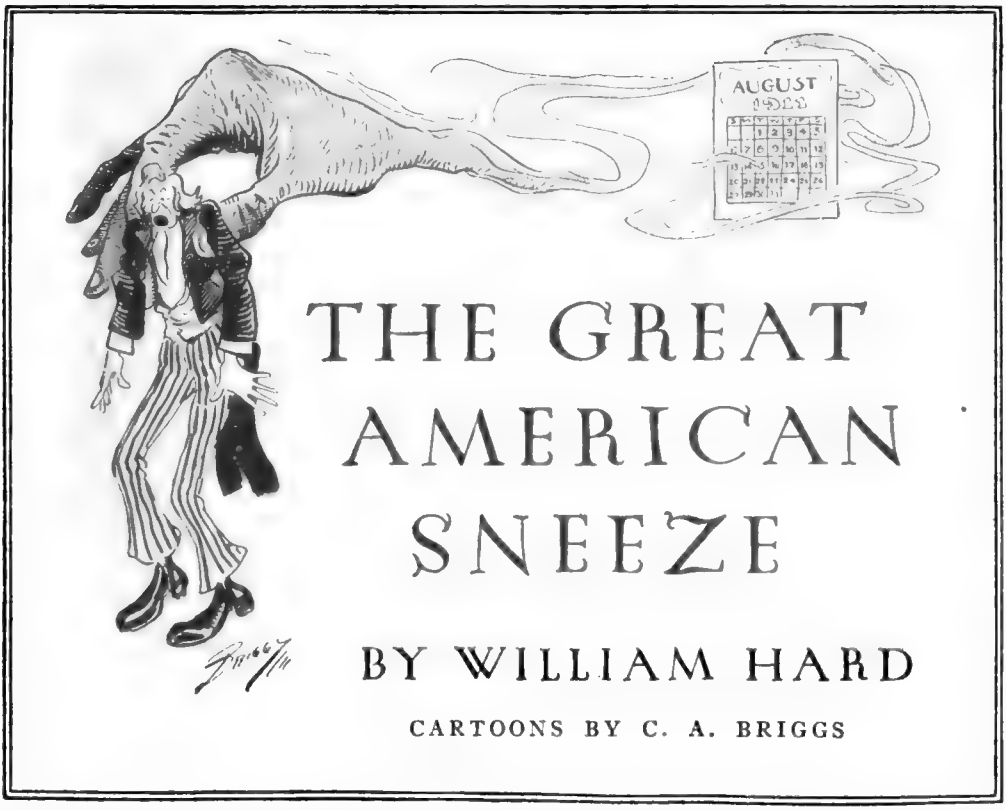
"I don't agree with you," returned Wade. "I've seen crazy people. He was as sane as any of us. And I don't believe in secrecy, either. I think we ought to be entirely frank about the matter."

"It's a bad business," said Runnels, "and it's something I, for one, don't want to be mixed up in. I've heard rumors already about a quarrel at our party, so I'm afraid you fellows have been talking."

Wade acknowledged it recklessly. "Yes, I'll answer for my part, and I'm not going to make any promises of secrecy, either. If that affair had anything to do with Steve Cortlandt's death, it ought to be known!"

The concluding instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the September Number.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE GREAT AMERICAN SNEEZE

BY WILLIAM HARD

CARTOONS BY C. A. BRIGGS

ON THE fifteenth of next month I shall begin to have Hay Fever. Yes. The fifteenth. Not the sixteenth. Not the fourteenth. The fifteenth. Just that. And if the reader with the eyebrows drawn up and the lips drawn down will stop looking so wise and so incredulous for a moment, I will undertake to give him a little training in humbleness of mind by telling him a few more things about Hay Fever. When he knows those things he'll be much less knowing than he is now. He will have learned to believe everything, and to attempt to understand nothing, in the field of thought occupied by this most marvelous mystery of modern American life.

The first, and one of the easiest, things I will teach him to believe is as follows:

Every performer of any merit at all in our grand national autumnal Hay Fever procession falls into line at his own proper place in the procession *at exactly the same given point in time each year.*

For instance: I have a friend who always drops into the procession on the thirteenth of August at four o'clock in the afternoon. At three he's quite well. At three-thirty, he's in the double-petaled pink of condition. At three-forty-five he's as fit as a fiddle or a tube-skirt. But at four—at four precisely, just as the clock starts striking—he starts sneezing; and he keeps on sneezing till frost comes.

Explain it? I do not explain it. I can explain the tariff. I can even explain the explanations of the tariff. But I do not explain Hay Fever. The following exhibit of it is offered only as a chastened tribute to the infinite incomprehensibility of the human mind—and nose.

By the middle of August hundreds of thousands of otherwise free Americans will be under the spell of this spurious spasm. They are now wearing little rubber-framed sponges in their noses to keep out the dust, and they are snuffing and inhaling innumerable and intolerable varieties of lotions and sprays. On toward the middle of the month they will perceive the vanity of these grossly physical expedients and will revert to the established official psychological device

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of getting on a train and going somewhere.

Where? Somewhere. Those who live and sneeze in Kansas City will go to Chicago and be cured. Those who live in Chicago will go to Benton Harbor. Those who live in Benton Harbor and start sneezing there will go to the Highlands of Ontario and will stop sneezing as soon as the conductor shouts "Muskoka!" Those who live so far north that they can't get norther will wheel sharply to their right and go to the shore of the Atlantic Ocean to be healed by the bracing sea-breezes. Those who live on promontories jutting out miles into the Atlantic Ocean and braced by all the breezes between Cuba and Labrador will get off those promontories and retire in haste to the primitive forests of the inland mountains. The point is that in each case they will travel from Hence to Thither. And they will stay, sneezeless, at Thither till they read in the paper the comfortable intelligence that 'way back home, at last, the first frost is on the bumpkin and the ripe corn is in the swine. Then they'll return to work, secure and dauntless.

The end of the Hay Fever season is, therefore, fixed by Nature. The beginning of it you may fix for yourself in your own case. But be careful! You must fix it so that it will stay fixed. Don't forget that!

Punctuality, inflexible punctuality, must be your very first quality if you hope to be a Hay Fever adept. The other symptoms of Hay Fever, by and in themselves, will not qualify you.

You may shed your gallon of tears and use up your gross of handkerchiefs every twenty-four hours. You may not be able to lie down without suffocating. Your face may be totally of the color of a lemon, except at the eyes and nose, where it will take on the hue of a very ripe orange. You may sneeze continuously, without pause for reloading, with the mechanical efficiency of a magazine gun in action. You may be laughed at by everybody who observes your agony. Excellent! It is essential in Hay Fever to become increasingly ridiculous in precise proportion as you become increasingly miserable. But you must do all this in a fixed seasonal manner. If you do it at varying and indiscriminate times it will all of it avail you nothing. You may be conceded the possession of a Badcold. Or possibly a Coryza. Or even, to be indulgent, Rhinitis. But not, not for a minute, Hay Fever. The Hay Fever train of thought is operated on schedule.

Most medical writers, and most medical practitioners, will try to make you think that it's all caused by the pollen, the little fertilizing seedlets, of certain autumn-flowering plants. I observe, however, that when a doctor becomes a real Hay Fever thirty-third-degree initiate, he has to obey the time rule, just like any layman.

In illustration I will recount to you the wayward case of Dr. R. Woodward, of Worcester, Massachusetts. He tried to evade the time rule. To this end he went out and collected large quantities of golden-rod and Indian corn and ragweed. He piled those potent plants on his tables and in the corners of his room. He rubbed their pollen off of their blossoms with his own fingers. He then inhaled that pollen, just as hard and as deep and as long as he could. In vain! Not a sneeze! He confessed it all in a letter to the United States Hay Fever Association. Not the faintest tickle of a single sneeze, till the "appointed" day arrived, and the annual storm of authorized sneezes was released from the inner recesses, the mental high-pressure regions, the psychological Medicine Hat, of his nature.

Wonderful! Wonderful? Oh, no. Not at all. I had to begin gently. Wait till I get warmed up and have the courage to tell you about some of the really famous cases.

Anyway, even as far as we've gone, you can probably see that Hay Fever can't properly be listed with such things as Asthma and Bronchitis. It classes itself rather with Theosophy or Astrology. But even that's putting it pretty feebly. Theosophy and Astrology are old. They were produced by the human race in its infancy. Hay Fever is new. A hundred years ago it wasn't organized at all. It's an ingenious recent invention, a strictly modern inconvenience, an unfoldment of the human spirit at its developed best, a sport of advanced civilization.

Like most sports which necessitate travel, it was originated by the English. A chap by the name of Bostock discovered it in the year 1819 and wrote its first set of rules. European writers still speak of it as an English affair. But the Americans, characteristically, have given the game its real rigor and its final technical perfection.

Hay Fever to-day is an American specialty. In no other country are the rules so

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

rigid or the fans so numerous. In no other country are summer resorts built up on Hay Fever patronage. In no other country is the Hay Fever travel toward certain regions so thick that the railways serving those regions might well enter Hay Fever with the Interstate Commerce Commission as the basis for part of their capitalization. In no other country does Hay Fever give so much employment or cause so much prosperity. It has come to deserve to be a plank in the national platform of the Republican party.

The English compete with us no longer. They were too amateurish. To begin with, they never enforced the rule about punctuality. We never allow it to be violated (by inner-circle adepts) except when the violations can be seen to have occurred, not by individual error, but by general telepathic consent. That may seem difficult. I will prove to you that it is perfectly feasible, although in the course of the proof I shall have to reveal the humiliating fact that instead of being an adept, as I thought I was, I am still a novice.

Last fall, in certain parts of the country, there was a noticeable upset in the regular Hay Fever time-schedules. Adepts who usually have Hay Fever on the fifth of August had it on the twelfth. Those who usually have it on the tenth had it on the seventeenth. Those who usually have it on the eighteenth had it on the twenty-fifth. It looked bad—at first. But you can see for yourself, when you examine the dates, that there was nothing haphazard, nothing capricious, in this deviation from the normal. It was unpremeditated, of course, and subconscious. But it was absolutely uniform, throughout the whole of the districts affected. In all cases, for all adepts alike, it was a deviation of exactly seven days.

I got the facts about it myself from con-

YOU MUST BEGIN YOUR ANNUAL SNEEZE PUNCTUALLY IF YOU HOPE TO QUALIFY AS AN INNER-CIRCLE HAY FEVER ADEPT.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

versations with other Hay Fever fans in the resorts of northern Michigan last year, and I can therefore vouch for them. I will admit they pained me. I perceived that I was not connected up with the subbest subconscious currents of official Hay Fever thought. I had started sneezing on the fifteenth of August, as per usual. I did not know that the inner-circle esoteric form of Hay Fever was a week late. Neither did the adepts themselves, till it had happened and they had compared notes. But it did happen, and they did compare notes, and I am no longer so high up in the cult as I used to be. In England I might be regarded as, at least, a deputy yogi. But not in America.

Just one thing we do owe to the English, and we must admit our debt in gratitude. They fixed the character, the class, of Hay Fever. Next to polo, Hay Fever is the classiest outdoor endeavor in the world. Pshaw! It goes far beyond polo. A groom could get on a polo pony and swing at a ball. But a groom couldn't sneeze a Hay Fever sneeze. Not once! A man has to be farther up on the social (and financial) ladder than that in order even to begin to have Hay Fever in its mildest manifestations.

Dr. William Lloyd, of the British Laryngological, Rhinological, and Otological Association, and of—oh, very well! If you will promise to believe him without further introduction I will omit the other associations to which he belongs. Dr. Lloyd, in the most recent and most comprehensive text-book on Hay Fever, says: "I have never seen a true case of Hay Fever in the working part of the population."

Now you'd think that a working man could inhale the pollen of autumn flowers as easily as a banker or a writer or a tack manufacturer or any other aristocrat. But not so. He can't. Or, if he can, it doesn't do him any good. This fact has been thoroughly authenticated not only in England but in this country as well. Daniel Webster and Henry Ward Beecher were the real founders, and still remain the patron saints, of the Hay Fever cult in America; and they may be taken as helpful hints indicating the type of intellect needed by anybody who is going really to arrive, really to attain, really to become a "professed" on the Hay Fever plane of existence.

Nevertheless, Dr. Lloyd's statement caused me a moment's embarrassment. I showed it to a railway official. You can imagine how scandalized I was when I learned that on one of the divisions of his road there is a brakeman who has Hay Fever every year and who has it badly. But my discomfiture was short. Inquiry immediately revealed two facts which explained the case satisfactorily. First: the man had an annual pass which enabled him to travel whenever he wanted to. Second: he had a sister at a summer resort who conferred room and board on him during his annual visit. I was completely relieved. His financial circumstances and opportunities were certainly sufficient to entitle him without cavil to at least standing-room in the Hay Fever shrine.

I hope nobody will think I am trying to make out that Hay Fever doesn't exist. I know better. I know better every year from the fifteenth of August till frost. All that I am doing is to put down the absurd facts about it in the hope that possibly—possibly—Marion Harland, Bernard Shaw or Theodore Roosevelt, or some other person to whom all things are clear, will send me the answer.

Of course it won't reach me in time to save me, this year. I am even now standing in the dock to hear my sentence. Even while these words are being read, the goldenrod and ragweed and other vicious specimens of the order *Compositæ* are sending forth their wandering broods of seedling brats to search for me and my fellow-believers and to pick us out from among our friends and neighbors for marks to light on and to torment.

They're on their way now. Silence! Suspense! The suddenest moment of the year! Several hundred thousand Americans, perfectly well and happy, and reasonably respectable in appearance, stand before you! A sharp shower of pollen descends upon them. There! In an instant they are changed to sneezy, snivelly, blob-nosed, bloat-eyed, gasping gargoyles, the colored comics of this suffering sphere.

That autumn seedlet! How I look forward to him! In squadrons of quadrillions he flies sky-high, floats at ease from open country to village and town, slides down to earth on some smooth air-current toboggan, and begins to germinate. He prefers moist places. The edge of a little pool in a pasture suits him best. But if he happens to find himself in the moistness of a human nose, he isn't

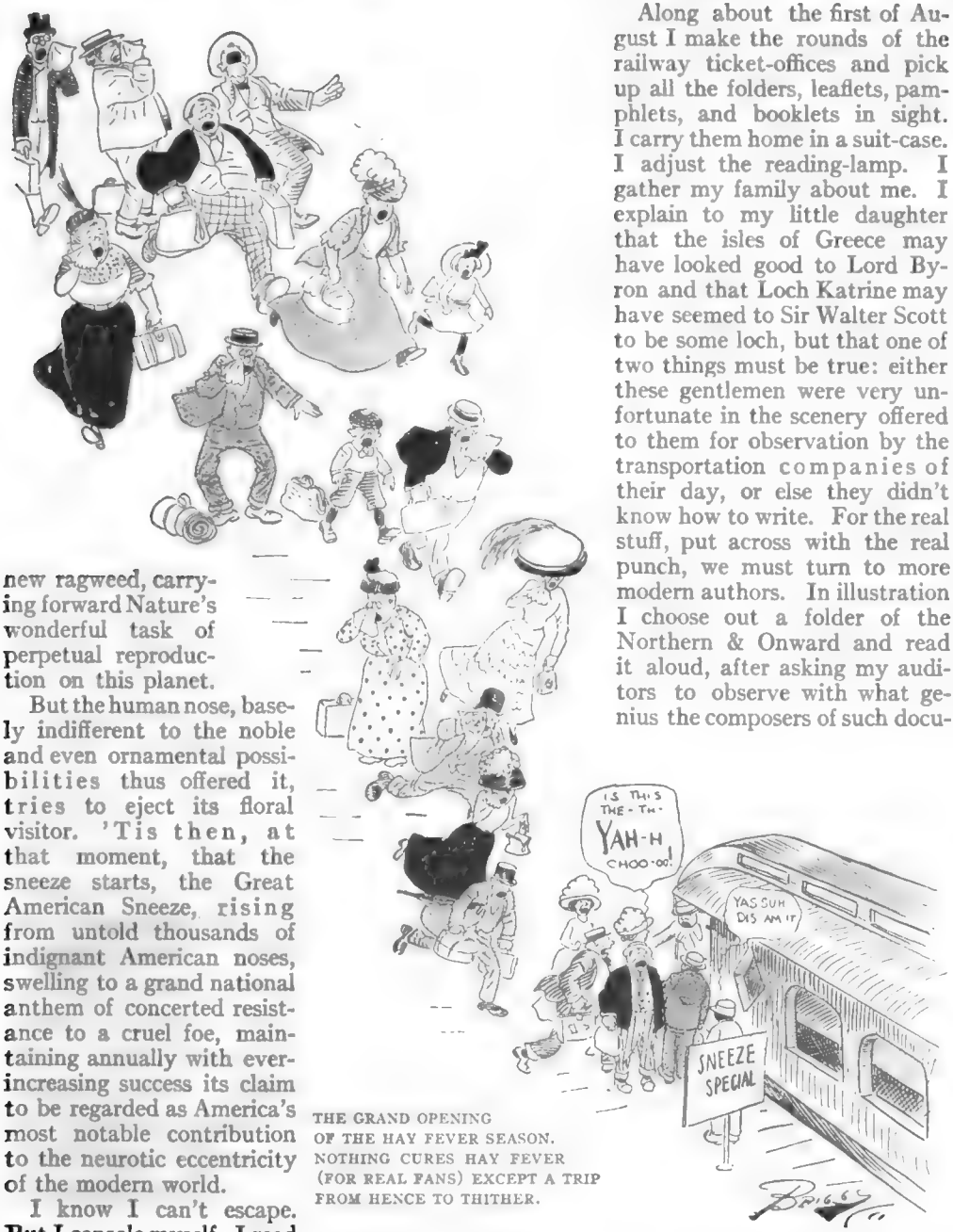
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

discouraged. Splendid little seedlet! True, earnest, industrious little seedlet! His strange surroundings don't bother him at all. He goes straight to work, beginning a new ragweed, carrying forward Nature's wonderful task of perpetual reproduction on this planet.

But the human nose, basely indifferent to the noble and even ornamental possibilities thus offered it, tries to eject its floral visitor. 'Tis then, at that moment, that the sneeze starts, the Great American Sneeze, rising from untold thousands of indignant American noses, swelling to a grand national anthem of concerted resistance to a cruel foe, maintaining annually with ever-increasing success its claim to be regarded as America's most notable contribution to the neurotic eccentricity of the modern world.

I know I can't escape. But I console myself. I read the railway folders. When all is said and done, looking at it as a whole, and taking it by and large, I am glad I have Hay Fever. It has introduced me to the fearless literature of summer resort travel, a literature which is to other literatures what an African lion rampant is to a spring lamb sucklant.

Along about the first of August I make the rounds of the railway ticket-offices and pick up all the folders, leaflets, pamphlets, and booklets in sight. I carry them home in a suit-case. I adjust the reading-lamp. I gather my family about me. I explain to my little daughter that the isles of Greece may have looked good to Lord Byron and that Loch Katrine may have seemed to Sir Walter Scott to be some loch, but that one of two things must be true: either these gentlemen were very unfortunate in the scenery offered to them for observation by the transportation companies of their day, or else they didn't know how to write. For the real stuff, put across with the real punch, we must turn to more modern authors. In illustration I choose out a folder of the Northern & Onward and read it aloud, after asking my auditors to observe with what genius the composers of such documents keep all untested words and phrases locked up in the stable and trot out only those which have stood the proof



THE GRAND OPENING OF THE HAY FEVER SEASON. NOTHING CURES HAY FEVER (FOR REAL FANS) EXCEPT A TRIP FROM HENCE TO THITHER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of repeated trial heats and are thoroughly warmed up and accustomed to their work:

"The northern section of this state, a veritable Sportsman's Paradise, often referred to as the Riviera of America, with adjacent far-flung islands, which have been denominated by connoisseurs the American New Hebrides, is fairly gridironed by the rock-ballasted tracks of America's railway de luxe, the Northern & Onward. The speeding passenger, luxuriously ensconced and lolling at his ease in his richly upholstered seat provided with the most modern type of springs, gazes forth from his car-window at a fairy magic scene, changing with kaleidoscopic suddenness from stern, rugged grandeur of rocky pinnacle and solid stone minaret carved by the loving hand of Nature herself in her noblest mood to the soft luscious beauty of intricately laced chains of lovely lakes set like the gems and diadems of an Oriental potentate in the facets of a gentle mantle of verdant green.

"Off to the left are the very hills in which the Sire de la Salle shook hands with his liegefellow Tonty in the year 1679 and addressed to him the memorable words, 'We shall see each other again'; and every nook and corner is replete with historical interest and accurate information. Meanwhile, on the right, far away, the pines of all the species known to the botanical scientist raise their stately forms and the surrounding air is charged to the full with the curative odors of spruce and balsam, set off here and there by well-appointed hotels.

"Within almost a stone's throw of the double track, equipped with the block-signal system and every other device for the safety and comfort of its exacting patrons, the disciple of Izaak Walton can wander at will literally through miles of connected streams, the waters of which dash madly from their mossy sources to their famed outlets and absolutely teem with the gamy denizens of the deep. Trout are the most numerous, and these speckled beauties tip the scales at many pounds. It is a charmed locality, on the geologically Laurentian formation.

"The lakes are fairly studded with islands, and luxurious canopied steamers ply their waters from landing to landing under the soft summer sky of a crystal eve, while the continuous strains of the banjo, the guitar, and the mandolin, interluded by an occasional concertina, steal at night over the face of the wistful waters, bringing peace and joy and rest to the wearied, jangled nerves and mind of the tired business man. It is a veritable tourists' Mecca.

"Last, but by no means least, the springs of this district produce a perennial supply of constant ever-flowing water of world-renowned medicinal value. Dr. Cook, of Mount

THE HAY FEVER FAN WHO BEGINS SNEEZING BEFORE THE "APPOINTED" DAY IN AUGUST IS A BUSH LEAGUER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

McKinley, says: 'The waters of the Ferro-Belladonna spring on your line are the most tonic in the world.'

"In this wonderland of the poets' twilight dreams, lapped by the crooning waters of a myriad streams and lakes, the globe-trotter settles down with a sigh of relief and finds the Ultima Thule of his most sanguine expectations.

"HAY FEVER IS ABSOLUTELY UNKNOWN."

THE MAN WHO GOT HAY FEVER FROM LOOKING AT A PICTURE OF A HAYFIELD HAD THE NECESSARY "TEMPERAMENT" FOR HAY FEVER SUCCESS.

That last characteristic of good scenery is the only one I really care about. It led me long ago to make Mustekon my summer capital. Like all Hay Fever fans, I root for one favorite resort. I might have Hay Fever ten miles south of Mustekon or ten miles north of it. But at Mustekon I breathe through my nose.

As soon, therefore, as I am sneezing so hard and so often that I keep the family up all night and get solicitously urged by them to go away for my health, I board the train, sneeze the night through, look out of the window in the early morning, catch sight of Mustekon Bay, stop sneezing, get off at Mustekon station, walk a couple of blocks down the street, climb the steps of The Hotel, and find myself in the midst of all my old fellow fans of last year and of the year before, and of the year before that.

"Well, here's Bill."

"Back again, eh, Bill?"

"*You* can tell a good resort when you see it, eh, old scout?"

"Right back again to the right little place."

"Right as a fox."

"Some headpiece on you."

"Put 'er right there, Bill. Not a thing the matter with you, eh?"

"Oh, he always gets here well."

"And the wind's kinda southeast to-day, too."

"Say, forget it. The wind don't make any difference here. What's the matter with you? You'd make a stone man nervous."

"Well, don't get sore about it. The wind makes a whole lot of difference, and you know it. Funny thing, too. That southeast wind never catches the right side of my nose at all. Just the left. Now look here. Listen. I can breathe through the right side of my nose all right—see? But the left! Look! Nothing doing. Always that way when the wind's from the southeast."

"Well, you're the only man in the bunch that's affected that way."

"Funny thing with *me*. When I came here first three years ago it took me three days to get well. Last year it took me two. This year it was only one. Bet you anything next year I'll be well the same day I strike here, right off."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Oscar Larson says when the wind's like it is to-day it'll keep on being southeast four days hand-running. He's lived here fifty years. When it starts being southeast——"

"Say, look here, can't you chop that out? Can't you think about something else? You talk as if the southeast wind was the only wind in the world. Can't you say something about the *north*east wind? Kerchoo! Confound it! You're as raw as that female with the——"

"Say, has *she* come back?"

"Will you ever forget the way she brought that bunch of goldenrod off the train and took it into the dining-room and plumped it right down in the middle of the table?"

"Say, and the way old man Smith looked at her and said——"

"I can just hear him. 'I've got you picked out,' he says, 'for the lady we want to sing "Down with the Pope" to-night at the reception of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.' No, she ain't come back."

"Well, the gang's all here."

"Except Jimmy Perkins. Funny thing about his case. D'y' know he doesn't have it every seventh year? Fact. That's right. It skips every seventh year with him. He was telling me so himself."

"D'y' know he's just like me—only the other way round—catches the other side of his nose—when the southeast——"

"You stop right there! Kerchoo! This is the finish. That's all. I'll tell you right here and now. Kerchoo! If you're going to be a gentleman——"

"Who you talking to?"

"I'm talking to *you*. I say, if you're going to be a gentleman, well and good. Kerchoo! But if you're going to ring in that southeast wind every——"

"Now, gentlemen!"

"Well, he knows what I think."

"Well, I apologize."

Harmony returns. We are all happy again. Till——

"Who's that?"

"There down the street."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Who *is* he?"

"I know him. Seen him here ever since I came. Don't know his name."

"Well, you've been here ten days. He certainly ought to have got cured in that length of time, whoever he is."

"But look at him. *Look* at him!"

He's worth looking at—and away from. Poor fellow! He lurches and staggers as he walks, with a suit-case in each hand, making for the train which is still standing at the station platform. He snuffles and burbles as if he had just come to the surface from a dive. His mouth is held wide open, and his lips are working up and down and sideways in a convulsive attempt to stop the sneezes which nevertheless escape from him at intervals of about a second. His eyes are hydrants from which unavailing streams are discharged at the inextinguishable fires of his nose. And still as he comes he sneezes. At last he can endure no more. He drops both suit-cases, pulls a wad, a pillow, of handkerchiefs out of his pocket, buries his face in it, and with his free hand waves imploringly at the train.

"Sdob! Sdob! I'b cubbig."

"Merciful snakes!" says one of my friends. "Where d'y' suppose he came from?"

"Ask him. We got to know."

I run down to him. "Where do you live?"

"Be? Busdegon."

Oh, joy and happiness and relief and triumph and every other feeling that makes a blue sky bluer! "It's all right, boys," I shout. "He lives right here in Mustekon. He's a native."

My friends droop speechless in their porch chairs in the limpness of collapsed emotion.

Now you might think that this little incident would make us begin to have suspicions, would undermine our faith, would lead us to think of going somewhere else. Not at all! No Hay Fever resort can be expected to cure its own cases.

It's like this:

I mean, it in all likelihood apparently would amount to looking as if it were more or less like this:

The Hay Fever fan is susceptible to the pollen of his own neighborhood. His trick is to find a place where the local pollen pays no attention to him. That's the reason for Hay Fever travel. It's an attempt to separate a nose and a seedlet that are affinities.

You see, the susceptibility is as important as the pollen. In fact, if you have enough susceptibility you can get along with very little pollen, or even none. Dr. Phoebus, in one of the first authoritative works on Hay Fever, recounts such an instance. There was a patient, a novice, who stimulated his annual attack by doing a thing which, though criminally incautious, in-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

volved no exposure whatsoever to any pollen of any actually existing sort. He allowed a glance of his to come to rest on a picture of a hay-field! His fall was immediate. He instantly started down the sneeziest way, with no more chance to stop himself than if the pollen had been real.

Real pollen isn't essential. But a real temperament is. You can't go very far in Hay Fever without a real temperament, a real nervous system, a real cerebral control over the lower facts of life. I'm not saying this in any vainglorious spirit. Would that we Hay Fever fans were less lonely! Would that everybody (and especially those low comedians, the members of our own families, our nearest and dearest and fleeriest and jeeriest) could share our superiority with us! We'd like nothing better than to see them suffer. No, we're not proud. But the truth will prevail. And the truth is that all the great heroes of Hay Fever history have been persons of extraordinary cerebration.

There's William M. Davis, for instance. His career has been described by Dr. Beard of Philadelphia. Mr. Davis had nervous (that is, cerebral) dyspepsia. He had it all the time except for one interval per annum. The interval came when his Hay Fever came. Just as soon as he started having Hay Fever, he'd stop having dyspepsia. He'd sneeze, but he could eat. However, although he could eat, he couldn't breathe. So he'd go to his resort. There, of course, he'd be cured of sneezing. But as soon as he stopped sneezing, he'd stop digesting. Just as soon as his Hay Fever left him his dyspepsia would return. He could consume air now, but not food!

Mr. Davis, you will observe, had an alternating-current cerebral power-house. With cause do some Hay Fever fans regard him as the champion Hay Fever fancy trick professor of all time. We shall not look upon his like again for temperamental susceptibility.

Even Dunbar admits the need of susceptibility. Dunbar made the researches which finally convinced most of the medical world that the one big cause of Hay Fever is pollen, the pollen of certain particular plants. Dunbar extracted the Hay Fever "toxin" from those plants. He gave it to animals and they died. He then, like a true scientist, was encouraged and gave it to himself and almost died. But when he gave it in its deadliest form to friends of his who weren't Hay Fever fans, it had no effect on them at all.

Pollen, however, does successfully explain one of the most frightful prospects in the Hay Fever situation. Many of the Hay Fever cities of refuge are ceasing to be able to render effective succor to the refugees. They cured Hay Fever once. They cure it no longer. It's horrible to think of. If it continues to its logical end, the time will come when genuine Hay Fever fans will have no way of getting cured and will have to sneeze some ten times a minute every minute for six or seven weeks. Besides reducing the population of the United States, this process, while it lasts, will be very disagreeable to spectators and auditors.

Mr. C. D. Alton spoke about it at a recent meeting of the American Climatological Association. As civilization increases, Hay Fever must increase, too. Not only because of the greater frequency of exquisitely temperamental people, but also because of the continuous spread of the temperamental plants which bear Hay Fever pollen. The flowers of the primitive forest do not bear that kind of pollen. But as clearings are made by the lumberman, and as farmhouses and villages surround themselves with open spaces, the seeds of the *Compositæ* flutter in and take root and reproduce themselves and thenceforward provide the autumn winds with the immediate cause of the national autumnal malady.

It's a perfect fit. *Compositæ* do not exist in the primitive forest. The Hay Fever resorts have grown up in the primitive forest, and have cured Hay Fever. The *Compositæ* (like fireweed and ragweed and goldenrod and devil's paint-brush) follow the openings made by the advancing settler. The Hay Fever resorts show to-day a decreased efficiency. Facts! Admitted facts! And all harmonious! One may therefore conclude that the *Compositæ* theory of Hay Fever is pretty securely established.

(*Insert.* Since taking the position indicated in the foregoing paragraph, I have had my attention called to two observations made from the floor by members of the Climatological Association at the conclusion of Mr. Alton's remarks. One of these observations was by a learned gentleman who said that he never had Hay Fever at all at any time of the year *except when he was in the midmost heart of a primitive forest.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The other was by an equally learned gentleman who said that he never had Hay Fever *except in the Adirondacks*. He added the fascinating fact that he had cured himself, even while still in the Adirondacks, *by moving from the front room of the first floor of his cottage to the back room of the second floor!*

The testimony of these scientific gentlemen causes the reason for the *Compositæ* theory, as well as all reason in general, to totter on its throne. But I accept it. The more unlikely a Hay Fever fact is, the more likely it is to be true. I was caught this trip. But never again! If they find an explanation of Hay Fever on me when I am dead, it will be because I was killed resisting it.)

Some three months after this article appears I shall still be waiting on the porch at Mustekon. And there will be similar waiting going on elsewhere on scores of thousands of other porches situated above the sneeze level of the American continent.

"See by yesterday's paper there was frost in Quebec."

"That so?"

"Yep. And when there's frost in Quebec the records show it's the average of forty-two years it will be seventeen days to the first frost in Indianapolis."

"D'y' know in the fall of 1895 there wasn't any frost in my state any time till November. What do you think of that?"

"That so?"

"Funny thing about me. It don't leave me till the *second* frost. Only person I ever knew that had it that way—Hello! Here's Jimmie with to-day's papers."

"What you so slow about, Jimmie?"

"Say, get a little life into you, kid."

"Jimmie, you'd get thrown out at first before you knew you'd hit the ball."

"Bring those papers!"

"Let's see!"

"What's it at St. Louis?"

"Minimum at Minneapolis, thirty-three."

"Pretty close, eh?"

"Close shave, that!"

"What about St. Louis?"

"Tommy Babcock says that his stops right on the first of October whether there's been a frost or not."

"I knew a fellow once like that in Wisconsin when I was in the lumber business. He worked in a store right across the street from me."

"*Say, come on now—what's the news from St. Louis?*"

"I tell you these little frosts don't do any good. It takes a real one."

"You're wrong there. It don't have to be strong enough to kill anything. That ain't the point. Any frost will do. It just sorta gives the air a shock. See? Just like electricity."

"Just kinda cleans it up, eh?"

"No, no, no! Gives it a shock, I said."

"Well, that's what I said."

"No, you didn't."

"*Look here*, WHAT ABOUT ST. LOUIS?"

"Oh, St. Louis, St. Louis! Here! Minimum, eighty-one."

"Good God!"

It's a long wait. And frost deferred maketh the homesick. We begin to exchange confidences about the beautiful characters possessed by our wives and children. How those characters have improved since we left them alone! Sentiment floods in upon us, and sadness.

Nevertheless! But! Eternal compensation! There is one sentiment, one sadness, we escape. The death of the wild flowers does not fill our eyes with tears. It was their life that did that. The putrefaction of vegetable organisms in the fall and the bacterial digestion of them into the humus of the soil brings no poetic melancholy to our spirits. We watch the year decline and we easily refrain from asking it to change its mind and have some more. We welcome winter. Oh, beautiful winter! Most charming of seasons! Most delightful segment of the zodiac! Hail, sleet, and snow!

"What's that?"

"Wire for you. Your wife says it froze last night and she needs you to rake the leaves off the lawn."

Oh, hail, domestic chores! Hail, noble wife who can think of something for me to do every minute! Hail, thoughtful children who will wake me up at four-thirty in the morning!

"Jimmie, if you'll run—I said *run*—down to the station and make a reservation for me, I'll bring you a new kind of fishing-rod when I come back next year."

"Will you? Will you? When will you come back? What——"

"Jimmie, I said that I said *run*. The sixteenth of August, 1912. Now hurry!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

A VOICE IN THE DARKNESS

BY EVA CHAPPEL

IN THE early darkness of a foggy winter evening in Golden Gate Park, Barney Shannon—tall, broad-shouldered, a star on his coat and two stars in his Irish eyes—dismounted, and tied his horse. Late that afternoon he had seen a boy from the Naval Training Station on Yerba Buena Island sitting still too long and drooping over a letter.

"'Tis a lonely life those lads live," he said aloud, for words were necessary to Barney, and, lacking another listener, he talked to himself. "I'll be askin' him to go over to the house with me for awhile; maybe 'twould hearten him up," and he crossed the wet grass to the remembered bench. It was empty.

For a moment Barney stood perplexed. "I wonder, now!" he said, then, straight as if following a guide, he went to a latticed enclosure. It was built for a refreshment booth, but had long been abandoned, and, overgrown with ivy, was just the spot to tempt one who sought a guilty solitude. A sound, hushed, yet clearly audible, came to Barney, and, standing so that he could look in and still not be seen, he flashed a light. In the second that it flamed, he saw an athletic figure in tweeds on its knees, scooping out handfuls of the moist earth and leaves. A uniform lay on the ground.

"Ach! I thought I heard somethin' movin' in here," Barney said.

The boy sprang erect and toward the door. Trapped as he was, one chance remained. If he could get outside, he could outrun anything on two legs. He dashed forward in the darkness, his arms bent and his fists doubled, landing a hard blow on his unwelcome visitor. The visitor did not go down before it. He answered it in kind, then threw off his coat and helmet.

"I'm ready for you, lad, if that's the way we're to begin," he said.

A smart scuffle followed. The boy dealt blows with the force of desperation; Shannon warded them off with skill. In the end, the boy was held in Barney's powerful grasp.

"Do you need any more to show you that you're beaten, lad?" he asked. "'Twas a good fight that you put up, and 'tis many that I've won easier. But 'tis a bad way you have of pitchin' into folks that speak to you civil, without inquirin' whether they're frinds or foes."

The boy—his name was Belden—struggled until he realized that he could as easily escape from a steel vise. His fists being useless, he must use his head. Perhaps the man was a thief, and could be diverted.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You startled me with your sudden light, and again, when you put it out before I had a chance to look at you," he said, with a manner of frankness. "One hears a good deal about hold-ups, you know. I am anxious to keep what little money I have, as you'll judge by my making a bed in here. Were you looking for a place to spend the night, too?"

"No. I've got a home, praise be! And I'll be goin' to it by and by. I came to look for you because I didn't know what you might be up to, seein' as you was in trouble."

There was a pause until Belden, fearing words, fearing silence, took refuge in a questioning. "Trouble?"

"Yis, trouble. You didn't look continted whin I saw you sittin' on the bench out there, nor any of the days that I've seen you about the park."

Belden clenched his teeth. The discovery, then, was no mere chance. The man knew him. It had been a wild folly to come here, where he had spent all his shore-leave enjoying the dismal luxury of a brooding solitude, and where his face must be known to many park habitués. At the moment of liberty he had been betrayed by his own stupidity.

"You've spied on me!" he flashed out.

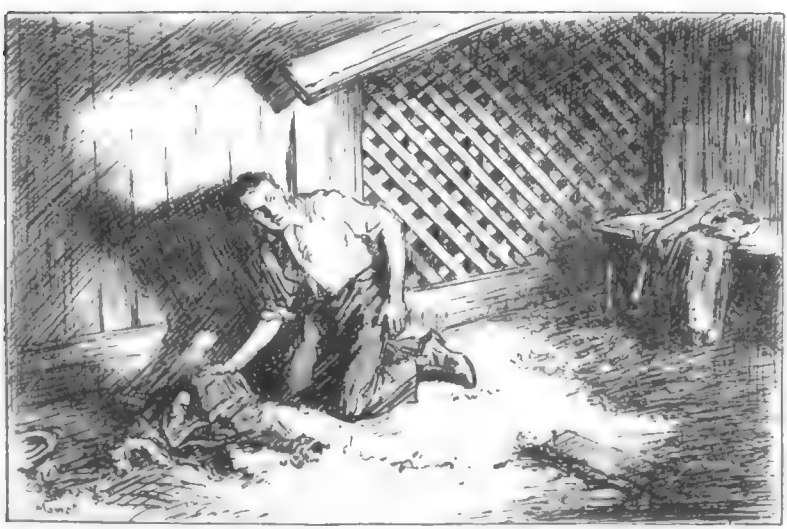
The hand on his arm relaxed. "Spied, you say? Not that. But I have to be lookin' out. And a man with eyes can't help seein', and a man with a heart can't help bein' interested." Barney waited a moment, then continued in a tone of reminiscent sympathy: "Many's the time I've seen you out here—not down-town with the other Jackies, lookin' at the movin' pictures, or up to some good, hilthy divilment, not even so much as noticin' the pretty girls as they passed you. Here you was, sittin' still, like an ould man with the rheumatiz—though I'm thinkin' a man with rheumatiz couldn't find a worse place to sit, it's that wet and cold—but with a look on your face such as no *ould* man iver had. They're all too long used to havin' the world not quite to their likin', iver to look so glum. But your uniform tells me what's the matter, and I says to myself, 'There's a lad that's homesick, and I'd best be keepin' an eye on him, or he'll be doin' somethin' disperate.'"

His voice rang with a sympathy so genuine that Belden's heart bounded. There was still a peg to hang a hope on!

"Desperate! You don't know! And if you're really sorry for me, the matter is simple enough. It's nothing to you. You've only to go on, and I'll find a way out of my difficulty."

"What's that you say?" Barney's voice was angry, and in the darkness he saw red. Then it came to him that the boy did not know him for an officer of the law, and he spoke in his tone of friendliness.

"You'd like me to go away, lad, but I can't do it. Remimber, I know the worst already. I know what you was doin' whin I came here. 'Twas not a bed you was makin'. I saw you scoopin' out a hole to bury your sailor clothes in. Whativer you say can't hurt you. Let's put our heads togither and talk it over. There's nothin' like talkin', lad—talkin' and cryin', if you're a woman, talkin' and swearin', if you're a man."



WITHIN THE LATTICED ENCLOSURE WAS AN ATHLETIC FIGURE ON ITS KNEES, SCOOPING OUT HANDFULS OF THE MOIST EARTH AND LEAVES.

He had released the boy but his big frame barring the door destroy-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ed any chance of escape. Belden turned away with an angry exclamation. If the man meant to help him, why didn't he do it without more ado? To stop for words when time pressed for action!

"Talking won't help, and swearing won't help," came over his shoulder. "The only thing for it is to run."

"You're not in any trouble over at the Island?"

Barney often asked such questions, but he had a code of his own in regard to the answers. Whatever was incriminating that met his eye was told at headquarters. Whatever a prisoner said to him was his own private knowledge, not to be divulged in any stress. "I'm an officer whin I look at you," he had once formulated it "—a frind whin I listen."

"YOU DIDN'T LOOK CONTINTED WHIN I SAW YOU SITTIN' ON THE BENCH OUT THERE."

Belden walked up and down the enclosure, "like a big cat in a cage, poor lad," as he answered:

"Not in trouble in the way you probably mean. I've broken no regulations and have kept out of the brig, but the whole thing is trouble. Lord! How I hate it! The monotony! The drudgery! The fellows! They're—they're not my kind of people. And the endlessness of it!"

The words came in a torrent. There was a relief in them, after all.

"How did you happen to go in?"

"Because I was a fool!"

"But——"

The boy broke in. "And I may be a worse fool for talking to you, but I can't help it. You know enough to ruin me. If I can make you see it all as it really is—the life a fellow has to lead for *four years*—maybe you'll go away and forget that you've seen me. It's the only chance I have."

"The only one." Barney's tone was melancholy. It was no pleasant thing to be standing in the way of a boy's passionate desire.

"I must have been crazy when I enlisted—crazy with the blues, anyway. I hadn't been able to get work, and my money was running low, and—that's the way it happened."

"You had nobody to advise you?"

"No. I've no relatives in San Francisco. None anywhere, except my father, and he didn't know where I was or what I was doing. I came West suddenly because—my father and I——"

He floundered and stopped short. Not even in the darkness, and with his name unknown, could he talk of a family disagreement, or tell of the morning in his father's office when, after a college scrape, angry things had been said, and he had gone out determined to make his own way in the world. But the sentence was complete to Barney, who drew on his knowledge of the generations.

"Your father forgot he'd iver been young, and you forgot you'd iver be ould, most likely. Go on."

There was a moment of silence while Belden grasped the simplicity of his tragedy—so great a coil about what was, after all, an every-day matter!

"That's probably the whole story, "he said, "but neither of us knew it. Maybe

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dad does now, for—but I'll tell you about that in a minute. I came as far away as my money would bring me. I applied for several jobs, and didn't get them, and one day, when I was lonesome and discouraged, I found myself near a recruiting station, and I went in."

"And now you're for gettin' out?".

"I must get out! I can't stand it! You've no idea what it is. Think of four years of one's life—four years!—spent at that kind of thing! Besides—dad has written and asked me to come home, and sent me money and clothes."

"He has! He's sint you money, and clothes to run away in?" Barney's question rang with indignation. It was a far cry from the impetuosity of a boy to the scheming of a man.

"Oh Lord, no! Dad doesn't know that I'm in the navy, nor ever shall if I can prevent it. I didn't even enlist under my own name. He got from one of the fellows the number of the post-office box that I rented when I first came West, and he wrote to me, and sent on some things. You see, I left in a hurry and didn't stop for much. I got the letter this morning. . . . Do you know, I was an awful ass to come away as I did. . . . He says he needs me. . . . Wants to take me into his business. . . . It makes me feel pretty small——"

"Ach, poor lad, poor lad!"

No one ever told Barney Shannon a trouble that he did not share. "And you're the only one he's got?"

"The only one."

"Think of that, now! 'Tis little wonder that you're wantin' to go right back, without waitin' for leave. But—" he paused to weigh the matter—"they say 'tis bad luck to go in one door and out another. Likely 'tis worse luck to go in a door and out a *windy*."

"But there's no choice of ways. I've got to sneak and run. I don't like it——"

"I know all that. Whist!"

So much talking disturbed Barney when he was thinking—trying to get at the elemental justice in this distressing matter. In the silence, seeming longer than it was, the boy began to hope, but when Barney spoke, slowly, thoughtfully, he knew that the battle was not yet won.

"'Tisn't like the countries where they make you do that kind of service."

Belden felt his cheeks grow hot. "I'd volunteer in a minute if there was a war! It isn't the danger nor the work that I'm shirking. It's the senseless throwing away of four years of my life."

"Yes," Barney agreed, "'tis fine to be a hero, but 'tis long, dreary work trainin' for it. I'm not blamin' you, lad"—at an exclamation from the boy—"I'm just thinkin'."

He called it thinking—the putting of himself in the other's place, tempted as Belden was tempted, feeling with the boy the smarting pride which had driven him from home, the discouragement, with its natural consequence of entanglement, the raging fever of desire for a different life growing out of the monotonous days, and now intensified by love for his father, tenderer for the misunderstanding. And yet, and yet——

"'Twould be an awful thing whin the band was playin' in the park on Sunday afternoons, and it struck up the 'Star-Spangled Banner', and iverybody stood up—'twould be an awful thing to want to put your fingers in your ears for somethin' more than the screech of it."

There was a pause, out of which Belden's voice came, hesitatingly: "I—I suppose I'd have thought of those things afterward——"

"Depind on it, you would. And 'tis the after-thinkin' that hurts worse than a pebble in your shoe."

The boy sighed, and paced the enclosure. "Yes—I suppose so. Nobody can understand the temptation, though. It's like being in prison."

"Prison, you say! Ach!" Barney was on sure ground now. "Nobody blames a man for runnin' away from prison—not even thim that catches him and takes him back. He was took there aginst his wishes, fightin' manfully the while, as like as not. 'Tis different whin you've done a thing willin'ly. I'm thinkin', lad, if you wint now, you could niver look the picture of Robert Emmet in the eye again."

Belden's pacing stopped. "Robert Emmet—" vaguely.

"I was forgettin', but 'tis all the same. You've had his kind of men over here, and 'tis of thim that you must be thinkin'."

There was a long silence. When the boy spoke, his tone was subdued. "But there's dad——"

Barney sighed. "Yis, and there you've put your finger on the hardest part of it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But I'm thinkin' he'd have less joy in seein' you, and less heart to be takin' you into his business, if he knew you'd broke your word to get to him—wouldn't he? And wouldn't you always be recollectin' that little grave over there where you'd buried somethin' besides your sailor clothes? He knows—and 'tis proud he'll be that you know it, too—that a man isn't *much* of a man till he's learned to take consequinces with his head up and his eyes straight ahead."

"You'd tell him, then?"

"Faith, yis! As soon as I could get to pen and paper. Would you let him be grievin', thinkin' you might come and wouldn't? I'd tell him how glad I was to get his invitation, and that I'd accept it as soon as my prisint boss would let me off; that I was on the job for four years, and my father's son mustn't break contract. And I'd tell him who my boss was. Sure I'd tell him." Barney's big, kindly hand fell on the boy's arm. "And the life itself, lad—it can't be so bad as you're thinkin'. You can make a lark of it if you want to. 'Tis a big world you'll be seein' before the four years are up, and many's the brave tale you'll be tellin' your grandchildren about it."

Belden took his hand and wrung it. "I'll go over on the first boat in the morning, on my honor." He paused a moment just before the last word and spoke it gravely, as if it had taken on a new significance.

Barney straightened himself. "So you've concluded to stay with it? Well, I must be goin'."

Belden detained him, to say: "Let me thank you, first, for keeping me from disgracing myself. And I don't know who you are. You're just a voice—an Irish voice in the darkness."

"I've done nothin', lad, but listen to you talk yourself out of a notion. As for my name, 'tis Barney Shannon. Some day, whin you're wantin' the sight of a frind's face, look me up in the directory, and come to see me. Now I must be off. You've kept me a long while with your beguilin' talk."

"One more favor, please. I'm going to change back to my uniform, and if it won't bother you, I'd like to have you keep these clothes for me. I haven't any place, you know."

"Sure I'll keep thim, but be quick."

As Barney, with the tweeds over his arm, walked back to his horse, he said to himself:

"It doesn't look frindly not to wait for him, but I want to get my brass buttons out of sight. Whin he finds out later, 'twill not so much matter, but to-night he mustn't know that I'm a policeman and would have had to arrist him if he hadn't changed his mind. Though there was slim chance that he wouldn't do that—he's such a fine lad!"

THE CALLING LIGHTS

BY MARION PIERCE

IT WAS Free Night, the day before New Year's, the great day of the year in the Isaac Franck Overall Factory. The hundreds of bent old women, thin, feverish-eyed children, and young girls with still a struggling remnant of bloom—the whole crowd that the day before had been dumb automatons, were for the time galvanized into life. Yet the day had started out almost as usual—almost. The power was on, and the great, demanding voice of the machines cried out, but with a difference. Throughout the great room there was a new gayety and excitement in the air. Glances flew, jests and laughter, even; and the work was desultory.

Then those near the stairhead caught sight of *him*, and the whole factory became electrically conscious. Three hundred heads were turned, and childish pride and pleasure, together with a subtle air of ownership, were written on every work-worn face. And when he advanced to the center of his stage and chucked one of the forewomen under the chin, every machine stopped and every eye followed.

"Say, girls"—began the dapper, pink-faced individual with the melting eyes, who had entered—"Say, girls—aw, say, you just make me *bashful*—say, to-morrow's New

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Year's. [Cheers] You're right; it's the great day. It's your day. It's the policy of this factory—aw, girls, let a man talk!—it's our policy to treat you girls white. It pays you and it pays us. There ain't a firm in town pays you that extra two per cent. on the dollar that we do. [Cheers] And there ain't a firm nowhere gives you the shop on New Year's. [Clamor] Aw, dry up! The power's on till twelve, and then the place is yours to-day. Do anything you please! You can't get away with the machines! They're nailed down. Paint up the place! Raise hell! We don't keep anything closed in this factory. Ask your gent friends to the ball to-night. We furnish the music an' the lemonade an' beer. I'm coming myself. Going to dance with every one of you, old Fanny included. We're all coming. Now, girls, get to work!"

The applause and shouting died away. But young Fritzie Franck walked up and down behind the lines of workers, joking with the old women, flattering the girls. He was "one of the reel firm" and also cashier in the big glassed-in office on the main floor, the great man who threw them their pay envelopes every Wednesday, and consequently a person to be looked up to as Isaac Franck incarnate; but worshiped solely for his own magnificent self.

When he stood beside Rosie Ruggiero, she did not look up, though her eyes a few minutes before had been fastened raptly upon his bold-eyed, fat countenance and had taken in every detail of his immaculate costume, from the diamond in his tie to the lilac hose. He was really as beautiful as Gilbert Farrell in the "Millionaire Detective" at the Central.

"Aw, say, Rosie, give a fellah a smile!" he said at last.

Rosie dragged her blue eyes to his, blushed down to her brownish-golden neck, and dimpled like a happy child.

"You coming, Rosie?"

She nodded.

"I say, watch out for me; I want to tell you something." There was an eagerness in the prominent eyes as the wet red lips whispered the words at her ear. Rosie nodded again and turned to her machine with a pounding heart.

No wonder Fritzie Franck had begged Rosie to look up: when Rosie looked at one suddenly that way, something caught at the heart; it filled one, somehow, with unrest and pity to see a face so lovely. Her eyes were like deep blue lakes dazzlingly full of sunshine. Her skin was as dark as her little Italian half-sister's, but touched with the brilliant rose that her Irish mother had given her; and her hair was so black it was blue in the shadows. Rosie's carmine lips were always slightly parted; she had the look of a rapt child full of wonder at the world. She had been in the shop a year, and she was sixteen.

"Tired, Rosie?" asked Mollie, who worked next her, and had been furtively watching the absent, shining eyes and parted lips.

"Not s' tired. I'd clean fergot m' back—but that *happy*, Mollie! Mollie, I got the dress. The red muslin. All flounces. The one we see at the Emporium las' Sat'dy."

"You ain't!"

"It cost the whole o' four sixty-nine. I couldn't help it. It's fer to-night."

"Ye'll be the gran' wan."

Rosie smiled dimly, and retreated into herself. But her childish, happy eyes still held Mollie. In the uproar, the two seemed alone, so utterly was each absorbed; the young girl in herself, and the hard-faced woman in the girl beside her.

The afternoon was given over to a "Grand Rough-house"— an impromptu dance, which lured the printers and cutters upstairs to their undoing. The great floor was crowded by a bewildering mass of screaming children, romping pell-mell around and over the machine tops, of laughing girls, and shouting and ducking men. The girls had broken into the printing-office below, and it was the polite thing to smear every printer and cutter who dared to join the romping, laughing dancers, with promiscuous decorations of red, blue, and green. The strange, painted figures whirling about with red-cheeked, loose-haired girls; the wild pursuit of some comparatively clean fugitive—the whole stormy pageant was like a savage festival.

Fritzie Franck showed his head above the stairs and looked on, laughing. The other "main guys" had gone home, good-naturedly appalled by a noise that so outdid the ordinary voice of the machines. But Fritzie was far from timid, and he wanted to see if Rosie was there. On the instant a dozen girls caught sight of him and rushed for the stairs, Big Sallie in the van, bearing a can of red paint.

Fritzie sprang to meet the foe, pinioned

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sallie, and arrested the deluge. "Girls!" he cried, "each of you gets two kisses—but spare my pants! They're bran-new!" There were shouts of laughter, and the foe fell upon him, swelling to terrific proportions. "Darned if I can't go Hobson one better!" shouted the mauled, crimson-faced Fritzie. He escaped only by dancing with Big Sallie, to the lamentable Merry-Widowing of an accordion, in lieu of the evening's "real music."

Fritzie was on the watch; so was Mollie, sitting on a machine in the corner and following all his movements. Finally, much the worse for wear, fantastically decorated with innumerable red and blue finger-prints, he at last escaped, swearing inwardly at his folly.

That afternoon crowd had been like a deluge of wild mænads, strange, uncivilized personifications of overworked pleasure, with the ingrained blue dye of their toil yet on their hands and faces. The evening crowd was a crowd of "real ladies and gents"—ladies astoundingly puffed and pompadoured, in a bewildering clash of colors—"every *bit* as stylish as the sales-ladies' ball at Bale's Department Store!" said Sallie. And the "gents"—such ties, such shrill hosiery displays! The cutters and printers were all but unrecognizable.

"My!" whispered Lola, looking up into the red, transformed face of Mike O'Malley, "if store clo'es don't make a difference!"

Why was Rosie so late? Mollie, in her working clothes, the blue stains still on her hands, sat close by the stair-rail among the old women, watching the comers. The execrable screech of a couple of fiddles rose over the scrape of feet, the shouts of laughter. Fritzie, in evening dress, the wonder and admiration of the great, hot crowd, was doing his duty nobly by the armfuls of pink and blue muslin that he waltzed about constantly or dipped out lemonade or beer to, from the kegs in the corner.

Then Rosie came. She poised on the top stair like a tropical butterfly flaunting crimson wings. Her flushed face dimpled, and her eyes were lit like lamps. Mollie's sodden face twitched as she watched her, and she shrank back among the garrulous old scandal-mongers. Fritzie saw her, too, and he left Nellie Donelly, hot with indignation, in front of the lemonade keg, with an empty glass poised in her hand. Nellie dropped her glass at the desertion and turned. She almost forgave Fritzie when she saw Rosie. "If he on'y treats 'er w'ite!" she muttered.

When Fritzie and Rosie left the crowd, now fast merging into tipsy, reckless irresponsibles, it was two o'clock, and the cars in that district had stopped running. It was raining steadily from a low, gray sky against which the tall iron skeletons of the rebuilding town stood black and forbidding. The occasional gas lamps hardly revealed the jelly-like crossings and broken sidewalks. Rosie clung to Fritzie. He picked her up bodily once and carried her across a street, hearing exultantly the pounding of her delirious heart.

Suddenly they were aware of steps sloshing regularly after them, and presently Mollie panted up. Her mouth was drawn into an ugly, thin line. She paid no attention to Fritzie, who drew Rosie possessively within his arm. Her wet crimson skirts were drawn hood-fashion over her black hair, and the eyes that looked out at Mollie were defiant.

"Rosie, I gotta go home with youse. My man's turned me out—an', Gawd! on this kin' of a night! I'll lay on the floor. I know you ain't no place for me." Her eyes clung to the girl's face until its defiance changed to appeal, and at last the lids dropped shudderingly over the childish blue.

Rosie's brilliant flush had faded as the two measured eyes. The speechless second seemed a gulf as she looked back over it, after she had pushed away from Fritzie and his sheltering umbrella and turned to Mollie.

"Give her the key, Rosie. Rosie and me's going for a little supper to a nice cozy place out here a piece."

"I'm goin' with Mollie," announced Rosie. "With the ole man drunk, belike she'll fall over him—and what then?"

Fritzie sprang to the girl and grabbed her arm. She pulled away, and the wet red muslin tore in his grasp.

"Get outa this!" said Mollie shortly. There was a dominant note in her harsh voice.

Fritzie muttered an ugly oath, and with a laugh that was half snarl, and a "See you later, Rosie," he swung off, the rain spanking sharply on his umbrella.

Rosie said nothing as they walked on. A few blocks farther, they came into a dis-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

trict of garishly lighted dance-halls, and a man followed them with unsavory remarks. Rosie, under her soaking, red-ruffled hood, seemed not to hear, her blue eyes fixed unseeingly ahead. Mollie turned upon him and struck him full in the face. He laughed and fell back.

They toiled up a hill, slipping occasionally on the rickety wooden flights. On the top the great wind from the sea caught them and whirled them about. Below, dimly, lay the docks, spread out like a floor; occasionally red and green lights, and masts rising black; to the right the twinkle of the innumerable lights of the town.

"The lights—all them lights—" murmured Rosie, and the two soaked creatures clung to each other.

They groped their way into the little shack on the edge of the declivity. "He ain't here, thank Gawd!" whispered Rosie, and she threw herself on her knees beside her little sister Teresa's mattress in the corner. In the gray light the sleeping child's little thin face in its frame of dark hair was just visible. The two in silence stripped off their wet things. Mollie, dumb and with dry eyes, wrapped in an old blanket, for a long time watched the movements of the other. Then of a sudden she burst into hard sobs. Rosie stood a contained moment, then flung herself down with her face in Mollie's lap.

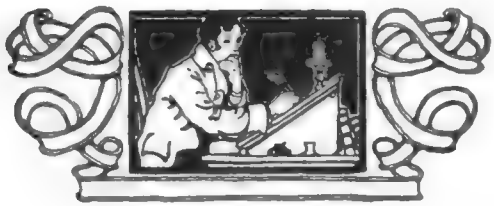
"Don't I know, don't I know—" said Mollie hoarsely—"how *hard* it is—the old man full a' the time—an' you with a face that comes from home? When I seed ye that first day, m' dear, it's the green hills o' Sligo I see some'ow, an' the years between when I broke m' mother's heart, gone like the mists av a mornin' across the hills. . . . I'd not believed you was Eyetalian. . . . Oh, be glad you ain't nobody's fancy girl! Gawd soaks it to y' in the end. I been there and back, an' I know . . . "

Rosie's long sobs came at last, and the other held her close. At last: "Oh, ain't it a pity, ain't it a *pity* the nice things is all wrong! Candles an' prayers an' all don't count. Mollie—I don't think Father Connaughty knows—how a girl ain't holy —she just wants to *live*. They give you them fine words——

"Mollie—I wasn't going to come home no more. I was going to leave T'resa for *him*. Mollie—what is a girl to hold to—when she's like me! The red dress—it just called to me—like the lights o' Town at night; you know them wet nights when the lamps is like two double chains o' gold beads. They just says to me, 'Come an' be happy'—like he said."

The woman gripped the shaking girl close. She did not answer. "Ye'll keep close—close by, always, Mollie. You know—an' the good father don't. . . . Mollie"—it was a whisper—"sometimes I feel as if *Gawd* don't know. I want ye near me—when the lights call."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



STRAIGHT TALK

Editor's Note:—George L. Record, the writer of the following letter, is prominent among New Jersey insurgents, a zealous fighter against ring rule. His letter has special interest because, while it answers Socialism from the conservative basis of competition, the program it outlines is as radical as Socialism itself. Any man who has worked out a complete propaganda of reform is entitled to a respectful hearing, and "Straight Talk" is always open to statements of conviction which may stimulate wholesome argument and help readers to organize their own opinions.

THE ONLY ANSWER TO SOCIALISM

For several years, in newspapers, magazines, and speeches, the people have been educated as to the injustice of social conditions in the country. The most of this matter, however, has been devoted to an exposure of some wrong, an explanation of how some men, or sets of men, have built up fortunes out of some monopoly or privilege. If any remedy has been suggested, it has been a partial one; but generally the writers have been content to arouse public opinion to the existence of the wrong, leaving to the future the development of the remedy.

It seems to me it is now time to attempt to formulate a complete plan of reform, adequate to remedy the existing injustice of which the public mind is conscious. I think it is possible to outline such a plan, so that it can be easily understood.

The first thing to determine is the underlying social principle, the violation of which has caused the injustice we are trying to remedy. The Socialists say that the trouble is due to the principle of competition; that the remedy is the suppression of competition, and the substitution therefor of the principle of cooperation. I contend that the Socialist philosophy is fundamentally unsound: that the trouble is not competition, but the suppression of competition and the establishment of monopoly in its place. The proof of this point is found in the fact that not a single large fortune was ever built up in any business that was purely competitive; but that all such fortunes are clearly traceable to some form of advantage or privilege, by which the favored ones were able to escape the law of competition under which their competitors were obliged to work. We must, therefore, work out our remedy on the theory that monopoly, and not competition, is the source of our trouble.

The principle of monopoly is applied in this country in five ways, and only five, and to one or more of them can be traced every great fortune in America. I propose briefly to outline these five monopolies, and show how they can be abolished.

The first is our system of indirect taxation. This includes the tariff, the internal revenue, the new corporation tax, in the nation; the tax or charge levied by the states for so-called franchises, or corporation charters; and the excise fees and taxes on personal property and improvements levied by municipal governments. All these should go. The national government should fix its budget or appropriations annually, and levy upon each state for its quota. The state in turn should fix its budget annually, including therein the amount levied for the national government, and levy upon each county for its quota. The county should fix its budg-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

et annually, including therein the amount needed for national and state purposes, and levy upon each municipality for its quota. The municipal government should in turn fix its budget annually, including therein the amount needed for county, state, and nation, and raise this amount by a direct tax upon the land values of the community. The owner of land, under this system, would pay all taxes directly, and no one would be taxed indirectly. The individual taxpayer should find plainly stated upon his tax bill how much he is compelled to pay to the municipality, how much to the county, how much to the state, and how much to the national government.

HOW TO GET RICH

Consider the immense advantage of this system in simplicity, in certainty, and in its effect in enforcing economical government. It merely applies the plainest principle of business: that the man who pays should know exactly what he is getting, and precisely what it is costing him. In every blind and indirect system, those least able to protect themselves always pay more than their just share of the burden, and they do it only because they do not know, and can not find out, the real facts.

The second monopoly grows out of our patent laws. Without the government grant of a limited monopoly, no inventor could make money out of his invention. If, then, the government enables an inventor to realize upon his invention, should not the government share directly in the benefits which it thus directly creates? This again is the business principle. Every patent should be granted upon condition that anybody can obtain a license from the government to use it, on paying a royalty fixed by the government, of which the government should have half and the inventor half. This would prevent the suppression of patented improvements upon inventions which monopolies now hold, would prevent any huge fortune growing out of a patent, and would insure and maintain competition among the users of patented inventions.

The third form of monopoly is in the railroad, telegraph, telephone, express, Pullman palace car, trolley, electric light, gas, and water businesses. All these utilities should be owned and operated by the government of the nation, or municipality. This would squeeze out all watered stock, lower all the charges for the services of these companies, cut down the prices of all commodities into the price of which these charges enter, and abolish gambling in these securities. It would stop the rebating, private car privileges, control of mines, privileges to favored shippers, etc. Incidentally, besides restoring competition by abolishing privilege, government ownership and operation of public utilities would remove the most powerful sources of corruption of our local, state, and national governments.

The fourth monopoly is land. This is the greatest monopoly of all. It includes mines, oil wells, terminal lands of railroad companies, and wharfing privileges. It grows out of the absurdity of applying to land, which the Almighty created, and which is limited and indestructible, the same law of private property which we apply to the products of men—which are unlimited, and which commence to decay as soon as produced.

The remedy is to be found by destroying private property in land. This can be done without destroying the right, and the permanency, of individual possession, through the simple device of levying all taxes upon land values alone, exempting all improvements. This would divert into the municipal treasury the income from land of the Astors, and the Goelets, and other land-owning families. All rent of land is monopoly. It is getting something for nothing. The value of land is made by the community, increases with the growth of the community, and morally belongs to the community which creates it.

GIVE LABOR A CHANCE

This reform would force into profitable use millions of acres of land adjacent to great populations, and millions of acres of mineral and timber lands that are now held in idleness for speculation. This, in turn, would give employment to the unemployed, and more lucrative employment to some who are now employed, and would thereby operate to increase enormously the annual production of wealth. Land values would be finally eliminated, and land would sell on a rental basis instead of on a capitalized basis. This would require less capital to get a home or start a business. In this way, all rents, both of houses and business buildings, would be materially reduced, thereby making it easier and cheaper to live and do business. It would put the employee upon the same plane as the employer. To-day the workmen must compete against each other, or starve. With abundant cheap land right at hand, requiring little or no capital to acquire, and carrying a rent determined by the competition of all unused land, no man would consent to work for less than he could make on the land. This would establish a minimum wage, below which wages could not sink.

The fifth and last monopoly is the control of the money and credit of the country. Our present law produces an inelastic currency, makes the issue of money difficult, and gradually is leading to a virtual monopoly in money and credit. The government should coin all gold and silver daily, as offered, at the ratio shown

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by the market price of the day, and issue no money itself. Then both metals would circulate as money, and neither would drive the other out by virtue of undervaluation. Then anybody should be allowed to start a bank, on any capital, small or large, and issue paper money to the extent of the assets or the capital of the bank. The usual banking precautions and supervision should be exercised, as now, by the government, which should collect an insurance fund with which to redeem the notes of failed banks, as Canada now does. The directors of every bank should be made liable for its debts up to the amount of their stock interest. This plan would give a flexible, elastic currency, which would automatically increase in volume when the demand was large, and decrease when the demand fell off.

If this program were put in force, nobody could get a monopoly; nobody could get an advantage or privilege that he did not earn; nobody could get a huge fortune; nobody would be ever out of work; nobody could live without working; no panic could ever occur; no money could be made in speculation in stocks or land, and competition, absolutely free, would automatically measure off and secure to every man the exact proportion of the annual wealth which he helped to produce by his mind, his labor, or his capital.

Before we attack these problems, however, we should concentrate our efforts on establishing the machinery of real popular government in our states and our nation. That machinery s the election of United States senators by popular vote; the selection of delegates to national *onventions* by the direct vote of the party voters, with an opportunity for each voter to express his choice for candidate for President and ice President; the nomination of all state and unicipal candidates by the direct-vote system; a drastic corrupt practises act; and the system known as the initiative, referendum, and all.

GEORGE L. RECORD.

ersey City, N. J.

OUT, DAMNED SPOT! OUT, I SAY!"

wish to express my unqualified approval of recent article on C. T. Yerkes. There is ore vicious doctrine than that expressed e proverb, *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.* a man lives part of his life as a roué, ing he can later make atonement for his eeds by leaving a large sum to public charnd then be held up to posterity as an ex- to be imitated. Few people have the e to face calmly posthumous infamy. ung men should be taught that no single beneficence, however praiseworthy, can it the record of an ignoble life. Let a man's evil deeds follow him as relentlessly as his good deeds. Let every young man understand that he can not live the life of a financial pirate, or of a moral blackleg, without paying the penalty as long as the memory of him perdures. What we need is history and biography written as nearly as possible from the scientific point of view, not from the point of view of the eulogist: that is, as near the truth as it can be ascertained. It is almost as hard for the morally rotten man to change his life as it is for the leopard to change his spots. Therefore, let every man so live that there shall be no spots to be changed.

Athens, O. C. W. S.

HYPOCRITES ALL.

If the past history of civilized nations bears out the fact that England has been the most brutal nation in the world, do not modern history and observation show that we are the most hypocritical? Are we not always looking for the mote in our brother's eye and forgetting the beam in our own? Without understanding existing conditions in Russia, we are loud in our denunciations of her treatment of the Jews—while we put men to death without trial, and burn negroes at the stake.

In the articles on Mormonism in EVERYBODY'S, the hypocrisy of the position stands forth in full. Is there not more truth than sentiment in the saying of the late Gail Hamilton, that the only difference between ourselves and the Mormons is, that "the Mormon drives his wives abreast and we drive ours tandem"? What is the reason that in many of the New England states most of the old American families have passed away and foreign names taken their places? Is not divorce and racial suicide to blame for this? Would it not be better for Christian society to look at home, and endeavor to remodel itself on a higher and purer plane, before throwing stones at the Mormons? As to the Mormon church being hand and glove with the trusts, I would like to know what the Christian church is doing in this direction? If public statements are correct, nearly all of the big men who corner the markets and lead the trusts are members of some Christian denomination and, from all accounts, very pious individuals at that. As a member of a Christian church I am far from being in sympathy with Mormons or Mormonism. But I like fair play; and on reading your articles I can not but see the force of the Master's words: "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

J. R. J.

Anna Maria Key, Manatee Co., Fla.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

LAST year the civilized world was much exercised over the fact that the earth was going to pass through the tail of a comet. Everybody that was anybody in the astronomical hierarchy told us what it was going to be like. The prophecies ranged from free Aurora Borealis to universal laughing-gas with sporadic asphyxiation. And when the most sensitive instruments that man has devised to act as antennæ to his five senses failed to register the event, cosmic catastrophes by the dozen were invented to explain the disappointment. Today it appears sufficiently evident that when a pound of comet is puffed out into a billion miles of tail, the phenomenon can be apprehended only when viewed in perspective.

It is doubtless owing to some similar miscalculation that we are prone to think the heroes of romance are all long dead, and to believe that could we but touch hands with a tradition in the making we should thrill with conscious realization of the contact. The truth is that the streamers of love and legend that gather and glow around certain names as they recede into the past are very like a comet's tail. They are part of the glory of the human firmament, but, so far from smothering us at close range, it is odds on that we fail to detect them. And it is therefore with a certain hesitancy that I recommend a curious little book recently published, as an actual specimen of the stuff that tails are made from. Do not expect it to shine in the hand. It is not a "Morte d'Arthur." It is a collection of gropingly expressed recollections and opinions written in the halting English of an alien race. It is called "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan" (Kennerley). It is edited and partly written by Yone Noguchi, who is lecturer on English literature in the Keio University of Tokyo and whose literary style is not without a family resemblance to that of Hashimura Togo.

It also contains Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences, appreciative and descriptive articles by several of Hearn's Japanese students and assistants, and the text of a couple of his lectures transcribed from students' note-books. It was printed at Kamamura. It hasn't any plot. But it presents to the imaginative reader, and that in the very process of transfiguration, homely and happy glimpses of a figure about which the authentic halo of romance is beginning to be unmistakably visible.

They say that the danger of a long fast lies in the breaking of it. And as it is now many months since American fiction has furnished us with anything resembling solid literary food, it would not be at all surprising if our initial judgment of Miss Mary Johnston's seven-hundred-page panoramic picture of the Civil War, "The Long Roll" (Houghton, Mifflin), and of the heroic portrait of the South Militant that emerges from it, should prove to have been overstimulated.

Meanwhile, the book is one that, having led its readers from a cold and conscious endurance of multitudinous detail to a glowing sense of spiritual participation in a historic tragedy, leaves them too enthusiastic over the quality of the achievement to be critical of the method of its attainment. In the earlier reaches of the work one feels almost like a hopper into which are being cast alternate shovelfuls of unslaked military data and of assorted puppets, preparatory to the smelting out of a recapitulatory romance. Later on, even while yielding a willing and growing responsiveness to the author's unfolding vision, one is still aware that the fictional and historic elements of her work are incompletely fused.

But one's critical consciousness of these technical clumsinesses is soon lost in the discovery

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that Miss Johnston has undertaken a far greater task than the writing of either a romantic history or a historical romance. It is neither the dramatic sequence of events nor the personality of individual actors, actual or fictitious, that she is primarily bent upon making real to us. Neither Richard Cleave nor yet Stonewall Jackson, whose career and whose army the narrative follows from the breaking out of hostilities to his death in the Wilderness, is the hero of "The Long Roll." The thing which, ploddingly yet passionately, she has undertaken to make visible to us, is the soul of a nation becoming incandescent in the furnace of war. And for the present, at least, one is ready to accept the marvel of her success as the measure of her merit.

First and last, men have invented and perfected numerous varieties of gag-rule. The bowstring. The hemlock. The amputated tongue. The ducking-stool. The habit of living in glass houses. But the most ancient and universal and effective gag-rule of them all has been the keeping of woman quiet on vital questions by telling her that it wasn't ladylike for her to speak out in meeting. As nearly as can be ascertained, this device has been employed in one form or another for two hundred thousand years. And then, fifteen or twenty years ago, the coincident beginnings of a new feminist movement, a new sociological theorizing, and a new science of psychology, roused intelligent interest in what woman might be able to tell us about herself and her sex; and very hesitantly and tentatively the gag was loosened. At first, in private, and then openly and with urgings, she was invited to speak out. And it would really have been an exceedingly good joke if it did not threaten to be so serious a misfortune, that her ages of enforced silence prove to have rendered her not so much inarticulate as incoherent. Perhaps, some day, we shall discover that time to help oneself to jam tarts is when they are being passed.

All of these considerations combine to make Mrs. Schreiner's "Woman and Labor" (Stokes) a book for which we should be extremely grateful and to which, at the same time, we must be understandingly indulgent. For it offers us, in the most earnest and absolute good faith, that for which we have been asking: a woman's study on woman, independently reached by an introspective study of femininity, verified by an extensive observation of life, and the whole investigation conducted sex-consciously yet un-self-consciously.

On the other hand, exactly because the book is derived and because the things fundamentally self-evident to the woman are the things that man has least realized, the book gives us the superficially puzzling spectacle of a writer treating the most original and pregnant propositions in race logic as though they scarcely needed mentioning, and devoting pages of reiterative argument and ornate illustration to the proving of the obvious.

As a matter of curiosity, after speaking just now of the starvation rations that American fiction has been keeping us on, I turned over the pages of this department for the past eight months and found that out of the fifty books that we have examined together during that time, thirty have been works of fiction, and of these thirty only eleven have been of American origin. This, of itself, is an unflattering discovery. But when we rigorously reject from the foreign list everything that does not make an unescapable claim upon our attention as being undeniably a factor in the intellectual as well as in the literary development of the day, we still have left "The New Machiavelli," "The Way of All Flesh," "Jean-Christophe," "Clayhanger," "The Patrician," "The Elm Tree on the Mall," and, if we care to stretch a point, "Howard's End" and "Now." Whereas if we retain everything from the American list that can in the remotest degree be associated with either of these activities, we can cite only "The Husband's Story," "The House of Bondage," "The Chasm," "The Rules of the Game," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Love's Pilgrimage." At first glance the parallel seems pretty deadly. Yet this much of consolation may be derived from the study of it: American fiction is in "the right church," even if it is in "the wrong pew." It declares in no uncertain tones that Life is its Oyster. Only, as yet, it has found no other way to get at the meat except to smash the shell with a hatchet.

Here, however, are two American novels by writers who are by the way of carrying little oyster knives. Mary S. Watts, whose new story, "The Legacy" (Macmillan), is one of them, is already known to us as the author of "Nathan Burke" and of "The Tenants." She has a delightful trick of making fiction out of memories. In "Nathan Burke" she even succeeded in making memories out of family traditions. And in all her work she inclines us to believe that we are sitting cozily by the fire, listening to the quiet voice of one for whom life clarifies as it recedes. We are apt, I think, to imagine that life does this for all of us. But as a rule we either patronize or idealize the past as we knew it. And Mrs. Watts does neither. "The Legacy" is the story of a family only too typical of post-pioneer days in the West—a family of many descendants, some social and intellec-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tual traditions, a vast self-esteem, and no self-respect. Its scenes are in a city of central Ohio. Its chief character is a girl who fights a drawn battle with heredity. And its laughing, yet clear-sighted, reconstruction of the social stage of twenty years ago can hardly fail to give any of us who knew the Middle West in the nineties a feeling of having turned a corner and come face to face with the past.

The other is Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed" (Houghton, Mifflin), an attractive, swinging, mystery-mongering story of the contemporary South, in which a new writer, still swayed by a wholesome romantic enthusiasm and still wearing something of the livery of his discipleship to the Victorian novelists, yet plainly shows himself concerned to bring his art to hand-grips with reality, and proves his ability to see with his own eyes those aspects of it that he chooses to depict. His hero is a self-absorbed and crusty young pedant, busily writing a treatise on sociology that is to place him among the immortals, and at once impatient and suspicious of the contacts with life that are forced upon him. His heroine is but a sketch, yet a delightful one. And of all the characters that come and go in his pages no one is without vitality.

The story (which traces Queed's discovery of his own humanity and, incidentally, his unearthing of his family connections and his shouldering of the resultant responsibilities) is a bit plot-heavy, according to modern standards. It is, that is to say, constructed on the assumption that it is in the exotic, and not in the quotidian, relationships of life that real drama is to be sought. But to many this will prove one of its attractions; while to all of us it should be a genuine pleasure to find a first novel by an American writer who evidently regards the novel as an art form and not merely as the most convenient modern rostrum for the theorist, the proselytizer, and the reformer.

I came across a brand-new little book the other day which, while it can not by any stretch of social etiquette claim to have the *entrée* to this literary company, I am going unceremoniously to introduce to the readers of a Row of Books. Sometimes, during a formal dinner, a messenger may arrive with tidings of such import to the assembled guests that the only thing to do is to have him in just as he stands and hear his news from his own lips. And the volume in question is such a messenger. It is called "Inheritance Taxes for Investors" (Boston News Bureau Company) and is really intended as a handy reference book for holders of corporate securities, enabling them to see at a glance the unsuspected attitudes (in many cases frankly burglarious) maintained by the individual state governments toward the estates of non-resident owners of stock in locally incorporated companies.

But to the readers of EVERYBODY'S it has a broader interest; for its admirable conciseness and clarity place before them a condition of affairs that few of us are aware of; a condition of legal chaos and forty-fold confusion in which not only is justice being trampled on and a sound economic theory discredited by haphazard application, but under which rank piracy is to be found smugly masquerading as progress. To those of us who wish to take an intelligent part in the evolution of national ethics, political awareness is of inestimable value. And there is more political awareness to the square inch in this little book than in anything that I have seen for years.

OTHER BOOKS

"Brazenhead the Great" (Scribner), by Maurice Hewlett. Episodes from the history of a swashbuckling fifteenth-century soldier of fortune, whose exploits in Italy, France, and England furnish entertaining reading, and whose colossal self-confidence and laughable self-delusions are developed in Mr. Hewlett's earlier vein.

"Essays on Russian Novelists" (Macmillan). Critical papers by William Lyon Phelps on Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, and the younger men, with a valuable bibliography, and a remarkable introductory chapter on the Russian character in fiction. A very interesting book.

"The Human Machine" (George H. Doran). Another of Arnold Bennett's by-products in the manner of "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day;" giving complete instructions for lubricating the differential gear of one's mental motor and for preventing skidding on the philosophic highway.

"The Caravaners" (Doubleday, Page), by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." A rather lumbering and clumsy satire on the provincial German abroad, which takes the form of a Prussian army officer's account of a gypsified outing in rural England.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

ITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can is, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chest- ee, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address uscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

) Irishmen were among a class that was be- lled in marching tactics. One was new at usiness, and, turning to his companion, him the meaning of the command "Halt!" ," said Mike, "when he says 'Halt,' you ing the foot that's on the ground to the the foot that's in the air, an' remain mo- s."

acher was reading to her class and came the word "unaware." She asked if any ew its meaning. One small girl timidly her hand, and gave the following defini-

aware is what you take off the last thing you put your nightie on."

ur husband says he leads a dog's life," e woman.
, it's very similar," answered the other. mes in with muddy feet, makes himself table by the fire, and waits to be fed."

stinguished German, having waited for me for the attention of the methodical k at the St. Andrew's Golf Club, in Scot- nally fumed out:
v long haf I to vait for attention? I am der Baron von Hofheimer-Gesellschaft!"

"We hae no tame for thot sort o' thing here," burred back the old clerk, barely looking up from his writing. "Ye'll play at ten o'clock o' th' morn, under the name Ferguson."

Some time after the presidential election of 1908, one of Champ Clark's friends noticed that he still wore one of the Bryan watch fobs so popular during the election. On being asked the reason for this, Champ replied: "Oh, that's to keep my watch running."

"So you heard the bullet whiz past you?" asked the lawyer of the darkey.

"Yes, sah, heard it twict."

"How's that?"

"Heard it whiz when it passed me, and heard it again when I passed it."

A negro bricklayer in Macon, Georgia, was lying down during the noon hour, sleeping in the hot sun. The clock struck one, the time to pick up his hod again. He rose, stretched, and grumbled: "I wish I wuz daid. 'Tain' nothin' but wuk, wuk frum mawnin' tell night."

Another negro, a story above, heard the complaint and dropped a brick on the grumbler's head.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Dazed, he looked up and said:

"De Lawd can' stan' no jokes. He jes' takes ev'ything in yearnist."

A college professor, noted for strict discipline, entered the classroom one day and noticed a girl student sitting with her feet in the aisle, and chewing gum.

"Mary," exclaimed the indignant professor, "take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in."

The following epistle was sent by an angry tenant to his landlord:

"Dear Sir:

"I want them sellar steps fixed right off. My wife fel down last nite and like to broke her dam neck. Please send blumbber and figs our bath tub it will soon be time now for us to use him agen and oblige. "Yours trule,

"————."

"How is the new filing system? Success?" asked the agent of the merchant to whom he had sold a "system" a few days before.

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."

A little girl who lived opposite a large orphan asylum in our city had a small guest visiting her, who asked in wonder:

"What's that big building over there, Ruthie?"

"Why, that," said Ruthie, "is where the orphans live—lots and lots of 'em, little boys and little girls—an' Mr. and Mrs. Orphan are both dead!"

History teacher: "What was the Sherman Act?"

Bright pupil: "Marching through Georgia."

An electric wire had fallen under its heavy weight of snow. The linemen found a crowd around the grounded copper, and an inquisitive Irishman lifting one end from the ground.

"Man alive! Don't you know what a risk you're taking? That might be a live wire!" he ejaculated.

"Sure 'n' Oi thought of that meself, an' Oi filt of the wire good before Oi picked it up at all."

"Now Harold," said the teacher, "if there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would there be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, there would," said she.

"No ma'am, there wouldn't," persisted he. "You may know arithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

She (gushingly): "What a magnificent great Dane! And of course his name is Hamlet?"

He (the owner): "Not exactly; you see, I—er—couldn't consistently use that name. The best I could do was to call her Ophelia."

A party of Leland Stanford students paused on the rim of the crater of Vesuvius. As they peered into the seething mass of horror below them, one exclaimed in an awed tone: "Don't that beat hell?"

Some Englishwomen were standing near and evidently overheard. One of them remarked to the others in her well-bred, distinct voice: "Isn't it remarkable how widely these Americans travel!"

The new school superintendent was chockfull of new pedagogy.

"Never ask leading questions when examining your pupils," he commanded his teachers. "Do not hint at the answers. Make the learner find them, unassisted."

This is how the young lady, teaching Greek history, obeyed:

"Willy, who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?"

Two lunatics conversed in the asylum yard. One had megalomania. Said he: "Had they not locked me up here, I should have been a second Napoleon!"

Thoughtfully, the other contemplated a pea-green devil on the asylum wall, then remarked: "The second Napoleon wasn't much shucks."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine
John O'Hara Cosgrave Editor
Erman J Ridgway President
Ray Brown Art Director
Wm L Jennings Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Frothingham Adv. Manager
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY New York

SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

SOME of you will recall how, in 1908, when one of our largest stockholders was caught in the panic, we offered a large block of his EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE stock to the readers of EVERYBODY'S.

You may also recall that the stock was promptly purchased by our readers, because, as we shall always believe, they did not wish the control of the magazine to pass into the hands of men who might not continue its aggressive policy.

The writer gave his personal guarantee to the buyers of the stock that, either from the company or out of his own pocket, they would receive ten per cent. on their money for three years, and he further agreed to buy back the stock at the end of three years at five points advance.

That guarantee and agreement have been carried out to the letter.

In happily closing that exciting and perilous chapter in the history of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, we wish thus publicly to acknowledge our obligation to the friends who gave us their confidence and loaned us their money, thereby insuring EVERYBODY'S militancy.

We have never had a criticism or complaint from those true friends of ours, which to us is the best possible evidence that they have been satisfied of our sincerity, and in sympathy with our continued aggressiveness.

For the future we can only say that "the past is prologue" in so far as it indicates our attitude toward public questions. Our lot is with the hosts who are fighting for the common good—an army vastly augmented since the day we enlisted.

The control of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to-day is just where it was three years ago when our good friends stepped in and helped us over a hard place, and, please God, it will continue where it is now until His summons interrupts the pact.

IN THE FIGHT NOW AND FOREVER

Meantime—may we say it without vainglory?—no human power can keep anything out of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE that we think ought to be put in, and no human power can put anything into EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE that we think ought to be kept out.

As to what we think ought to be put in and what ought to be kept out, we arrive at our judgment, or at least we try to arrive

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

at our judgment, not in the light of the probable effect on our pocketbook nor on our position in society, but in the light of the probable effect for or against the common good.

It has never before seemed necessary for us to state our position thus baldly. The man who feels compelled to protest his honorable intentions is risking suspicion. But we notice signs here and there of a purpose on somebody's part to spread the idea that EVERYBODY'S has come under the control of interests antagonistic to the old aggressive policy.

For the sake of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and for the sake of the cause which the magazine has so long and so vigorously championed, we risk suspicion far enough to say that anybody who asserts or intimates that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has been reached, or can be reached, by the so-called "Interests," is as far from the reasonable as he would be if he said that a normal man in the prime of life, who loved flowers and sunshine and people, had deliberately elected to spend the remainder of his days in a dungeon.

The man who has fought on the side of the common good and who would not destroy his magazine rather than see it pass to the "Interests" is a coward, and the chances are he never was in the fight for principle.

A GREAT REGRET

We have one great regret over the selling of the stock three years ago. It was a hard thing to decide to do, but after it was done, and our readers had come forward so handsomely, and seemed to think more rather than less of us for "hollering" for help, we had not one regret. Nor did we have a regret until months afterward, when other men, encouraged, we fear, by the success of our stock sale, began to offer stock in their magazines for sale.

Some of these men were our personal friends. We trembled for them, because, while we sold stock in an established property, they were selling stock *to establish their properties*. They told prospective buyers what other successful magazines were supposed to be making, implying that what others had done, they could do. One of these men was so able, so clever, that even we, knowing all the hazards, more than half believed he would win out. What anguish must be his when he thinks of the thousands who bought his stock, trusted him with their money, believed in him!

How keenly we regret the distress of these friends of ours and their victims! And how keenly we regret the unwilling part we have had in so much misery. We sincerely hope that we are taking ourselves too seriously, and that our responsibility is not nearly so great as it sometimes seems to us.

The unfortunate experiences of our friends is almost sure to bring great reproach to the business of magazine publishing. We ask you to remember that whatever magazine stock-selling schemes are now, they were at first an honest effort to establish permanent properties; and remember also that nearly all the magazine publishers are high-minded, responsible men, entitled to your respect and confidence.

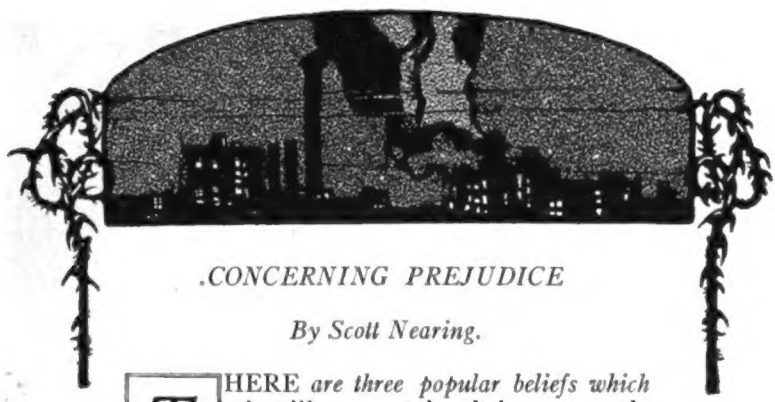
THE GLASS IN OUR HOUSE

If only we had possessed the courage to write this a year ago! Back there it seemed unchristian to ruin the chances to win out that our friends thought they had. And for us to do it after we had retained the control of "EVERYBODY'S" by selling stock to our readers—we just couldn't.

We had sold bonds, too, for the purchase of a plant, and for otherwise developing the business; then had started in to develop the business by first booming *Ridgway's Weekly*, in order that the plant, when we got it, might be kept busy all the time. The bonds were a first mortgage on an already firmly established business. When we found ourselves, the *Weekly* was gone, the money was gone, and we had no plant. It was hot folly, of course, but, front-view, it looked like cold wisdom. You see, there is a rather disproportionate amount of glass in our house, and it is but the truth to admit that we had some hesitation about starting the stone-throwing.

We promise you now that hereafter no false notions of loyalty to men, or to the craft; no fear that we shall be accused of attacking a competitor for our own profit; no sensitiveness about our own record shall deter us from laying bare devious or dangerous methods in the magazine business, just as we shall do in other business.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CONCERNING PREJUDICE

By Scott Nearing.

THERE *are three popular beliefs which rise like mountain chains across the trail of progress. The first and most rock-ribbed is the belief that things are sacred because they are old, or, conversely, that things are dangerous because they are new.*

The second is the belief that the "submerged tenth" wants to be submerged; that it enjoys dark rooms and revels in filthy alleys; that it gloats over insanitary plumbing and thrives upon malnutrition.

The third, no less preposterous, is the belief that the "submerged tenth" is submerged because it is degenerate; that the very fact of remaining submerged is proof conclusive of innate incapacity for improvement.

During every hour of the day society is wasting a vast store of latent human ability and power, and heedlessly creating untold misery and suffering. The loss and the pain are both due to social conditions which are remediable through education and legislative action.

Could we succeed but a little in showing that old things are often old only because they are traditional, or, conversely, that in the evolution of new things lies social salvation; that the "submerged tenth" is submerged because of ignorance and low wages, and that the community abounds in latent ability which awaits the opportunity for development, we should perform a service of untold social value—turning men forever away from the outgrown things of the past, and leading them to a vision of social adjustment in the future.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

KERPLUNK! KERPLUNK!

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN